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THE HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

NOTHING is more difficult in this transitory state than to choose the proper medium between modesty and quackery. In the management of useful ideas, it is equally fatal to pretend too little and to pretend too much; to let an invention die for want of breath, or to burst it by excessive puffing. It is not in the way of modesty that the inventor, as he calls himself, of the Hamiltonian "System," as he calls it, is likely to fail.

At the outset, it must be confessed, that the weakness of human nature affords a great encouragement to extravagant pretensions. A man who promises to creep into a pint bottle, will attract a greater crowd than he who promises to creep into a quart; but when, after a trial, the multitude have been satisfied that they cannot be deceived by the greatest pretender, he will have a smaller chance of obtaining attention when he shows them that he can really thrust his finger into the neck of the bottle.

It is the business of those sanguine and inventive geniuses who are somewhat unjustly, though compendiously, classed under the general name of quacks, to catch at all events public attention. For this purpose, they not only give the greatest air of improbability to the pretended results, but the greatest possible novelty to their means; they pretend to attain by expedients altogether new, an end altogether impossible; this would be the perfection of quackery; and towards this unattainable point of perfection quacks always strive.

As people are too apt in the first instance to attribute undue importance to such pretenders; so they are also too ready when they discover gross instances of exaggeration and absurdity in the pretensions, to set them aside as altogether worthless.

The acquisition of a knowledge of languages is so useful, but so tedious a process, that it is worth while to examine whether there is really any thing in "the Hamiltonian system" which is calculated to shorten it. Our opinion of it may be shortly expressed in the old French sentence:—There is much in it novel and valuable; but that which is novel is not valuable, and that which is valuable is not novel. The subject is, however, too important to be thus summarily dismissed.

MAY, 1827.

B

"The Hamiltonian System" which is applied in exactly the same fashion to all languages, to the simple and the complex, to the uninflected and the deeply inflected, is this.—Some easy book in the language to be acquired is chosen, in which the teacher reads aloud each word with a literal translation, after the mode which is known in grammar schools, as *construing*; but without any regard to elegance in the English version. Each word in the original is rendered by him uniformly by the same English word. The learner repeats after him sentence by sentence. In this way, without paying attention to the grammar, or looking into a grammar or dictionary, the mind is furnished with a stock of words. After the pupil has made some progress in this kind of knowledge, "A grammar," says Mr. Hamilton, "containing the declensions and conjugations, and printed specially for my classes, is then put into the pupil's hands, (not to be got by heart, nothing is ever got by rote in this system,) but that he may comprehend more readily his teacher on grammar generally, but especially on the verbs." The teacher then explains the grammatical rules, and illustrates them by examples; and finally, the pupils translate from English into the language to be acquired. According to this plan, it is pretended that a pupil will in ten lessons of an hour each, acquire ten thousand words; and that he will acquire a knowledge of any language with very little labour, and in a very short time, compared with that employed in the ordinary methods of teaching.

What *is* and what is *not* new in this system? We shall refer, in answering this question, not to barren speculations or forgotten books—which it would be unfair to plead in bar of the pretensions of a practical teacher, but to the general practice of other instructors and to ordinary school-books.

In the first place, the practice of furnishing learners with a stock of words at the very commencement of their study of the modern languages, especially French and Italian, by the practice of literally translating after the masters, or by the help of interlineal translations, is not new even in England. It has been the common practice of French teachers in this country, at least from the commencement of the present century, and was at a much earlier period general on the Continent. But the Hamiltonian System is peculiar in this, that while the process of fixing these words on the mind is going forward, attention to the grammar is altogether excluded. The teachers of the simple languages, according to the received system first taught (by *rote*, which Mr. Hamilton so much dreads) the articles, the plurals of the nouns, then the verbs, step by step, while they acquire that stock of words which serves to give interest to the study of a language. Mr. Hamilton endeavours to give them the stock of words *first*.

It is peculiar also to Mr. Hamilton, that he applies this plan rigidly to deeply inflected languages.

Now in these his peculiarities, a little reason and a little experiment would show Mr. Hamilton to be wrong.

There is one grand error in his system, that he considers the knowledge of grammar as a matter quite distinct from the knowledge of the signification of words. But a grammar of any language is a system of rules concerning the signification of words, and intended to facilitate the knowledge of them; and it is only a good grammar

in as much as it answers that purpose. Thus by the conjugations of verbs are taught the meanings which in each mood and tense are superadded to the simple signification of the root; or the time and manner which are *connoted*, as logicians call it, with that root, when certain terminations, inflexions, or prefixes are employed. Now as these terminations, inflexions, and prefixes are the same in many roots, and are, by reason of their analogy, easily remembered, as compared with the radical syllables, it has been commonly deemed worth while, first to commit them to memory, in order that the learner, abstracting himself from the consideration of them, may the more easily remember the roots themselves. This is the methodization of memory, which it is the purpose of Mr. Hamilton to confuse.

We will give in Hamilton's own words the account of the manner in which he supposes his pupils learn grammar. After an account of the first ten lessons, in which the learners read the Gospel of St. John (in Greek) in the way we have described, he says:—

From what has been stated, it would seem that it is intended to communicate a knowledge of *words* only in this section, [he chooses to call ten lessons a section,] and this certainly is the primary and ostensible object of it; but from the mode of *teaching, pronouncing, repeating, analytical transposition, and translation*, a correct pronunciation, and a familiarity with the construction, idiom, and grammar of the language, are also *infallibly* obtained.—[Good Lord!]
—To these advantages the teacher must not hesitate to sacrifice the harmony of English periods; nay, his translation must not be the English of the *phrase*, but the English of each word, taken according to the grammatical construction, which must never be deviated from; the teacher rendering each word by a corresponding part of speech; and giving to each word one definite, precise meaning, and one only. So far is the accuracy in this point carried, that should the English language furnish no word which exactly corresponds with the word translated, then a word must be made for the purpose, as for the Latin word *tenebræ*, or the French word *ténèbres*, the word *darknesses* must be used in English. In the thirteenth verse of the first chapter, the Greek word *hæmation* occurs, it must be rendered *of blood*, to show that it is used by the Greeks plurally, and that it is the genitive case. Thus is every case of every declinable word marked by its corresponding preposition; and thus also is every verb marked by such a sign in English as will point out its mood, tense, and person to the pupil (each tense having its appropriate and exclusive sign). In the participles and in the infinitive and imperative moods, these signs are used to the total neglect of all rule of language, as respects the English, which is used only as a vehicle to convey to the mind of the pupil the mode in which a Greek expressed himself. Thus, the twenty-second verse of the first chapter must be translated thus:—*iva* that, *δωμεν* we might give, *ἀποκρισιν* answer, *τοις* to the, *πίψασιν* sent-ing, *ἡμᾶς* thus; sending being intended to mark the Greek word, is the participle derived from the aorist. - - - - -
The pupil having thus read and translated the whole of the Gospel of St. John, has acquired a practical knowledge of the verbs, and of the construction of the language generally, much more accurate and extensive than is acquired by the study of grammar during many months; he may then occasionally *read* the verbs as they are found in grammars, during the second and third sections, and thus unite theory with practice.

Five sections of ten lessons each have been found abundantly sufficient to communicate the knowledge of any modern language, to write and speak it with correctness and facility.—*Preface to a Key to the Greek Testament, executed under the immediate Direction of James Hamilton.*—p. xii.

This last sentence we have not been able to refrain from quoting, though we shall endeavour to subdue our enormous indignation at the quack who ventures, in a sentence which shows that he cannot write English—not to assert, for nothing is asserted in this string of words—but to insinuate, that he can, by his mummery, teach a man or boy of common capacity, to write and speak *any* modern language, German for instance, in fifty hours. Neither will we remark on the blunders in

detail—on the improbability that his pupils, learning from his “appropriate signs” the modes, tenses, and persons, when, by the supposition that his instructions only have been listened to, they cannot know in this section, that there are such things as modes, tenses, and persons, in nature—or the impossibility, with all his barbarisms, of his noting, by one invariable, and at the same time appropriate and exclusive sign, each Greek tense. We only look, at present, for the object he blunders in the pursuit of—which is, the attempt, in his section of *ten* hours, to make a learner form for himself a Greek grammar. A person of ordinary capacity is expected, while he is listening to the teacher, attending to the pronunciation, and fixing in his memory the primary significations, so far to abstract and compare, as to be more familiar with the grammar than a man, of the same capacity, who has studied it for months—that is, he is to make a grammar, and learn it also, in a thirtieth part of the time in which he could learn it when made for him. Oh, fie! James Hamilton. But this is not all—he is *obiter* to make a grammar, containing, of course, all the persons of all the tenses of all the moods of the verbs, out of a book, in which—the odds are Lombard-street to a China orange—not half of them are to be found. Fie, James Hamilton!

Now, let the experiment be made in the body of a school-boy of the brightest capacity, who shall have the advantage of knowing previously the Latin grammar—let it be “executed under the immediate direction of James Hamilton,” and we will bet five shillings to James Hamilton’s reputation, that after the first section the learner shall not be able to decline any one noun in the Greek language, whatever process be applied to him. How could a boy, even if he possessed the ingenuity of Young, or Champollion, give the duals of nouns, from the perusal of a book in which there is not, we think, one instance of that number?

But if we take a language of a simple construction, the French for instance, what rational man can doubt that much time would be saved, if, instead of setting the pupils to learn by rote, (for that is the real process,) words in a language, of the connexion and analogies of which they have no previous ideas, for an hour each day—half, a third, or a quarter of that time were devoted to the perusal of the articles, substantives, adjectives, pronouns, verbs, not perhaps in the order of their arrangement in the grammar, but in that of the frequency of their recurrence, and their practical importance. To begin early with translations is of use, because it gives an interest to the study of a language, flatters the pupil with the appearance of progress, and induces him to encounter that labour for which it would be otherwise difficult to find a motive. But to continue and go on with it, to the exclusion of the grammar, which is Hamilton’s peculiarity, is a waste of time; because it is an attempt to teach grammatical rules by a method the most difficult that can be devised.

The plan of Hamilton is defended by a reference to the mode in which foreign languages are acquired, by men who pass into foreign countries. There can not be any more practical and ready method of proving its absurdity. Let two persons make the experiment in a country, of which the language is unknown to them, the one aiding himself by a grammar of the language, the other dispensing with it,

and the result will soon be apparent. Or let one of these persons use a grammar from the beginning, and the other take it up after attempting for a month to learn some of the words by rote—who can doubt which of them would be found to have lost his time?

Voltaire's History of Charles XII. has been published with a double translation,* to which are prefixed, some observations on the Hamiltonian System, which—though somewhat too indulgent—though they attribute too much importance to Hamilton's peculiarities, are the best we have seen on the subject. The writer of the preface introduces Roger Ascham's (Queen Elizabeth's tutor) account of his own method of teaching, with the following remark:—

Ascham's favourite method of double translation, would form a most useful supplement to (say substitute for) the system; and as many of his remarks are strictly to our purpose, we shall extract some of them from his "Schoolmaster," together with two very remarkable illustrations of their truth.

"After the child hath learned perfectly the eight parts of speech, let him then learn the right joining together of substantives with adjectives, the noun with the verb, the relative with the antecedent. And in learning farther his syntax, by mine advice, he shall not use the common order in common scholes, for making of Latines; whereby the child commonly learneth, first, an evil choice of words, then a wrong placing of words; and lastly, an ill framing of the sentence, with a perverse judgment, both of words and sentences. These faults, taking once root in youth, be never, or hardly, plucked away in age. Moreover, there is no one thing that hath more either dulled the wits, or taken away the will of children from learning, than the care they have to satisfy their masters in making of Latines.

"There is a way touched in the first book of *Cicero de Oratore*, which, wisely brought into scholes, truly taught, and constantly used, would not only take wholly away this butcherly fear in making of Latines, but would also with ease and pleasure, and in short time, as I know by good experience, work a true choice and placing of words, a right ordering of sentences, an easy understanding of the tongue, a readiness to speak, a facility to write, a true judgment both of his own and other men's doings, what tongue soever he doth use.

"The way is this: after the three concordances learned, as I touched before, let the master read unto him the Epistles of Cicero, gathered together, and chosen out by Sturmius, for the capacity of children.

"First, let him teach the child chearfully and plainly the cause and matter of the letter; then, let him construe it into English, so oft as the child may easily carry away the understanding of it; lastly, parse it over perfectly. This done thus, let the child, by and by, both construe and parse it over again; so that it may appear, that the child doubteth in nothing that his master taught him before. After this, the child must take a paper book, and sitting in some place, where no man shall prompt him, by himself, let him translate into English his former lesson. Then shewing it to his master, let the master take from him his Latin book, and pausing an hour at the least, then let the child translate his own English into Latin again in another paper book. When the child bringeth it turned into Latin, the master must compare it with Tully's book, and lay them both together; and where the child doth well, either in chusing or placing Tully's words, let the master praise him, and say, *Here you do well*. For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit, and encourage a will to learning, as is praise. - - - - -

"This is a lively and perfect way of teaching of rules; where the common way used in common scholes, to read the grammar alone by itself, is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both.

"I had once a proof hereof, tried by experience, by a dear friend of mine, when I came first from Cambridge to serve the Queen's Majesty, then Lady Elizabeth, living at worthy Sir Anthony Denny's in Cheston. John Whitney, a young gentleman, was my bedfellow; who, willing by good nature, and provoked by mine advice, began to learn the Latin tongue, after the order declared in this book. We began after Christmas; I read unto him Tully *de Amicitia*, when he did every day twice translate out of Latin into English, and out of English into Latin again. About St. Laurence-tide after, to prove how he profitted, I did chuse out Torquatus' talk *de Amicitia*, in

* A great improvement (especially as it is executed in this instance) on a single interlinear translation, which is generally either unintelligible or unfaithful.

the latter end of the first book *de Finibus*; because that place was the same in matter, like in words and phrases, nigh to the form and fashion of sentences, as he had learned before in *de Amicitia*. I did translate it my self into plain English, and gave it him to turn it into Latin; which he did so choicely, so orderly, so without any great miss in the hardest points of grammar, that some in seven year in grammar scholes, yea, and some in the University too, cannot do half so well.

"And a better and nearer example herein may be, our most noble Queen Elizabeth, who never took yet Greek nor Latin grammar in her hand, after the first declining of a noun and a verb; but only by this double translating of Demosthenes and Isocrates daily, without missing, every forenoon, and likewise some part of Tully every afternoon, for the space of a year or two, hath attained to such a perfect understanding in both the tongues, and to such a ready utterance of the Latin, and that with a judgment, as they be few in number in both the Universities, or elsewhere in England, that be in both tongues comparable with her Majesty. And to conclude; - - - - - surely the mind by daily marking, first, the cause and matter; then, the words and phrases; next, the order and composition; after, the reason and arguments; then the forms and figures of both the tongues; lastly, the measure and compass of every sentence, must needs, by little and little, draw unto it the like shape of eloquence, as the author doth use, which is read."

The principle upon which both these systems are founded is the same, i. e. that the structure and peculiarities of a language are best learned by habitual observation and imitation; by considering the structure as a whole, (and not in its disjointed parts,) and by noting its peculiarities as they occur.

To fix these peculiarities in the mind, one of two ways must be resorted to; either they must be made the subject of distinct and separate rules, and impressed on the memory by the ordinary process of learning by rote, or they must be translated so literally as to arrest the attention by their very discordance with, and remoteness from, our own idiom. This is the real secret of the Hamiltonian method; and therefore the observation of an intelligent foreigner, that "the more barbarous the translation, the better," however startling at first, will be found, on reflection, to be the result of an accurate consideration of the subject. If your translation be such, as to be at all readable,—if it fall in with the language which is familiar to the pupil's ear, with his accustomed manner of arranging his words and clothing his thoughts,—he will read it, and will understand that a given sentence in French is equivalent to the corresponding one in English; but he will not acquire a habit of putting his thoughts into a French dress. The repetition of the un-English turns of expression, which it is impossible he should read glibly, will, it is presumed, impress on his memory whatever is usually learnt by rules.

It never was imagined by the enlightened advocates of the system, that the use of interlinear translations ought to supersede the study of grammar. It is obvious that a language might be acquired, in its purest and most correct form, by what is called the natural mode, that is, by mere imitation, without so much as the consciousness that speech is the subject of rules. To this end nothing would be requisite but the absence of all vicious models. No such situation of things can, however, be commanded; nor, if it could, would the knowledge so acquired be any thing more than vocabulary knowledge. The mind, having gone through no process of generalization, would, of course, neither be furnished with principles applicable to other languages, nor trained to habits of accurate thinking. It is therefore, on all accounts, necessary to master the rules, both general and particular, by which language is governed. But the advocates of the Hamiltonian system contend, that the study and application of the rules of a language ought to follow, and not to precede, the acquisition of the words and phraseology: that the examples being already in the mind, the rules are learned with great comparative ease, and take rapid and deep hold on the memory; whereas nothing can be conceived less likely to engage the attention of a child, or even to baffle the perseverance of a man, than a series of unapplied grammar rules.—p. xii.

With regard to inflected words, we are strongly inclined to think the old way the best, particularly with young children, whose ear is caught with the jingle of sounds. We believe that a child would learn the parts of a noun or verb with much less trouble in the sing-song way, than by picking them up detached as they occur. This is, however, a question of fact and experience. Whichever way it may be determined, it has nothing to do with the learning of grammar rules, which take no hold on the ear, nor, with very few exceptions, on the understanding of a child. Ascham, as we have seen, sets out with supposing the accidence learnt; and his royal pupil, though all her knowledge of the syntax and idiom of the Greek and Latin tongues was gained by reading and imitating the best authors, began by learning the inflexions of the nouns and verbs.—p. xvi.

What the ingenious writer of this preface is strongly inclined to think with regard to inflected words, and in the case of young children, we feel confident with regard to all simple grammatical rules, and people of all ages. It is, in short, easier to understand any rule when it is framed, than to frame it from our own observation;—a principle so simple and universal in its application, not merely to grammar, but to all branches of science, that if we did not know the effect of juggling and bold assertions, we should think the man crazy who seemed to doubt it. It is certainly necessary that, in order to fix a rule in the memory, and to ensure the understanding of it, the pupil should be exercised in the application of it; and it is better that the correct application should be made the test of the pupil's remembrance, rather than the repetition of its words. We must not suppose, because Queen Elizabeth never took a grammar in hand, after learning the accident, that having, as she had, a careful tutor, the rules of Syntax were not carefully pointed out to her attention, and impressed on her memory.

When the comparative facility of different modes of acquiring the knowledge of the parts of speech is spoken of as "a question of fact and experience," it is necessary to say a word or two of the experiments on which the advocates of the Hamiltonian in part rest its pretensions. It is not fair to compare the weeks or months spent in a grammar-school, with the weeks or months spent by a boy under an experiment on the Hamiltonian System. In a grammar-school, scarcely an hour in the day is spent by each boy in learning, or in being taught, and that hour is not spent well. The greater part of the time is spent in mere mischief or idleness; in cutting desks, skinning books, dog's-earing leaves, drawing profiles, dreaming of tops, speculating on marbles, whispering, scribbling. No task is set which the dullest boy of a class cannot overcome with moderate diligence, during a moderate portion of his time. He is not taught, but ordered to learn—as Hamilton observes, and it is the best observation he has ever made. This does not arise so much from the defect of the system, as from the insufficient number and idleness of the teachers; the number being insufficient, as compared with the pupils, to admit of the utmost efficiency in teaching, and forming an excuse for not aiming at that degree of efficiency which it might admit of. When two lazy parsons, as sometimes happens, undertake to teach eighty or a hundred boys, how is it possible that the time of the lads can be employed to the best advantage. To lead them by hand up the thorny path of knowledge seems impossible; they are urged like a drove of pigs, by a cart-whip, some bolting aside into the ditches—some scrambling back between the driver's legs—some before, others behind, all irregular, but all slow; while the divine swineherd revenges himself for his tardy progress, by laming and ham-stringing the most refractory. On the other hand, if a Hamiltonian teacher (supposing him to understand any thing he professes to teach) makes an experiment on a half-dozen boys, perhaps chosen for the quickness of their talent, he can make sure that the whole of their time is really employed in learning; and as in six months they will really have spent as many minutes and hours in that labour as in a grammar-school in three or four years, he may astonish all beholders at their progress, and throw the world

into ecstasies at the wonderful effect of beginning at the end. A pedestrian, some time ago, walked backward for a number of days, and covered, in the time, a much greater quantity of ground not only than many gouty gentlemen who followed their noses, but than some sturdy persons who sat at home; the "enlightened advocates" of retrogression will, on that account, contend, that it is the most rapid mode of locomotion—but if the fellow had gone forward with the same perseverance, he would have accomplished a still greater number of miles.

We may sum up the good points in Hamilton's practice and observations. First—It is much better to be taught than to be flogged for not learning. Second—It is good in most cases not to have the trouble of hunting words in a dictionary. (A proposition which follows naturally from the preceding one.) Third—It is interesting to fancy you make some progress in a language by translating, before you have a very accurate knowledge of grammar. Fourth—It is better to fix rules in the mind, by the practice of applying them, than by committing them verbally to memory. No one of these points is new.

The novelties are the following: First—Attempt to get a number of words by rote, before you know any thing of grammar; that is, obstinately reject the aid of general rules. Second—Endeavour to collect all the inflexions of words, by observation, and that in a book where only a few of them are to be found. Neither of these novelties is good.

Perfectly literal translations may have some novelty and utility, for the purposes of self-instruction; though, inasmuch as they form part of the plan for preventing the pupil from learning systematically, and from a grammar, the articles, auxiliaries, and other short words of frequent recurrence, they are delusive and troublesome. At any rate, they are very inferior to the double translation, after the manner of the edition of Charles XII. the preface of which we have referred to.

The ordinary mode of teaching Latin is certainly susceptible of improvement; but of the advantages which it possesses for the instruction of children, the advocates of the Hamiltonian plan seem to have no conception. Of the system of instruction by which a language is acquired, not by rote or imitation, but by the application of general rules, and by research founded on those rules, the smallest benefit in the case of children, is the acquisition of the language itself. The habits of exercising the reason, and of rendering the stores of memory available, which children acquire by being well grounded in grammar, are of much greater advantage than the smattering of one or two languages. A boy in a frontier town may pick up the jargons of two or three nations, by talking and hearing—a Negro who is kidnapped on the coast of Africa, learns the language of his kidnappers on the Hamiltonian system, without dictionary or grammar: but these linguists will be in a state of mental culture very different from youths who have received grammatical instruction. The latter may not know more—"the facts of language" may not be more familiar to them; but they have acquired greater powers of learning; they have better trained and exercised minds.—This is what is wanted for the purposes of civil life.

SHAKSPEARE MEETING AT THE GARRICK'S HEAD,
BOW STREET.

THERE are few under the age of twenty-four, who have not felt the indescribable charm, the irresistible fascination produced by any thing approaching to the smell of the lamps, I mean any thing connected with theatrical matters; it is not therefore to be wondered at, that I, somewhat under the prescribed age, and insanely devoted to theatricals, should, on my reappearance in London, after some years absence, have my attention much excited by an advertisement which set forth that a second Shakspeare meeting would take place at the Garrick's Head, Bow-street, on such a day, when a gentleman of theatrical celebrity would take the chair; dinner on table at half-past five for six; tickets, including a bottle of wine, 15*s*. In the country I had always interested myself greatly about the London stage, and I knew by name almost every actor at either of the theatres. I only longed for an opportunity of changing my nominal acquaintance with them into a personal one, and here, thought I, was an unlooked for, heaven born opportunity, which seemed made for me. A *Shakspeare* meeting at the *Garrick's Head*—those two great names coupled together, gave me an exalted idea of the nature of this theatrical entertainment, the company I should meet with, the conversation I should listen to, and the information I should gain concerning much dramatic literature of former days; seasoned with the wit, anecdote, and green-room gossip of the present time, which the company of the celebrated theatrical chairman and his friends promised to ensure.

Highly elated with my good fortune in happening to fall in with such a dramatic literary treat during my visit to London, I immediately proceeded to the tavern with the inviting name, to make inquiries, and ensure my ticket. The waiter received me and my money with great satisfaction and civility—showed me a long spacious room where we were to dine, and was profuse in his assurances of the delightful evening I should pass among the many theatrical gentlemen who would attend the dinner. Upon my asking him to particularize a few, he ran over several names, which were not quite familiar to my ear, and which I could not exactly catch, from his rapid manner of pronouncing them; however, those of *Young* and *Mathews* I distinctly heard, which was quite enough for me, as it sufficiently proved the high respectability of the party, knowing, as I did full well, there are not two men in the profession who rank higher in the better circles of society than those gentlemen. The waiter and I parted with low bows on one side, and high anticipations on the other.

The next day being that of the dinner, I entered the house a few minutes after six, and in the dining room I found about fifty persons already sat down, busily, it struck me, rather voraciously engaged with the dishes before them: these seemed good enough of their kind, though not very elegant, plenty of boiled beef, stewed beef steaks, boiled pork, harricoed mutton, some large roast fowls, ditto boiled, &c.; with numerous side dishes of mashed potatoes, enormous carrots, the vegetable called cabbage, pickled walnuts, peas pudding,

and parsley and butter. This might have passed with me, but to my great amazement, and no small mortification, the company did not seem as good as the dinner, though quite as elegant. I easily got a place about the centre of the table, and looked about me with some very disagreeable misgivings. The people around me were dressed well enough, as far as clothes went. Blue surtout coats were, I think, most prevalent, interspersed with bottle green jackets and white buttons, neckcloths invariably black or coloured; I was the only white neckcloth among them, and I felt a little annoyed at being also the only one of the party who was duped. The looks, style, air, bearing, and conversation of the company was not certainly of the first class, and did not give me, in the least, the idea of first-rate London actors. Could the aristocratic Mr. Young and the gentlemanlike Mr. Mathews be of the party, as the waiter informed me they surely would? I looked round the room in vain, for faces which I could fancy theirs, and then applied myself in silence to my portion of boiled pork, and awaited patiently the conclusion of dinner, and the removal of the cloth, which I knew at public dinners was generally attended with the removal also of a great deal of restraint; while the lesser trouble of drinking gives opportunity for more sociality than the more serious and solemn task of eating allows.

As it was, little passed between me and my neighbours, except some well meant attentions on their part, and in their phraseology, such as "shall I *assist* you to some turnip, sir?" "Allow me to *pass* you the salt;" and when I offered one of them the cheese plate, he thanked me, and said, "Allow me, sir, to *retaliate* with the celery." I must not forget to mention here what appeared to the company, by their boisterous and continued laughter, a pun or joke of the first order. I had taken the last piece of celery in the plate, which the chairman perceiving, called out to the landlord of the house, who was in the room, "We want some more celery, Mr. Harris," upon which the wag of the company (such I found him to be afterwards) cried out in a loud voice, "Yes, Mr. Chairman, there are a pretty many of us gentlemen who would be glad of an *increase of salary*." The laughter which followed this, as I said, was excessive, and continued till the cloth was taken off, when the usual royal toasts were given and drank. The chairman, whom I now recognized to be the same man I had seen a few evenings before at Covent Garden, acting, or rather singing, the part of the game-keeper, in a Roland for an Oliver, Isaacs by name, now rapped the table for silence—I had seen him evidently chewing the cud of a concocted speech some minutes before, and he thus delivered himself of it: "Ladies and gentlemen—I mean gentlemen—when I look around and behold the many highly respectable members of a highly respectable profession, who have honoured this meeting with their presence, (*I looked round too, but the chairman, I suppose, had better eyes than mine,*) and when I look round and behold the numerous assemblage of gentlemen of *every* honourable profession, gentlemen of the first rank and respectability, who grace by their presence this convivial board, (*I looked round again, and the only object my eyes rested on was a large pier glass,*) I cannot but feel the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, as an actor,

as a gentleman, and as a man of conviviality! (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, as your chairman to-night, however unworthy I may be to take that office upon me, but as your chairman to-night, I pledge myself to do every thing which lies in my power to promote the harmony and conviviality of the meeting—(oh, those cant words "*harmony and conviviality*," they are uttered nineteen times of an evening by every chairman and speech maker at every public dinner for any kind of purpose.)—Gentlemen, continued the chairman, you come here with the expectation of hearing some good singing, (*I never expected or wished for singing at all*,) and you shall not be disappointed, gentlemen, for I see several singing faces about me, and I have several promises from kind friends which will keep us in uninterrupted harmony for these several hours. (Devil seize it, thought I, is there to be no talking then? Surely I might hear better singing than this for less than 15*s.* to say nothing of dinner and company more to my liking.) Gentlemen, it is beginning rather early, but my friend, Mr. Gibbon, is obliged to attend his professional duties at the theatre almost immediately; however, before he goes, he is willing to oblige the company with a song.* This address was received with "unbounded applause," as the playbills call it, throughout; but when the speaker came to mention this Mr. Gibbon, I thought the din would never cease. The table was thumped, the glasses danced, the wine was spilled, (no great loss,) and in the midst of deafening *bravos* uprose Mr. Gibbon, a gentleman of a singularly self-sufficient deportment, hard featured, and of a plebeian cast of countenance—Gibbon, Gibbon, Gibbon, I repeated to myself, this must surely be some famous singer, by the tremendous importance the people here attach to his singing, and he is going to perform to-night. I pulled out the little penny Theatrical Observer from my pocket, and began conning over the names of the different performers at both houses, but no Gibbon could I find, and was just returning the paper to my pocket, when my eyes fell on the sought-for name—it was in a line with many others at the bottom of the list of principal characters, and I read, "monks, peasants, alguazils, &c. Messrs. Tims, Simmons, Allgut, Gibbon, Potter, &c. The specimen of singing which this gentleman gave us, would not, I think, have induced the manager, had he been present, to have promoted him on any future occasion from the horizontal line which he now occupied to the more honourable and perpendicular one of favourite performers. The man had not a bad voice, but execrable taste, and appeared extremely proud of his falsetto; his song was about "crossing the foaming sea, and kissing a tear from his Nancy, a loyal bold tar, and a true hearted maid, braving the cannon's roar, and heaving a sigh for his lass, &c." and was given with all the alternation of a good bass voice, and high falsetto, which the change from "foaming sea" to "kissing a tear," "bold tar, and true hearted maid," "cannons roar, and heaving a sigh," seemed to him to require.

* I suppose this was done in humble imitation of what took place at the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund dinner, where the chairman called upon Mr. Braham for a song, very soon after the cloth was removed, as Mr. Braham had an engagement elsewhere, "*Sic magnis componere parva solebam.*"

After Mr. Gibbon had gone to his professional avocations, as they were called, the singing went on, as the chairman had promised it should, with little intermission. The object of every body seemed to be the hearing, or the more wished-for gratification of *singing* a song, and how like was each succeeding song to its predecessor. We were drinking our bad port wine out of little, thick, stunted, funnel-shaped glasses, yet every other song enjoined us to "fill high the sparkling goblet," "drain the foaming bowl," or "quaff from jovial cups." Finding several had lighted their segars, I gladly called for one, and tried to puff away the growing disgust I was feeling for every one around me: but previous to settling myself with my segar, I could not help asking my next neighbour whether Mr. Young; or Mr. Mathews ever had been detected by any accident in coming to this house—I should not have asked such a question, said I, apologetically, had not the waiter, a lying fellow, told me they would be here to-night. "To be sure they are," said my neighbour, to my great surprise—"They are both here to-night, as I have good reason to know." I stared, and asked, where? He laughed and said, "I can answer for my own identity, for I am Mr. Young, and the gentleman who just sang the 'Flowing Bowl,' is Mr. Mathews." "What," said I incredulously, "did *you* play *Pierre* last night?" "Pierre, no!" said he, I never played *Pierre* in my life—I see your mistake, my name is spelt Y-o-u-n-g-e, and I belong to Drury Lane." "I beg your pardon, sir," said I, "and that gentleman who sang the 'Flowing Bowl,' is not of course Mathews of the English Opera House?" "Oh no, to be sure not, Matthews of the *Surrey*, at least he used to sing there—I don't think he has got any engagement now." My neighbour on the other side having nearly finished his bottle, and therefore anxious to talk, seeing me for the first time inclined to do the same, began to be communicative, and I, who had *quite* finished mine for want of something better to do, and on whom the segar was beginning to produce its sedative power, calming the ruffled spirit, and causing my incipient disgust to evaporate with the smoke, was well disposed to enter into conversation with him. He asked me if I did not think the society to-night was highly respectable and gentlemanlike; and on my saying I was not acquainted even with the names of the gentlemen present, he kindly pointed out to me some of the best fellows, as he called them, about town, and some of the best actors, too, I assure you, said he. "Yarnold, my boy, (he halloed across the table,) come, let you and I finish the remainder of our bottle together: your health, old chap." "There," said he, turning to me, "that gentleman I spoke to, is Mr. Yarnold of Drury Lane; he is one of our right-hand men at the *Coal-Hole*, (good heavens, what a nasty place that must be, thinks I,) many and many's the order he's given me for the theatre. That fresh coloured gentleman with the dark eyes, next to him, is Mr. Baker—you've heard of Baker, haven't you? plays every night at the Garden—they could not do without him. By the bye, have you seen the pantomime at the Lane?—That fair gentleman with the runaway chin is the Man in the Moon. How are you, Comer? What, I say, you've cut the Moon to-night; you're not the Man *in* the Moon, you're the Man *out* of the

Moon—not bad, eh?” He then sang, “How do you do old good Mr. Mooney—how do you do-oo, how do you do-oo?” Thus addressed, what could Mr. Comer say, but answer very naturally in the words of his part—“None the better, Mr. Spooney, for seeing you-oo, for seeing you,” which of course “set the table in a roar.” I asked the name of a round-faced, good-natured looking man, who sat opposite to us, and who had been singing one or two anacreontic songs with a very good voice.—“Don’t you know *him*?” said my friend; “that’s Evans of Covent Garden, the prince of good fellows, and landlord of the Cyder Cellar. Haven’t you been to the Cyder Cellar this year? rare work there of a Tuesday and Friday night—why, to my certain knowledge, Evans could not have been in bed till six o’clock this morning; I did not leave till five, and I then left eight or nine of them up to their noses in gin and tobacco—beats Offley’s hollow, sir, not but what I like Offley’s too very well; Lord bless you, there’s the first tip-top set of men at Offley’s, aye, and at Evans’s too. If one lives in town, you know, one must do the thing a little bit fashionably, so I generally contrive to go to one or other most nights; and it is not very often I miss one of the theatres, I can tell you,” said he, with the most satisfied air, as if convinced he had been giving me unquestionable evidence of his supreme bon ton. “Indeed,” said I, “you must be very fond of theatricals; I suppose you are a little bitten that way.” “Not I,” said he, “I only go for the lark, and because, as I said, one likes to do the thing in style—’tisn’t once in twenty times I know what’s doing on the stage; trust me, I can find plenty of amusement without sitting hum drum in the boxes! I’m engaged all the morning, you must know, so I make the best of my time at night; to be sure, Sunday morning I’ve got to myself, and then I never miss the Park except it rains—aye, and always go well mounted too, and make the man clap me on a bright new saddle; might as well be out of the world, you know, as out of the fashion.” “Oh Lord! oh Lord!” I muttered to myself, quite *accablé* with the fellow’s vulgarity and volubility, “is this the high dramatic entertainment my foolish fancy had pictured?” “But I haven’t told you half the people yet,” rejoined this unstoppable piece of loquacity. “All those are actors that you see now talking in a knot together: there’s Mr. Mercer, and Mr. Thomson, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Atkins; and that one marked with the small pox is Lodge of the English Opera House. “And have all these gentlemen engagements?” said I; “what sort of characters do they play?” “Oh, I don’t know,” said he, “some of the best characters I believe.”—“Yes,” said I, “no doubt they represent great characters, senators, lords in waiting, high priests, courtiers, warriors, gentlemen in dominos at a masquerade, *et id genus omne*.” “No doubt, no doubt,” said my friend, not in the least understanding what I meant; “and now, though we’ve been talking during the last song, we must be silent now, for Sloman’s going to sing, and I’ll warrant you something good—Go it, Sloman;” and accordingly Mr. Sloman went it, and the people laughed, while my friend, to my great delight, left me to go and talk to him.

His place was taken by a thin, white faced, light haired simpering sort of man, looking very yard-and-ribbonish, who had evidently taken

the vacant chair with a view to get a listener in me. I anticipated his opening; "Delightful evening we've ad sir—fond of the drama, I presume, sir?" "Very," said I, lighting another segar, to act as a soother in case of any fresh excitement of bile. "Don't you admire Mr. Kean very much, sir?" "Very much," said I, not thinking it worth while to give my real opinion; "Ah, he's an ero indeed, sir; but I'll tell you who I think almost comes up to him, and that's Mr. — of the Coburg. Oh, he *is* a first rate actor—I don't very often go to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, but don't you think now with me, sir, that they've quite as good, or better actors, at the Coburg and the Surrey? I seldom go anywhere else, indeed, and I'm sure they play much more interesting pieces there." "Do they really?" said I. "Oh yes, I'm passionately fond of the drama, and knows what's what pretty well. I know what stage effect is, and there's more of that sort of thing at the Coburg, by ever so much, than at the big theatres—you've seen Hobson in *Grimdolpho* I suppose; what does Kean do better than that? See his face, sir, when the dagger and bloody handkerchief are produced, see the real blood a flowing when he stabs himself after strangling his wife—that's what I call acting—I like good tragedies, sir;" "Bloody ones it appears," said I. "I've got a picture of Hobson in *Grimdolpho*," he continued, so I have of Jenkins in the 'Dæmon of the Flood.' I'll tell you where you may get them, at that shop at the corner of Bow-street, nearly opposite Drury Lane Theatre—oh, I've a great many more theatrical portraits, for, as I said, I'm a true lover of the drama." He drew his chair closer, and said in a whisper, "I can get orders for Sadler's Wells whenever I like—did you ever see Miss Hopner that sings there sometimes? We carry on *such* a flirtation, sir; she *is* the sweetest creature; do you know she has promised to take me behind the scenes one night; that would be something like, wouldn't it—I do so long to go behind the scenes, my whole soul's in the drama, as you perceive, sir; come, sir, drink Amelia Hopner with me; 'pon my word, I'd marry her to-morrow if my aunt did not make such a fuss about it."

How many more of his theatrical secrets he would have confided to my unwilling ear I know not, for a squabble at one end of the room interrupted our conversation, if such it could be called; the harmony was certainly all over, and a little discord beginning to take its place, for sundry double goes of gin and water, acting upon the previous port, had put the senses of many a little out of their equipoise, and as the balance was rather descending with a little weight of black-guardism, sending good breeding up aloft, I determined, in the phraseology of the room, to "cut the stick;" or as some of the gentlemen of "theatrical celebrity," who were present, might have said, I made my exit at the door in the left wing, upper entrance, and the curtain was dropped on a very unsuccessful attempt, on my part, at an *entertainment*.

THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

[The following article was sent to us "in proof," by an anonymous correspondent. It had been accepted by the editor of another periodical; but after it had been set up, as our correspondent states, the severity of its remarks prevented it from appearing, the editor being "compelled" to countermand it. It is most true, that the fellow-feeling which exists among publishers, stifles a great deal of truth in its birth, while the more direct interests of each, serve to put much falsehood in the world. For this reason, and for little else than this reason, we shall give the paper insertion. Our notes will show, that we are far from coinciding with the writer. The public are little aware of the sinister motives which dictate the judgments of nearly all the periodical publications of the day. Some day we shall make an exposition of many of them, and accompany our assertions with details which must carry conviction along with them, and at length open the eyes of the innocent public. Whether we take this step or not, we shall certainly not be deterred by the power which booksellers possess, by a thousand petty arts, of injuring the sale of a journal which is independent of, and frequently hostile to their interests.—Ed.]

THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

*The Quarterly.**Notes.*

WE are surprised that articles of this character have not been given before in the higher order of monthly publications (a)—especially when some of the reviews are imitating magazines in the mode of getting up their articles, but without the variety, vivacity, or usefulness of those entertaining periodicals. Is it that the formidable and often ferocious air of the "great reviews" has hitherto deterred the conductors of magazines from submitting them to the ordeal, through which they drag the writers whom they mangle?—or that the public is content to submit to their dictatorship, and is satisfied with a political touchstone for the trial of literary merit? We think neither—but that it is simply owing to inveterate habit, which makes readers lose the changes of times and circumstances in things to which they have been long accustomed, and causes them to overlook the decline of old works, and the existence of new and superior tests in the dictates of a more generally cultivated intellect. That a work solely literary should be judged by the author's political dogmas, did very well when the spirit of party, a few years ago, precluded the

(a) It has been repeatedly done in the *London*; where we have not only reviewed some of the particular Numbers of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, but had more general articles on their conduct, as, for instance, the paper on occasion of the death of Mr. Gifford.—Ed.

exercise of cool judgment. One clan was arrayed against another—the same weapons were adopted by each—and thus the balance of the combat was prevented from inclining too much to either side. That day is gone, and with it should have passed away its follies. Reviews should have changed with the times, and taken the real character of literary works established for legitimate criticism; nor longer, under the mask of reviewing, put forth nothing but political essays, and continued appeals to the world, made under false pretences (b). If it be true that Mr. Murray says, “the age of reviewing is past”—(in the sense *Quarterly* reviewing is to be understood, we presume)—we congratulate the public on so beneficial an event. That biblioplist is no bad authority upon such a question, and, we think, could tell us a ground for the observation which has convinced him, *feelingly*, of its verity. It is amusing to take the three reviews, and compare their opinions together upon the same work. It will be found a most convincing argument of the fallacy of putting faith in what are little more than outpourings of political vituperation.

The attention of the editor of the oldest of the three great reviews has been so absorbed of late years by professional pursuits, that its readers have painfully experienced his neglect. The age and infirmities of another editor have had a still more fatal effect upon the conduct of his review. The third, and most youthful publication of this class, has attained a circulation beyond which it can hardly be expected to rise, being confined principally to the disciples of its venerable projector (c). Giving these publications credit for all to which they can lay claim, we see nothing to exempt them from occasional scrutiny—from our doing for them what they have “done for thousands.” Even in their age of decline, they have no right to murmur at any severity in our remarks. They have never hesitated to hew and lacerate writers and their works. Provided their victims have been political opponents, no sanctities of life have been spared, and delicacy towards them is out of the question.

We intend, therefore, to give an article on them as they come out; and shall begin with the number of the *Quarterly* which has just

(b) The fact is just the reverse. The *Edinburgh* began with being, in reality, a literary review, and has ended, as well as the *Quarterly*, in being a pamphleteer. Such also is the *Westminster*; which though not by any means liable to the censure of unjust partiality in the text, is conducted far too closely on the plan of the other two.—ED.

(c) Supposing this charge were true, we see no reason in it which should limit the circulation of this review. We believe, from all we have heard and seen, that a greater effect was never produced upon the opinions of large classes of the most intelligent part of society, than by the few Numbers of the *Westminster Review* which have already been published.—ED.

appeared. But, first, a word or two on the vicissitudes this review has undergone. Projected by the late Mr. Gifford, in imitation of the *Edinburgh*, but ultra-Tory in politics, and supported with all the vigour, virulence, and partizanship of that critic's pen, it attained its *maximum* of circulation with great rapidity. (d) This was, in some degree, owing to its becoming the organ of the aristocratic faction of the country; but it was also uncommonly well managed. Mr. Gifford was not a man of genius, nor an original writer; but he was an acute scholar, possessed of sound judgment, the result of long years of experience—subtle—splenetic—acute—gifted with tact, and that knowledge of minutiae in conducting a work of this nature, which, in the aggregate, is of infinite importance. A writer of first-rate genius and talent is rarely equal to such a task; his attention is generally concentrated on one point, and he is unable to view more at a time. (e) No man of this class who attempts it will meet with Mr. Gifford's success: a wriggling, shrewd, persevering, unsensitive mind is best adapted for it. Mr. Gifford saw a writer's weaknesses at a glance: he knew how to gloss over strong truths, or to distort them, so that the reader could scarcely suspect the deception practised upon him. He was well acquainted with the disposition of mankind, and had the power of multiplying the fears of the timid for his own uses, and of marshalling all his readers' prejudices on his side, to promote the end of his party, and torture the victim of his political dedignation. Mr. Gifford had no powers of humour—the most vulgar was too polished a weapon for his coarse hands; his satire was "horse-play," as Dryden terms it; the lapstone and hammer of his early years were his favourite weapons to the end of his career. His unflinching obduracy of purpose, and sacrifice even of reason herself, to serve his political views, were rarely before equalled, and never will be surpassed. These were the best qualifications for supporting such a work as the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Gifford, too, was invulnerable where most of his party were defenceless. He was no renegade in politics; chance threw Tory-bread in his way in early life, and gratitude was his subsequent principle of action. (f) He must have been amused

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(d) We believe that it did no such thing. The *Quarterly* had existed for some time, and without much success; and the publisher had begun to despair, when the acquisition of Mr. Barrow, and more abundant means, enabled him to give the work the benefit of a longer trial.—Ed.

(e) Can a man of second-rate genius view more than one point at a time? It is a vulgar error to suppose that a man of genius must be unfit for every thing. That which at present would most especially tend to make a good editor of a *Quarterly Review*, is sound judgment, extensive information, and a warm interest in the progress and advancement of knowledge. If these were joined with fertility of mind, a graceful wit, and a well stored memory, we presume that it would be all the better; and this is not a second-rate person, though probably he cannot look two ways at once.—Ed.

(f) Mr. Gifford never wrote more than three or four articles in his own review.—Ed.

at being ultimately assisted by contributors to the *Quarterly Review*, furious in their new-fledged politics, whom he had badgered unsparingly in the *Anti-Jacobin* for their revolutionary enthusiasm. Of these, Mr. Southey was one. The present editor, such as he is, is said also to be a deserted Whig.—But to our subject. On Mr. Gifford's retirement, Mr. Murray beat about for a substitute; and, with a peculiar felicity of selection, picked up a harmless barrister, who itinerated the circuit, having the contributions of the *Quarterly* in a blue bag with his briefs—if, indeed, the said limb of the law were not briefless. (g) From town to town traversed the unlucky articles of the contributors, like goods in a pedlar's pack, on which might have been marked not inappropriately, "Wares for the *Quarterly*." This "incestuous connexion" of literature and law could not last long; its offspring was abortive. The readers of the review soon detected the operations of legal dullness after the narcotic dose which had been administered. Another hand must be tried.

(g) We believe this to be an ill-natured and unjust sketch of Mr. Coleridge. If he had been briefless, his law would not have interfered with his literature. It is very possible that Mr. Coleridge was not peculiarly qualified for the editorship of the *Quarterly*; but we believe it true that it was he that abandoned the *Review*, and not the review him.—ED.

(h) We have no love for Mr. Lockhart; but if the novel of *Valerius* is here meant, the writer has either not read it, or prefers to say a severe thing in preference to a just one. Mr. Lockhart we believe to be a man of a fertile imagination, when warmed; possessed of some scholastic information, but utterly destitute of critical taste. His gall may serve to mix up well the *Quarterly* twaddle; but under his management it can never be either the sober or the infallible oracle it ought to be, to suit the wants of the great mass of its readers. Mr. Murray should contrive a dull piece of gentlemanly correctness, which should neither offend nor delight anybody.—ED.

The next step taken was considered a master-piece of bibliopolic acuteness, and was expected to be overpowering. Because the transcendent talents of the once "Great Unknown," unrivalled in his line of subject, were universally confessed—*ergo*, Sir Walter Scott must excel in every other department of literature; and not only Sir Walter, but all ever so remotely connected with him by relationship, and who sat under his shadow, must partake of his inspiration! This happy notion of Mr. Murray's (brilliant as the Utopian scheme of the *Representative* newspaper) was instantly carried into execution. The next supervisor of the *Quarterly*, therefore, was a person said to be a relative of Sir Walter Scott's by marriage, and who, from having been a contributor (if not something more) to "*Blackwood's Magazine*," at least laid claim to literary character. He was author of a novel, which, if it ever crossed the Tweed, is at present slumbering on bookseller's shelves, or gone to supply covers for "defrauded pies." (h) The rumour of the coadjutorship of Sir Walter himself was also insinuated; and thus the falling periodical mounted higher than ever in Mr. Murray's

parental anticipations. The town was to be astonished at the new display. The *beau idéal* of a provincial *litterato* was to crush the London men of letters into obscurity. The resuscitation of the work from the puling feebleness it had acquired in the arms of its forensic nurse, was to be effected at once for more than the vigour of a prize-fighter's condition. An *aurora borealis* was to illumine its re-glorified pages; and even its dun covers were in future to dazzle the beholder's vision with a halo, like the radiance round the head of one of Raphael's Holy Marias. But the coal-fire smoke of the metropolis casts shadows which at times resist even the sun's power. The self-opinionated ones of the provinces, who think to carry things here with a high hand, find their level. "Pert, prim praters of the northern race," here pass unnoticed in the crowd. The Scottish peer, who inherits half a county of irreclaimable land, beggarly pride and a title, for which the income of his acres will not find decent trappings, but who is a demi-god among his thistles, is here jostled by a porter, or mistaken for a city grocer. In short, there is nothing more humiliating than this reflection to provincial self-inflation. But can it be otherwise, when the focus of every thing great, wise, learned, and noble is here; and, to attain consideration above the crowd, diligence, time, and skill are indisputable essentials? The noontide hopes of Mr. Murray are again clouded. The learning, judgment, tact, and experience of Mr. Gifford have left not a wreck behind: the present editor has presumptuously grasped the thunderbolt he is incompetent to wield. No gleam of the anticipated *aurora* appears. Thick darkness encompasses the margin of the ultra-apostolic Review of England. "The age of reviewing is over!" The *Quarterly* is said to have lost more than a thousand readers. The public too is beginning to feel a distaste for its Muscovite doctrines, now that free constitutions are patronized at court, and liberal principles in politics by that part of the cabinet which is neither in the intellectual obscurity of age, nor owes its station to intolerance and intrigue. In place of Gifford's learning, vigour of pen, and bold sarcasm, intermingled with instructive observations, and the fruits of

long and laborious research, we have a conceited flippant work, full of unfounded pretensions—self-consequential in tone—jesuitical in religion—vain in fashion—austere in political creed—and over all this, an air of foppishness—a lawyer's clerk's dandyism, strutting in the pride of intellectual poverty, and inflated with ignorant self-consequence. Under the present Hyperborean management, most of the old contributors write in the review no longer. Of these, Mr. Southey is reported to be one. Indeed, it is impossible that a writer of his standing and experience, can feel proper spirit if he submit to the degradation of having his articles judged by any one whom chance and Mr. Murray may call from the provinces to eke out their livelihood by editing the *Quarterly*. But if he have returned again as a contributor, we are convinced he stipulates independence of such control for himself.

It is now time we proceed to analyze the contents of No. LXX. The first article is a review of the "*Report of Ulloa and Juan on the Provinces of South America*;" and the "*Collection of Spanish Voyages, published by the authority of the Spanish Government at Madrid in 1825.*"—This article is very carelessly executed: it bears singular marks of editorial slovenliness. We are pompously informed, that the value of books of travels depends upon the characters of the writers; that Ulloa and Juan were sent by the king of Spain to Quito, to measure a degree of the meridian; that Ulloa and Juan were not "smugglers," nor "wily traders," but true men. What school-boy, or boarding-school girl, who has been taught geography, did not know this? Pseudo-

(i) There is some truth in this allegation; the successors of Mr. Gifford might have studied his art of polishing with some advantage. From the time of his retirement from the *Quarterly*, the correctness of its phraseology declined. At present, in every number, and especially in the last, vulgarisms and Scotticisms (perhaps they are, for they are not English) abound. We could quote more glaring instances than are recorded in the text.—ED.

metaphors, endless repetitions of words, odd phraseologies—as, "touches of a traveller's feelings dropping,"—"selfishness engrained on the part of the *Madre Patria*,"—"societies destitute of all right principle of cohesion,"—"the wickedness of climate;" surgical similies—such as, "dislocations" from animosities, and "unsparing amputations;" inversions of language, and "precisely downright" inelegancies and confusions of all sorts abound. (i) But though the reviewer is thus reckless of the English tongue, he lets us know enough to prove that

the book he is noticing is a most important one, and deserved to be treated better. Mr. Gifford would have had this article re-written. It is wonderfully liberal for the *Quarterly*, with which the South Americans were lately "insurgents;" but the *Quarterly* reviewers change their opinions with each new ministerial arrangement. This is a "fundamental feature" of their conduct, as Castlereagh would express it.

The next article is "*Milman's Anna Boleyn*," which, as well as that on "*Historical Romance*," is, we imagine, manufactured by the editor himself: it is a lecture on Shakspeare, at Mr. Milman's expense. Wordsworth and Milton, and Wilson and Dryden, are, in his mind, on a poetical equality. This pleasant arrangement of the poet of *Paradise Lost* with the river Sonneteer, (k) Dryden with cat-baptism, (l) is a lucid discovery of the *Quarterly* editors—quite "refreshing!" as Theodore Hook says, and a proof of his superior talent in criticism and adaptation to his post. It reminds us of a stanza of comparisons by the merry

Wolcot:—

"Jove's eagle and a gander—
Matthias and the tuneful Pope—
Lord Rolle and Alexander."

The critic has wisely contrived to say as little as possible about Mr. Milman's play. He laments every poet's misfortune who is born after Shakspeare, whom he quotes and dissects upon by wholesale. He shows that Mr. Milman has given one couple of "natural touches" to a character in his play (*Angelo*); compares his heroes to Shakspeare's, yet still insinuates that he is but an "artificial poet;" and, after a remark on a hacknied subject—the dearth of good dramatic productions—closes by damning Mr. Milman with "faint praise;" having made the title of *Anna Boleyn* a peg on which to hang his profound observations upon the drama. Mr. Milman is a respectable clergyman, and has denied seeing the copy of a play on the same subject, which was put by the author into Mr. Murray's hand before his own appeared, and in which there were passages which strongly resembled some of the reverend gentleman's. We are in fairness bound to believe that the simi-

(k) The manner in which the writer speaks of Wordsworth, shows him either utterly unacquainted with his works, or utterly incapable of perceiving and feeling the beauties of poetry. Neither the partizans of Mr. Wordsworth, nor any intelligent and able critic, can hold such language concerning him.—Ed.

(l) This, perhaps, alludes to some piece of scandal with which we are unacquainted.—Ed.

(m) This is too serious a charge to be made except on much better authority. There was nothing in the case of *Buckingham v. Bankes* which proved this fact, though the circumstance alluded to was certainly highly disgraceful to Murray.—Ed.

(n) There was no occasion for Mr. Milman's assertion; for the resemblances were only in the brain of Mr. Glover.—Ed.

(o) The late excellent Dr. Clarke of Cambridge was a man whom nobody entirely believed, who knew him; not from any suspicion of a deficiency of moral worth on his part, but from an awkward accident of temperament, which led him to view every thing through the medium of his imagination. A more unhappy character for a writer of travels cannot well be conceived.—Ed.

litute was accidental. The world, however, has lately come to the more than suspicion, that manuscripts of authors, put into Mr. Murray's hands for publication, are shown to his contributing reviewers, and information taken from them for the *Quarterly*. (m) The late Captain Cochrane, the Siberian traveller, openly stated his ill-usage in this way; but it did not become undeniable until the case of "*Buckingham v. Bankes*," when this custom received open confirmation. The knowledge of these doings on the part of Mr. Milman's publisher, naturally gave a suspicion that the charge of plagiarism might be founded on truth; and it was unfortunate that it seemed to render stronger the suspicion against Mr. Milman. We believe Mr. Milman's assertion of his innocence sincerely. (n) Incidental resemblances are too often charged as copies from the works of others. Original ideas are few. There are a thousand modes of telling the same things; and the greater or less skill displayed in putting them into form, constitutes, after all, the scale of literary merit.

"*Henderson's Biblical Researches, and Travels in Russia, &c. by the Chevalier de Gamba*," form the cue for the third dissertation in this number. In this paper—Mr. Barrow's, we presume—there is nothing remarkable. "Lord Fanny might spin a hundred such a-day." There are sneers at the late excellent Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, (o) on account of his correct statements respecting Russian civilization, and the same at Dr. Lyal's confirmation of them; while the unlucky Gamba, as a matter of course, is not to be credited. All he says is heresy; for he was French consul at Teflis!

Then comes the chapter on the "*English Synonymes of Taylor and Crabb*," which is worth perusal. Under the mention of "*Tooke's Diversions of Purley*," a note is added about a castrated edition of that work—(we suppose a speculation of Mr. Murray's)—which is announced as "omitting every trait of personal virulence or political animosity." This is peculiarly graceful in the *Quarterly*, which might be subjected to the same operation with infinite advantage, both on the score of politics and economy in bulk, and consequently

price. A shilling's-worth of its paper and print would hold all the number contains worthy of perusal.

"*Byron's Voyage in the Blonde to the Sandwich Islands*," and "*Ellis's Account of Owyhee*," follow. There is little in this review worthy notice. The "*Blonde*" article is a meagre review of a most meagre performance: but what more could Mr. Barrow make of it, or any one else? We are told nothing but what the newspapers told us long ago, except that Lord Byron was crowned by some of the savages with a garland—whether or not on the credit of his cousin's great poetical name, we are left in the dark; and also that he gave these islanders a scheme of a good and perfect government. This he glories in not being constitutional, like Bentham's (p)—nor allowing, like our own, a "liberal university" for "Christians and Pagans" united. It may be curious for the reader to know that this scheme is admirably simple, though purposely arranged under eight heads—for the profit of Owyhee advocates, we presume! The people are sworn to obey the king: property, save of rebels, is to be sacred, except what the king may fancy for his own use and dignity, and that of his establishment. The "king or regent," (for Lord Byron's admirable foresight extended to futurity,) with the consent of twelve of his courtiers, may put any one to death: he alone can pardon; the people are to be free from any other chief. The establishment of taxation, an Owyhee custom-house, and a preventive service, closes this admirable system. Happy savages! A tyrant and council of twelve—property sacred from all robbers but the king—life at the mercy of thirteen—taxation in its vilest shape! Why, by and by, these people will erect statues to Lord Byron, for this precious gift of his legislative wisdom, and to the *Quarterly* for its praises of it! Ellis's account of Owyhee has been fully as well noticed in many of the minor publications of the day; and this is now frequently the case with the reviews of many other works. (q)

A review of "*Missionaries' Registers*" and "*Funeral Sermons on Calcutta Bishops*," we shall not go into; it contains, however, a biographical notice of that amiable and ac-

(p) What is the meaning of being constitutional, like Bentham's?—Ed.

(q) We are not aware which publication the writer calls minor, but if he means the *Weekly Gazette*, his eulogy should make him blush. The ignorance and incapacity shown in these periodicals, are a disgrace to the public who supports them. We grant that their extracts are amusing, but why not publish them without the form and phrase of a review, since they have not the substance. A general judgment these writers are usually unqualified to give, and even the task of choosing extracts might be in better hands.—Ed.

(r) This article, into which our correspondent will not go, is a most interesting sketch of the labours of Heber in India. His letters there quoted are, without exception, the most valuable morceaus relative to the state and character of British India which we possess. The loss to England, in Heber, is great, were it for this one thing alone, that we should have had some information communicated to the world which might have been relied on, not only for its clearness, but for its *unbiased* truth.—ED.

(s) The writer here shows that he is totally ignorant of the Burmese war. The article in the *Quarterly* was got up for no such reason as he supposes. It was got up because Mr. Murray published Major Snodgrass's book, and because it afforded materials for an abridgment of curiosity and interest. This abridgment is a very close and workmanlike performance, done, as we should think, by one of the regular hands of the *Quarterly*. Our correspondent rashly blames the Indian government for going to war—it is one of those shallow accusations that one often hears from fast and frothy talkers in society, whose declamations are always despised, perhaps, except by the ignorant. Whether war could ever have been prevented by the Indian government, is a point difficult of decision. It had become inevitable long before Lord Amherst was called upon to declare it. The writer talks about "thousands and tens of thousands of brave lives being wasted:" he is little aware of the fact that the amount of the whole army that was sent to invade the Burmese empire, reckoning reinforcements and additional levies, did not altogether equal ten thousand men. The number when dead, we

complicated man (r) the late Reverend Reginald Heber, bishop of Calcutta. We shall not analyze the next paper, which is a notice of "Snodgrass's Burmese War," got up to justify Lord Amherst and the Indian Government for entering into a contest, in which discipline and courage were employed in combatting unworthy enemies; (s) thousands and tens of thousands of brave lives wasted, and millions of money consumed, to an extent, which the more than Spanish system of secrecy in India affairs will prevent the present age or history from ever knowing; while a useless territory has been added to the Company's overgrown possessions. Thus, by avoiding concentration, their means of defence are weakened, and their finances burthened; hastening the time when their debt must be shouldered upon the groaning people of England. With the reviewer, all this is, of course, the result of *sound* policy and *infinite* wisdom.

An essay on "*Historical Romance*," comes after Snodgrass. It professes to review twenty volumes of Sir Walter Scott's novels, six of those of Mr. Horace Smith, and Mr. Coleridge's 'partial translation' of "*Wallenstein*."* What an "intolerable quantity of sack" to the crumb of musty bread, which is its accompaniment. Twenty-six volumes, and a play cast in to make measure! Really Falstaff himself was not so intolerably greedy of his potations as thou art, Mr. Editor of the *Quarterly*! This is, no doubt, written by the grand bashaw himself: it is the *experimentum crucis* on his powers, and, we think, well worthy the attention of the public, as it shows of what flights he is capable, what critical *acumen* he possesses, how judicious and experienced he is in his vocation; how admirably calculated he is, by his literary opinions and accomplishments, to obscure even the memory of ———, the Literary Cerberus who preceded him.

It has been whispered that Sir Walter Scott is the author of this article, because it was given out, as already hinted (perhaps for Mr. Murray's trade objects), that he occa-

* For our opinion of this "very excellent and perfect" piece of translation, see our Article on it in our last No.

* A very excellent and perfect translation of this piece of Schiller's has just appeared in Edinburgh, anonymously.

sionally writes in the *Quarterly*. (t) No one ought to presume, did not exceed the number when alive, to say nothing of the surviving conquerors.—Ed.

To review his own works, to praise himself, and show jealousy of writers who make no pretence of rivalry, to attack them with cold sneers, and unjust aspersions of their talents, because the public has chosen to take off three editions of their works, is an offence of which Sir Walter Scott never could be guilty. (u) The over-officious and injudicious zeal of his son-in-law, has thus far injured him, even by the rumour, if any thing can operate to do this with so great and good a man. But, in truth, the cribbed, mean, narrow spirit of jealousy which this article exhibits, must make him condemn such zeal *in toto*. Sir Walter is a kind man, and has acquired too much fame and respect to be hurt by the literary labours of any who may choose to follow in the track of historical novel writing, which his transcendent abilities first opened to the world, and which one man is as free to do as another. We, therefore, do not believe one word of Sir Walter's authorship of this paper. (v) In respect to the editor of the *Quarterly*, standing as he does in relation to the great novelist, and possessing no more talents nor better judgment than we give him credit for, it is probable he may have thought by this article to make the review of service in a family sense, by preventing the circulation of books which, in his contracted ideas, he deems the fee-simple of his house. But the meridian glory of Sir Walter Scott's literary career can receive no aid from the feeble ray reflected by his son-in-law's microcosmic talents in or out of the *Quarterly*. As well might a rush-light be held up in a summer's day to assist the noon-tide splendour. We, moreover, believe Sir Walter Scott no adorer of the puling of Wordsworth, in "Peter Bell," nor likely to degrade Milton by any sympathy with the poetical green-sickness of the lake school. Yet this article begins by the exaltation of Wordsworth with Milton, and a comparison between the two poets—between "Jove's eagle and a gander," as we have before said. Long ago would Mr. Wordsworth have been forgotten, but for the incessant puffing of his literary disciples in ode, elegy, review, and ballad. Still, as in free-masonry, none but

(t) This is all mightily absurd and malevolent.—Ed.

(u) Sir Walter's fault lies the other way. He is too fond of praising. The compliment to the author of "Brambletye House" at the end of the preface to Woodstock was sickening.—Ed.

(v) There never was any such rumour.—Ed.

the initiated understand; the world is not yet enlightened enough to comprehend what of Wordsworth is not incomprehensible. Wordsworth's books are never bought or read. "Well," say his disciples, "it was the same with Milton." But there were but four millions of people in England in Milton's time, and little public education; yet thirteen hundred copies of "Paradise Lost" sold in two years. The population has increased to fourteen millions, and every one reads: yet who have purchased thirteen hundred copies of "The Excursion" in any ten years! Then the obscurity of Wordsworth is compared to the sublimity of Milton, by his votaries; and if his forty unreadable pages in "The Excursion" for one readable, are mentioned—"Oh! it is the same in "Paradise Lost!"

Shakspeare—as before, in the review of "Milman's—Anna Boleyn"—is again brought forward for comparison and dissertation. He is the editor's Gunter for gauging every depth of power, poetical, dramatic, or metaphysical. Numerous pages are consumed to show the resemblance between Shakspeare's and Sir Walter's genius; not very intelligibly done, and sufficiently self-opinionated. Then there is a comparison between Sir Walter and Schiller, in *Quentin Durward* and *Wallenstein*, with copious extracts from Mr. Coleridge's translation of an imperfect copy of that tragedy. (w) The reader is told a vast deal of what he knew already; and the object of all is to make a shew of proving what all know *not* to be true—that there is no falling off in the later novels of Sir Walter Scott,—that *Quentin Durward* is as good as *Waverley*, and *Woodstock* better. But we will not go on—attributing, in charity, to a blundering feeling of serving objects at home not literary, this jumble of Scott, Shakspeare, Schiller, Coleridge, Smith, and the editor, and to prove that none but Sir Walter has a right to attempt historical novel writing; and, finally, that Mr. Smith is an ass. If this display of the preceding four writers, and, above all, the exquisite tact, judgment, and experience of this Mr. Gibson Lockhart (the reputed editor of the *Quarterly*) do not completely put him down, he must have more than common powers of buoyancy! How dares Mr. Smith attempt that which the afore-

(w) Ignorance truly ridiculous. Mr. Coleridge's translation was from a prompter's copy; and the alterations afterwards made by Schiller, are unimportant, and do not weigh one moment against the excellence of the old translation.—ED.

said editor insists shall be a branch of literature as exclusively for his family, as a German college once insisted for *hereditary* mathematics? The whole of the precious display in this paper—the marshalling three or four great names, and placing Sir Walter Scott's inferior productions with Schiller's best—is a sort of Scotch *ruse* to depreciate Mr. Smith by the contrast. (y) The whole matter and truth is that, just as Sir Walter published one of his least successful works, "Woodstock,"—the best part of its story borrowed from Dr. Plot, and re-printed in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," from "Plot's Oxfordshire," many years ago,—Mr. Smith brought out "Brambletye House." The writer of this chanced to go into a library at the west end of the town to ask for "Woodstock;" he was there told that more copies of "Brambletye House" were asked for than of "Woodstock." At Cheltenham, at the libraries, it was altogether preferred by many readers. If perusing memoirs and chronicles be a sin, God help Sir Walter! He may be charged with the same crime. In some of his noblest productions, he has inserted whole pages, translated from the German. We say this, not to depreciate the great fame of Sir Walter, which neither our power nor inclination will allow us to do, but to show how far the "uncharitableness" of the editor of the *Quarterly* will carry him—we beg our own pardons for using so decorous a word, in describing his virtues.

The "Rejected Addresses" are first cited, to prove that Mr. Smith is a mere mimic. The reviewer travels out of the record to gratify the bias of his own malign spirit, to the utmost possible extent. Then there is the charge of his perusing the chronicles, and borrowing from the same sources that Sir Walter has done—this, in the writer's eyes, is sedition towards Sir Walter, who, we are sure, thinks it no such thing. The exclusive care of the *Chronicles of England*, is, no doubt, to descend to the aforesaid editor, with the mantle of his father-in-law, and so on to his bairns' bairns, in *secula seculorum*! The reviewer then gives three or four of his sneering pages to the plots of the novels he is labouring to slander and sink beneath their merits—apologizes for doing it, in an affected

(y) Nothing can be more just or sensible than the criticism of the *Quarterly* on these very dull and absurd novels of Mr. Smith's. The observations in the review are not brilliant, but they possess the higher merit of being very true. Mr. Smith's novels are the merest pieces of journey-work that ever came from the press. They are the elaborate works of a servile imitator, with some little portion of taste, but who is wholly destitute of talent. No task is easier, no merit is more cheap and vulgar than the power of making a resemblance, which shall be exact in all its parts, and utterly false and unlike in its general effect. Such are the novels of "Brambletye House" and "Tor Hill," as regards their originals. The facts which the writer mentions respecting the circulating libraries which he frequents, may be explained in a very different way. These books were published by Mr. Colburn, whose name is the fashion just now. Mr. Murray's used to be. Now mark how good things may come by mean. Had not this bookseller been jealous of his brother publisher, Mr. Horace Smith would never have been so justly appreciated in the *Quarterly Review*. So much for the oracles of the public—Ed.

regard for the patience of his readers!—recommends Mr. Smith to Dryden and Wilson—"Jove's eagle and the gander" again!—to learn how to *define* (*we* recommend him the *Quarterly* too, for this, both in precept and example)—and then proceeds to vituperate the "*Tor Hill*;" a work by no means equal to "*Brambletye House*;" and, therefore, less severely treated on the whole, because it is less feared. Sir Walter Scott and his *Crusaders* are again lugged in as a contrast. Mr. Smith is styled a "specimen," not superior to a "regiment of writers" of the same kind; a poor compliment to the public, by the bye, who purchased as many or more copies of *Brambletye*, than of *Woodstock*, which never would have sold at all but for the great and honoured name it bore. The reviewer next returns to his eternal dissertations upon Shakspeare, Lessing, the Germans, but not to Milton's fearful rival, Wordsworth—we miss him at the winding-up of this exquisite morsel of criticism. This article displays no power, but of cunning, and proves the reviewer deficient in judgment, guilty of gross impolicy towards his father-in-law's honest fame—(by affording ground for the inference that he was jealous of Mr. Smith.) Had the author of "*Brambletye House*" been thought as miserable a scribe as the reviewer insists he is, the *Quarterly* would never have noticed him.

We should have preferred noticing this article, paragraph by paragraph, but we have not space, and the little history of the *Quarterly* at our commencement occupied some portion of our room; this, however, cannot happen in future; and we assure the editor of Mr. Murray's review, that we shall return to him again, nor suffer him to go forth as a literary Colossus, because he fights from behind the shield of his predecessor's name.

There is still another article in this number, which, we imagine, is the production of a lawyer; it is both subtle and absurd. It is on the law of libel; and its principal design is to defend indictment proceedings, and to support the doctrine that "truth is a libel." It shows an artful defence of the existing law, under the mask of disinterested argument, and is curious from *convicted libellers*; the last proceeding against the *Quarterly* was,

we believe, by action. Hence that mode is undervalued. No one doubts the convenience of the "indictment" practice when the *Quarterly* is concerned. The judges always precede their gratuitous harangues to jurors in libel cases, by avowing their sincere attachment to the freedom of the press, as the *Quarterly* does, with much the same sincerity, we think. We must leave this paper to be refuted by the daily journals. The lesser papers will find it no hard task; for with Tory, Whig, or Radical—with all—it is a common and serious subject. The editor of "Bell's Life in London," or any of his police-reporters, may expose its sophistry, provided he *dare* try an article under the apostolic covers of the *Quarterly*, and stand not in awe of the flatulent criticism, and overweening pretensions of a work, the name of which is now sunk to pretty nearly the level in merit of its contents.

SIBYL LEAVES.*

It is one of the commonest delusions for a man to fancy that he is a poet, when in fact he is very far from being any thing of the kind. Why do men fall into this mistake, and not into similar ones? No one erroneously imagines that he is a mathematician—no one sets up for a carpenter or a watchmaker without a knowledge of the craft. Until it is settled what poetry is, men will never know whether they are poets or not. The uncertainty as to what it is that constitutes the art leads to the uncertainty as to the qualifications necessary to practise it. In the works of *real* poetry there is so much trick and shallow artifice, that we must not be surprised if young men, finding that they can perform the trick, and understand the artifice, suppose that they are thereby poets. In the poetry of Milton, for instance, there is a sustained march, a pomp of diction, and an affectation of learning, which are very easily reached by men utterly destitute of ideas. It is the same with Byron—his starts, his fitfulness and his gloominess are all particularly easy to imitate. The truly valuable and original part of his writings is hardly that which gained him his fame, and rarely that which arrests the attention of the would-be poet. When strut, and frown, and start are acquired, it is conceived that the thing is done; the only circumstance which ever occurs as being wanted to the young versifier is that he is not a lord. There is some truth in this notion—the union of peer and poet is a powerful recommendation. It will not however do every thing, as may be seen

* Sybil Leaves; to which is added, A Vision of Eternity. By Edmund Reade, Esq., author of the Broken Heart, and other Poems. London: Longman and Co. 1827. 8vo.

in the instances of Lords Thurlow and Porchester. In the case of Lord Thurlow, his title has even thrown a ridicule upon the portion of merit which his poems really possess. In the case of Lord Porchester* it has not even gained him a hearing. These are exceptions which might easily be explained. But to return—a stock of phrases acquired from a popular poet, and properly arranged in a tolerably retentive memory, are the raw material. The aspirant, on beginning to weave them together, finds the process one of great simplicity and ease. The paper is rapidly covered—he reads his production aloud—the swell and roll fill the mouth, and there remains nothing but the eye to be satisfied. A printer and his hot-presser quickly gratify this sense. The poems follow one another in beautiful order—a neat little table of contents appears to usher in the reader to their society—the titles of each poem stand up in handsome capital letters—the SONNET, TO THYRZA, STANZAS, catch the eye. Some lines are long, and some are short; sometimes two or three start from the same point, and sometimes they set out from a shorter distance, and do not travel so far over the page. They are moreover packed up in little packets of four or six or eight lines each, and numbered with the neatness of a pin-maker, with venerable looking Roman letters. Seeing all this, how is the youthful author to help exclaiming with the Italian painter *ed io son pittore!* Then come the critics, the weekly critics, the Literary Gazettes and Literary Chronicles, which find their account in universal praise; who find “beautiful passages,” “tender thoughts,” “harmony,” “ease of numbers,” and “effusions of genius.” Backed by such authorities, who can be surprised that the versifier himself begins to wonder at his own unconscious merit: but when at the end of the month the young poet finds himself raised to the skies in the puffing department of the New Monthly—*Campbell's Magazine*—the magazine of all the talents—then, though the praise is indeed in very small type, perhaps it may be written by the poet himself, and consequently the happy man's self-satisfaction is greatly magnified. To be sure, the book does not sell, but then there are peculiar causes for that accident—the next attempt will be more successful, and doubtless bring the solid pudding as well as the empty praise,—and, at any rate, gaining or losing, great poets are not to be sordid; it is fame that raises the clear spirit; posterity must be considered, and present self wholly disregarded. *Paradise Lost* did not sell, at least so they say. Behold then the now confirmed poet daily at his task, with his phrenzied pen, scribbling more tomes, to be gathered unto those that still encumber the catacombs of the publisher's warehouses.

A gentleman of the name of Reade, some short time ago, published a little volume called the *Broken Heart*. We did not read it, but placed it for future notice by the side of four hundred and ninety-nine *poetæ minutissimi* which adorn our shelves, and do honour to the state of the typographical art in this country. Mr. Reade has however again opened his battery upon the public, and prefixed to his second work a preface of so much vanity and conceit, that we are tempted to pick him out of the ranks, and expose his folly, for the benefit of himself and the rest of mankind.

* We lately saw in some unsuspected quarter a eulogy of the talents of this nobleman, that will lead us to look at his *Moor* once more.

Mr. Reade commences by stating, that after the publication of his earliest poem, it had been his intention to give himself up to the composition of a drama on a subject he had long meditated. This great purpose was put aside by, it seems, the limited circulation of that poem. It was noticed, he states, with much approbation by some distinguished periodicals (mark the mischief done by these Literary Gazettes, &c., who are at least critics in the eyes of all they praise) yet, says the author, "owing to his name being hitherto unknown to the public either in periodical publications, or indeed elsewhere, and from other peculiar circumstances," (want of merit of course not being in the number) the public would not lay out its money upon it. This unfortunate accident did not, he says, in the least damp his ardour, but somehow or other he assigns it as a reason why he has not gone into the great design, the completion of which perhaps the public were getting anxious about. In the mean time the poems called the Sibyl Leaves were "fitfully composed," and "from the circumstance of being detached [a rare merit], and consequently more dwelt on [by whom? and why?] are offered with an increased confidence."

If any apology be requisite for not offering pieces of greater length, I would observe, that long poems of considerable excellency already popular are almost countless: that among such, even in the very first authors, there is much of detail and otherwise inferior matter, which must necessarily be comparatively heavy; that pieces such as these cannot, at least, fatigue, inasmuch as the candidate for poetical talents, if he has any, must be felt and appreciated almost immediately, each poem standing by itself, in its own unsupported strength or weakness, open to, and challenging the most rigid scrutiny. Moreover, it is in such concentrated efforts that the nearest advances to excellence have been made, gold with scarcely an alloy of tinsel; need I make more than an allusion to such names as Gray and Collins? or from the crowd of more modern works, the "Ode in the Vale of Chamouni," by Coleridge, and "The Last Man," by Campbell, the chef-d'œuvres of either author. I need hardly observe that I do not particularly insist on the last of my alleged motives above, though at the same time I will not for a moment be guilty of any false affectation in underrating the following pieces; they cost me much of time and thought, which I feel conscious, whatever the harvest may be, has not been thrown away.

This is a most singular apology for a volume of short poems. Long ones are countless, and short ones being of course scarce, Mr. Reade patriotically steps forward to stop the gap. Then long poems contain "inferior matter;" now "inferior matter" Mr. Reade cannot tolerate; "no alloy," "no tinsel,"—all above proof, all light, all perfect. But the poet has other reasons for giving to the world these "fitful compositions."

I wish to clear my name and pretensions to be more fully admitted before I offer any composition of a higher stamp, which, whatever its merits or demerits might be, would, in this age of universal poetry, speedily sink and be forgotten, without some fixed and established recollection, even though I should prove myself ever so well qualified for the task. For my own part, I have too much indolence, and no inclination to strive in the crowd of those

"Who dabble in the pettiness of fame;"

the mark of excellence I have set up for myself in poetry is high, and so is the hope through a life of comparative seclusion and meditation, to near, or attain it; not through the hasty ebullitions of continual effort, but from "years that bring the philosophic mind."

These "Sibyl Leaves" then are to stamp the author's name with a "fixed and established recollection:" the meaning of which we take to be, that when the great drama appears, then that all the

world are tosing, hallelujah ! this is the author of the " Sibyl Leaves," the great poet—who has published another book.

From the first part of the preface it appeared that " detached poems " were offered the more confidently on the ground of their being detached, but it is not so.

It appears to me indeed almost impossible that in the overwhelming mass of poetry still increasing, detached poems, of whatever merit or demerit they may be, can endure for any length of time. It may then be asked, thinking so, why do I now publish such ? I answer, my wish is simply to be appreciated *by them* for a capability of rising to a higher subject, and thus establishing for myself some faint recollection hereafter, when the task to which I am now devolved is completed ; and this I think will be considered satisfactory and moderate.

Very moderate, and very satisfactory indeed ; but neither so moderate nor so satisfactory as what comes afterwards. We shall now see why it is the great poets do not now spring up to succeed the great who are going by ; and this will account for Mr. Reade's bespoken celebrity.

It strikes me that the poets of the present day (of course those who have long since taken their niche in Fame's temple excluded) want an *aim* in what they write. Dramatic poems and pieces are almost daily offered us, written with more or less force and elegance, and are admired, and then laid down ; they pleased for the hour, and attempting no loftier effort—are forgotten. I think the only chance a writer has of being named a century hence is, instead of wasting away his powers on sketches and madrigals, to center his scattered energies to one point, [what point ?] to form a regular design, and build up a whole, in which he might [may] develop the *habitual philosophical bias of his mind*, and infuse all his *peculiar modes of thought and feeling*. [Here is an aim !] It might, or might not be, a " monumentum are perennius," at all events the attempt would show a noble ambition, and consequently an aspiring mind, which would be honourable even in its failure. [Not a bit more honourable than any other miscalculation.] The various works of the eternal Byron all more or less point to one end : [to what end ?] those of Wordsworth, though by a very different path, do the same ; and a glow of enthusiasm, and a generous love of liberty pervade, [are these ends ? a pretty tale] and are caught alike from the strains of Moore and Campbell. As to Coleridge, I, as one among the countless admirers of his transcendantly fine genius, can only hope *his* career is not yet done.

In a subsequent paragraph Mr. Reade explains the reason (for nothing must go unexplained) why he has given the name of Sibyl Leaves his work—the reason is, " that he could find no other name." Surely it was not so utterly impossible ?—there are *other* appellations which might have been thought equally appropriate. We can see nothing so prophetic in them as to remind us of the Sibyls or their leaves. But our readers shall have an opportunity of judging. Great poetical talent would not exonerate the author from the chastisement merited by arrogant folly ; much less is he to be screened by the slight defence which these poems can afford him.

Mr. Reade's poetry is of that flatulent description which most frequently blows up young men of indifferent digestive powers, with a notion of their own sublimity. It is vague—it is wordy—it is high sounding, and altogether thin and unsubstantial—the reader knows not where to have it. The sense flickers about his brain like a shadow, and is never caught. Through this sublime no-meaning, the poet wings his lofty way, and as he toils on among fog and mizzle and rain, no doubt hugs himself with the idea that all the world is staring at the altitude of his flight. He may not be

entirely wrong; there are many people who think the better of writing because it is incomprehensible—some because it is the part of the ignorant to wonder at what they cannot understand—some because they amuse themselves with the task of depositing their own meaning in the words which the author has arranged for the reception of his own. But this is only done in the case of great names—a Kant, or a Goethe, or a Boehmen, never want a meaning—nay, fifty—in the minds of the faithful. We will take as an example Mr. Reade's poem, entitled, *The West Wind*—we consider it about the best in the book: had this poem been attributed to an Apostle in poetry, it had not wanted many fine interpretations. The words are poetical, the metre is rhythmical; and there is a kind of wildness about it such as young poets have who go about plantations, gravel walks, and canals, with an open shirt collar, and a little volume ("Boscan or Garcilasso") in their hands—and who call the said plantations, gravel walks, and canals—groves, wood paths, and fountains.

TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O thou West Wind! thou breath of life decaying
 Slowly and mournfully o'er yon red sky:
 Where the far Day, her steep course still delaying,
 Sinks in the bosom of eternity:
 Her hues of beauty fade, her cheek is cold,
 And light and warmth are gone, and yon pale star
 Watcheth her rest, and Darkness like a fold
 Mantles around her, and first heard afar—
 Then nearer o'er the waters hushed and dim
 Thou raisest o'er her couch thy gentlest requiem hymn!

II.

Hear me, even now, thou Spirit of the Air!
 Thou viewless thing, that as a presence dost give
 Life and elastic gladness—Oh, that I were
 Like thee, a bodiless essence, and could live
 All freshness and all purity; and leave
 The passions that do waste this clay behind,
 Sorrow, and pain, and hopelessness; and grieve
 No more for aught of earth, but like thee, Wind,
 Revel before the path of that bright sun,
 And pass away at last like melody when done.

III.

Child of the elements! who so blest as thou?
 When the rich twilight fades along the skies
 Steeping in hues of heaven the earth's wan brow,
 Thou wanderest from the gates of Paradise.
 The flowers give thee their perfume, from above
 The dews sink on thy wings, and thou goest on
 Hallowing each spot thou visitest, while Love
 Breathes to thee, bowered in his deep haunt alone,
 A blessing when thou com'st, a sigh when thou art gone.

IV.

I hear thee now—the scattered leaves are sighing—
 To thy sweet breath they never more shall feel!
 From the seared woods a voice is heard replying,
 Where the last lingering tints of Autumn steal:
 All breathe decay and sadness, they are dead,
 And hope with them lies buried—unlike thee,
 Who, while man's mightiest works as leaves are fled,
 Still wanderest o'er the bright earth wild and free,
 Like Love, the awakening soul, that liveth on eternally.

MAY, 1827.

D

v.

Requiem of Melody! chaunted as from heaven,
Which through great Nature's temple swells along!
Now, while life rests in holiest commune given,
I sit and listen thy inwoven song;
What dost thou teach me? nothing can be known;
Then let me dream awhile from thought oppressed
Lulled by the murmurs of thy dreamy tone:
Enough that in this bright day I am blest,
That I, like thee at last, shall find my place of rest.

Were we to end here, Mr. Reade might cry out upon us, and declare that we had been ill-natured, unjust, and God knows what! To avoid such a scandal, we must, greatly against our inclination, give further specimens of his quality. That we may not entirely throw away our space, we shall select the poems we are inclined to esteem the best. It is possible they may please some of our readers whose tastes differ from ours—we will at least hope so in charity. We think the poem called *Sunset* is what young ladies call “beautifully wild.” It is no doubt true, that if slipped in at the end of some of Byron's “metaphysical” (!) poems, it would pass muster as well as several of his “dreams” and “darknesses.”

SUNSET.

————— I adore
The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.—*Shakespeare.*

O thou departing god!
Or idol of that God—before whose brow
The clouds, and heaven, and earth do robe themselves
In hues of beauty caught but from thy presence.
I see thee still—and feel thy warmth of rays,
While thou dost lighten up this inward being
With glory and with joy! I look on thee,
Dust though I am, and darkly comprehend
The life—the visions of beatitude
They feel, who stand before the Almighty's throne,
Of whom thou art the shadow! Glorious orb!
I yield the adoration of dim sense,
Absorbed and lost in light ineffable!
Of clay, which, quickened by thy beams, grow up
Expanding like thy flowers, and whence, oh whence
Doth the soul draw its earliest inspiration,
And springing thoughts, and passion, life, and love,
But from thine urn of fire? Thou risest—and
Earth in her visible creation wakes,
Glowing with light and beauty, and man's heart
Pours forth in gratitude, o'erflowing with
The feeling and the consciousness of being,
The blessing, and the luxury—to be!
Thou sink'st and nature fades: her energies,
And all her mighty action is at rest;
The passion and the life from thee inspired,
The informing soul, is gone—and like a corpse
Vaulted beneath night's starry sepulchre,
She sleeps as in her grave.

There thou art throned,
Like him, on whom the angels dare not gaze,
Alone in trackless solitude. The stars
Live round thee, drinking hope, and light, and joy

From thee, their centre and their soul—but thou
 Lost as a speck in the abyss of space,
 With the swift motion of the heavens, and midst
 Innumerable worlds art born along
 In whirlwind round the Eternal! Earth grows grey,
 Sinks and lives on through ruin, and the nations
 Rise, change, and vanish; but they turned to thee
 As to a visible god, and drew down thence
 An impress of divinity—a hope,
 A spark of kindred immortality;
 And truth and wisdom; and knelt to thee in temples
 Not reared by human hands, but on the mountains
 The free and natural steps to thy great shrine,
 Where thou wert worshipped o'er the hosts of Heaven!
 Altar of Deity unrevealed! who first
 From this all beautiful earth, o'ercome with love,
 Offered his heart up in thanksgiving there?
 Who last shall look on thee when thou thyself
 Dost change in heaven—for worlds as atoms change
 Before the everlasting: or wilt thou
 Stand, and while stars as dew-drops melt before thee
 Quenched in the abyss, still self-existent burn,
 The life—the centre—the enduring soul?
 O thou most living light! I have drawn from thee
 As from a fountain, purity and love,
 And a deep knowledge of the world; from boyhood
 To thee the yearnings of my heart were sent,
 A wanderer on the hills. I watch thee now
 And feel ambition: not to rise o'er men
 Or to be loved or feared; I would not die
 Like them, but in the inspiration of this song
 Live as a spirit when I am no more;
 A record not of pride, but gratitude,
 To tell of one who was—who blessed thee once,
 And left his words to be forgot, or dwelt on
 With an affectionate memory: For oh, thou sun!
 Like the Chaldean I have bowed to thee,
 And from the mountains, and the ocean waves
 Stretched forth my hands to thee, while thou didst take
 Thy glorious departure from the world!
 Thou didst inspire me like a prophet then,
 With thoughts sublime, and visions not my own;
 For gazing there, I saw with inmost eye
 The good, the beauty of things visible!
 And through this film of sense that darkens all
 With doubt and disbelief, and through the evil
 That makes us what we are—the hidden love,
 The order, and the prescience of the unknown.
 Farewell—if I inherited too much
 Of thy Promethean fire, making me here
 Restless, and quick, and wayward, wasting thus
 Life's wick out ere its time—yet thou hast given
 Moments of passionate feeling and of love,
 Which were eternities in joy; such as
 Not even poets shape forth in their dreams.
 And my last hour when gazing on thee shall
 Be happy! these frail atoms which but met
 To tremble and to suffer, then shall part
 And sleep in calm quiescence; or through space
 Float on thy beams, and dew earth's sleeping flowers:
 And whither may this animating soul
 Wander, thou glorious centre, but to thee!

To an Autumn Rose is another address in a different style, with which we shall conclude: it is indeed an imitation of Moore's "Last Rose of Summer."

TO AN AUTUMN ROSE.

And is thy beauty gone,
Sweet rose, for ever,
And wilt thou, lovely one,
Bloom again never?
Thy boughs are all stooping
Bent down by the blast,
Thy leaves faded and drooping
Lie scentless at last!

Yon sun that shines brightly
No more shall awaken:
The wind passeth lightly,
And leaves thee forsaken!
Thy day thou has revelled,
And those seared leaves beneath
Shall, torn and dishevelled,
Be tossed o'er the heath.

Yet why should I mourn thee,
Thou thing of a day!
No sorrow hath worn thee
With early decay;
Thy life was bereft not
Of joy unconfined;
Thou art gone—and hast left not
One tear-drop behind.

St Adresse.

DE VERE.*

In our review of Tremaine, we estimated its author rather as a shrewd observer than a profound philosopher. The present work confirms this impression. De Vere is superior in every way to its predecessor, and if it has not altered our opinion of the nature of the writer's capacity, it has very much exalted our opinion of its powers. He is not, we repeat, a deep or an accurate thinker, but he has looked at the world as a painter views a landscape, with a fine perception of every variety of hue and form, though uninstructed and perhaps incurious respecting their causes. The artist may not sketch the less faithfully, or feel a less lively sense of the beauties of nature, because he is unacquainted with botany, geology, and astronomy; and our author may not paint humanity in many of its nicest phases with less exactness because he is not profoundly grounded in moral science. He has seen much of men, and seen them well, with a piercing sight and a liberal allowance for peculiarities, a just distaste for littleness in all its disguises, and a fervent love of simplicity and singleness of mind. He notes, but he does not rage, against foibles, while he portrays the virtues with a tone of calm enjoyment which indicates the depth and sincerity of his pleasure in the task, and gives a rich

* De Vere; or the Man of Independence. By the Author of Tremaine. In four Volumes. London: Colburn, 1827.

character of repose to the picture under his hands. He has lived much in the great world, and has carried out of it a taste unvitiated, a mind stored with observations, and above all, an uncorrupted heart. This last attribute is one of the most pleasing characteristics of the work, which breathes throughout a spirit of benevolence, and bears on every page the stamp of goodness. We occasionally feel that the writer is weak, often that he is diffuse to tediousness, but he never ceases to be respectable. There is a fine temper about the book which acts as a charm on the reader, and inclines him to a congenial mood of indulgence. He sees much nobleness of sentiment, and a keen relish for the beautiful in all its shapes moral and natural, in combination with feebleness of judgment; but he grants a kindly toleration to the failing, in consideration of the amiable qualities associated with it. It is the property of sun-shine to lend cheerfulness to the dulllest objects, and of goodness to grace even error. We cannot explain why it is that a man uniformly exact in taste is often signally deficient in judgment; the same faculty which we call taste in trifles should be judgment in matters of superior importance; but we see that it is not so, and that he who comes to a right conclusion almost without the aid of thought, arrives, nine times out of ten, at a wrong one, when he applies more of his reasoning powers to a subject. He has a ready perception of beauty, fitness, and concord; there is, in truth, always a beauty, a fitness, and a concord, and how is it that in graver inquiries he does not catch a glimpse of these things, of which in trifles he has almost an instinctive apprehension; and that they do not give him a clue at least to a just judgment? If taste is not an undeveloped reason, how is it that it does not come in aid of reason? We have daily examples that it does not; we observe it superseding higher principles, but never guiding to them. There are many men in public life who are enemies to injustice and oppression, not from principle but from taste. It offends them to see cruelty,—there is deformity in it, and they oppose it, because they dislike it; it gives them pain, uneasiness; it is to their minds as the setting of a saw or the grating of a slate pencil is to their ears. Others, without a particle of taste, or an atom of heart, concur with them in their conclusion, being brought to it by the light of their reason alone. Our author presents a remarkable example of the phenomenon we have noted. Wherever the demand is on his perceptions he is exquisitely exact, and discovers, without parading it, his critical apprehension of every shade of distinction in the objects he is setting before us; but when something more than perception is called for, when he has to penetrate and explore, to pierce the flimsiest disguises of falsehood, or to unhusk the truth, his want of energy and vigour is manifest. He has no wings for speculation; his strength is with sensible images. In the province of taste he is excellent, and he has certainly aggrandized this province, extended its bounds very far; but where taste ends and the higher judgment begins, he is powerless. In support of this position we could fill some pages with examples of extraordinary weakness, confusion, and inaccuracy of reasoning. Of logic we should infer that the author was entirely ignorant, and yet his writings give us an idea of so accomplished a man, that we can hardly prevail upon ourselves to assume him unpossessed of any

necessary acquirement. Certain it is, however, that some very remarkable solecisms in the forms of argumentation occur in his book. In the dialectical combats a remark is often made, and a triumphant objection is offered, having nothing whatever to do with it.

The fable of De Vere is inartificial and uninteresting, and it is barren of incident or stirring adventure. Those, therefore, who take it up as a mere novel, will probably lay it down with considerable disappointment. The plot is but the slender thread on which the author strings his pearls—his characters. De Vere is not a drama, it is rather a gallery of sculpture in which we see a number of finely chiselled forms, many of them admirable copies of nature, but having no relation with each other, except that indeed of the common kindred of truth. Our eye first reposes on one figure, and then passes over a naked space to another, and another, excellent but still—there is every feature of life, but its warm motion is wanting, and the effect, though imposing, is cold. Among these statues are some perfect performances. There is a kind of moral centaur, a being, one half knavery, and the other the keenest sensibility, which is unmatched; it is a species of rogue which has never been described in print before, but the truth of it will be confessed at once, as it is often seen. Clayton, this sensitive scoundrel, is a refinement on the Blifil of Fielding; he has his sleekness, meanness, and hypocrisy, together with the addition of *fine feelings*, which stamps him an original character on paper, though by no means a rare one in the world.

It is the custom of inferior artists to make their villains uniformly men of coarse minds and depraved, or, at least, merely animal appetites. Clayton is one of elegant desires, and when the master passion of self-interest does not possess him and turn him to roguery, he has a soul delicately sensible of excellence. An idea may be formed of his moral composition from this passage—

We have failed (says the author) in our contemplation of human nature, and particularly failed in delineating Clayton's character, if we have not shown that the strongest contrasts, nay contradictions, may sometimes be found in the same bosom, and that very keen susceptibilities are not always incompatible with considerable laxity of principle. That Clayton had an eye for beauty, and could feel even the raptures of tenderness through all the avenues to the soul, is no more than true; although beauty, rapture, and tenderness itself, could all be abandoned in a moment, whenever the finger of self-interest beckoned him away. While this beckon was not perceived, and still more, if self-interest lay in the same road with feeling, of feeling no man had a prettier stock. In short no man went beyond him in that sort of sentiment which emanates from the imagination, but has nothing to do with the heart.

The character of Lord Mowbray comes next to Clayton's in merit. He is the Lord Westmorland of the political drama. A man with about the same tenacity to office which an oyster has to its bed, which rests undisturbed by a hundred tempests, and opens its shell for every change of tide—till in an unlucky hour it is dredged up and destroyed. Lord Mowbray is the head of a noble house, and the possessor of a splendid fortune, who looks upon office on any terms as the only basis of human happiness, and is content to submit to every kind of humiliation for the retention of it. The end of existence with him is *place*; this secured, the grand object is a lasting administration. Identifying his own convenience with the nation's good, he supposes that a permanent ministry is the main point necessary to its welfare. Of its composi-

tion, like some other greater men, he is regardless. If he is in it, that is enough—all is well. "At the same time," says his historian, "there was a part of his character which, for the undeviating consistency as well as energy that he displayed in it, entitled him to all respect. This was a notion of what he called political discipline. As throughout his career he had acted upon a principle amounting to sacred, of unqualified obedience to all who were above him; so even in his first advances, he exacted, to the letter, from his official inferiors, all that he himself had paid to those above him.* A subaltern in office, he used to hold, could have no opinion but that of his chief; a member of Parliament none but that of his party; and any show of deviation from these duties was treated by him as treason, and as such held in abhorrence. These, and other such maxims, were laid down by him in a manner little less than oracular; they were paramount to all others in his notions of government; indeed, they were almost the only notions of government which he possessed; for as to all great views of policy, foreign or domestic, he left them to those whom he at the time supported; satisfied himself with supporting them." This Lord Mowbray is the patron of the *parvenu* Clayton, who having incurred the abhorrence of all honourable minds by some dirty work, a base piece of ratting, is judged by his noble protector worthy of a sinecure, by way of a salve for his wounds in the service. The minister to whom the request is urged objects, "It may gild him, but it will be with tarnished gold."

"Gild him, however," said Lord Mowbray. This is one of those anecdotes which give a stamp to a character. It is impossible to misapprehend the manner of the man after hearing these three words reported of him. He speaks, and we know him. And this brings us to another fine stroke. De Vere reproaches his then friend Clayton for accepting the post—

"Far from accepting new appointments," said he with some indignation to the latter; "you should have laid down the old one."

Clayton, in reply, deeply lamented the miserable state of affairs; wished himself a thousand times out of politics in some calm retreat, and said he had been inhumanly and unjustly treated by the ex-minister, whose cause he had always advocated, till he found him really too dangerously ambitious. But, in regard to his keeping or accepting new offices, he pleaded that he really was not his own master, but a mere follower of Lord Mowbray on that point. Nor could he prevent his patron, if he thought his honour concerned, from insisting that his accession to the new arrangement should not be stigmatized, either in his own, or his friend's person, and that therefore a strong demonstration should be made in their favour.

"That," said De Vere, little moved, "would require some high notice of my lord himself."

"You are right," returned Clayton, "and you therefore cannot be surprised if you find that he has accepted the red ribband."

Nothing can be more exquisite than this misapprehension of Clayton. The high notice which the honourable De Vere had in his thoughts was one of a very different nature—a high notice to mark the sense of the purity of his uncle's (for such is Lord Mowbray) motives, but the *parvenu* instances the price of his meanness.

* It is this which always makes the truckling jack in office so insolent to his inferiors. He thinks himself entitled to exact from them the prostration which he offers to his superiors, and it soothes his self-love to compel others to be as supple as himself.

We introduce these illustrations, as we shall do others, rather abruptly, because in no other way can we deal with the book. Like *Tiemaine*, the pattern is of such Brobdignag proportions, that we cannot reduce it to the limits of our pages, and all that we attempt is to take a bit here and a bit there, which appear to us of a kind that will bear insulation. The story we do not think it worth while to follow; it is so lumbering and void of interest. It is the waggon in which the characters are stowed, and it travels along at a snail's pace, with a prodigious creaking, and cracking, and grinding of its great broad wheels. To pursue the course of such a machine is not at all to our tastes, and our readers would derive little gratification from learning its different lingering stages; we shall therefore run before it or lag behind it, according to the temptation that offers.

The character of Wentworth is obviously a portrait of Mr. Canning *en beau*; and the political incidents in which he figures strikingly and singularly accord with those which have just surprised and delighted the world. Wentworth, like the original, is a man of prodigious talents, which are understood rather than expressed; they are of an above-proof kind, and without evidence we are called upon to give him credit for them, which of course, as in all such cases, we implicitly do. In his little moments of petulance, the likeness between Wentworth and our distinguished statesman is very strong, and we are willing to believe that it is equally so in those of his generosity. Take it all and all, however, this is not one of the best characters. We turn from it to the two Flowerdales, excellent in their respective ways. The one a man steeped and starched in office, formal, worldly, yet—here is the talent—respectable, nay amiable; the kind of person whom we meet in the world and esteem, but who never before looked well upon paper. The artist shows his powers in making a good painting of so difficult a subject. His brother, a country gentleman, the very opposite of this, is one of those beings in the existence of which it delights and elevates us to believe. We would fain transfer the portrait of him from the author's canvass, but thirty-nine pages present an insuperable obstacle to our wish, and there is not a part which we can omit without destroying the charm of the whole. We may give some idea of our author's manner by stating that this space is occupied by a dialogue over bread and cheese! Few, however, will, we think, quarrel with its length. There is, to our minds, great freshness and a fineness of tone about this quiet scene. Simple in its effect, but most elaborate in its execution, it is a sample of the style of the writer's labours, and an example of the difficulty of exhibiting his more finished performances in a narrow compass. He does not deal in bold strokes and grand efforts, but in minute touches and patient developments which remind us of the manner of Richardson, divested, however, of its repulsive homeliness.

Indeed, though the author indulges in one or two quiet sneers at this antiquated model, we cannot but think that he has moulded his conceptions of excellence on it. De Vere himself seems to us a descendant of the Grandison family. He is a man of good birth, small fortune, and much pride, who cannot advance an inch in the world by reason of his excessive virtues. His uncle, Lord Mowbray, wishes to launch him into politics, that is, to qualify him for a placeman;

but De Vere has too much honesty and independence for this vocation. He refuses to creep, and not having wings to fly, remains a cypher. He is in love with his cousin Constance, the daughter and heiress of Lord Mowbray, but as he is poor and she is rich, pride forbids him to pretend to her hand. He is in every way unfortunate. He sees his mistress besieged by a profligate nobleman, Lord Cleveland, and his seat in Parliament stolen from him by his treacherous friend Clayton, and goes abroad in despair with Wentworth, who retires from political life for a season, for reasons which it is not necessary to our rough sketch to explain. At last, by a clumsy process, after the death of Lord Mowbray, his right to a part of the possessions of Constance is established, and he is blessed, according to the dispensation of novels, with all his desires, not, be it observed, by means of any meritorious exertion on his own part, but by an accident arising from the villany of his rival. Throughout the book we take no interest in De Vere. Pride may be a good accessory, but it is a bad staple commodity for a character, and we are weary of the set parade of De Vere's. The author has endeavoured also indeed to invest him with the charm of simplicity, but has miscarried, and in effect almost made him a simpleton. There are two more prominent persons whom we must not leave unnoticed, Harclai, and the President Herbert. The first is a common-place character; a man with a heart all benevolence and a tongue all misanthropy, such as we have in scores in the D'Arblay novels, *et id genus omne*. The last is a worldly priest; a kind of trumpeter, who though he does not engage himself as a combatant, is perpetually sounding the charge for action in the field of public affairs. How the author intended this personage to be regarded we do not know, but it is impossible to imagine him other than an unprincipled rogue at bottom. By the bye, he does the orthodox duty of the work; he is the mouth-piece of the writer's theology, and a precious organ he is. We shall extract a discussion, exemplifying the weakness in reasoning to which we have before adverted. The question mooted is the perceptible interposition of Providence; we regret to see such points agitated by incompetent disputants.—

"The time, as I observed," said the President Herbert, "is over when visible interposition was the condescending mode of directing the world; for, unhappily for us, there is now

'No more of talk when God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend familiar, us'd
To sit indulgent.'"

"That must indeed have been a happy time," said De Vere; and to that sentiment his cousin, by her looks, evidently responded.

"Instead of poetry, give me facts," said Cleveland. "What does history say to it?"

"Will you believe history if I tell you?" asked the divine.

"I will not believe Livy's silly stories of voices in the air, any more than my Lord Clarendon, with his sleeping dream about the Duke of Buckingham, or his waking one of Lord Brooke, at Litchfield."

"You wish to touch me home," said the doctor, "in mentioning the last. But setting aside my partiality for my favourite cathedral, if you ask me seriously to say what I think, I am not one of those enlightened persons, like your lordship, who have so settled the matter as not to consider the circumstances of Lord Brooke's death as peculiarly awful."

"I have never gone by the spot where he fell," said De Vere, who had been most attentive to this part of the conversation, "without feeling it so; nor can I laugh at

Clarendon for appearing to favour the notion, (he does no more,) that this death was an absolute and immediate judgment."

"That such a mind as your's," cried Cleveland, "should think so! But I will refer you to a far better confutation than mine of so ridiculous a legend;" and he took a letter from his pocket-book, which he had just received from a man of high fashion, and some research in the olden literature of the country, though of little depth as a real philosopher, which he was even then affecting to be. He was a correspondent of Cleveland's on these subjects, on which they much agreed; but Herbert, who perfectly knew his shallowness, at the same time that he admitted his agreeable wit, observed instantly, on hearing his name, "He will make it ridiculous if he can, for he lives but to ridicule all that is serious. Barring his wit, however, which is delightful, his reasoning is in general as shallow, as his presumption is offensive."

"The cleverest man of the age," replied Cleveland.

"At an epigram if you will," said Herbert; "but at a truth no conjuror. Let us first see what is Clarendon's story, and then hear the comment. Lord Brooke, perhaps a sincere and, as it should seem, a pious man, had resolved to storm the Close at Litchfield, which held for Charles. A little doubtful, it would appear, of the lawfulness of his cause, (he should have thought of that before he commenced rebel,) he knelt down before the assault began, and prayed, if the cause he had engaged in was not just, that he might be cut off. Soon afterward he was shot. Now what does your cleverest man of the age say to this?"

"Why, he asks," replied Cleveland, "'Does the ruler of the universe inflict sudden destruction, as the way to set right a conscientious man?'"

"And is this all?" said Herbert. "If it is, and it be witty, most unfortunately for the wit, Lord Brooke had not prayed to be set right, but to be 'cut off' if wrong. So far, therefore, the wit depends upon a *false statement*, for his real prayer was complied with. But even without this, could there be no other reason for his death, than what concerned Lord Brooke? The notoriety of the prayer, and its issue, made it of the last importance to those who witnessed the facts. To them, opinion *was* set right, as far as such an example could set it right; and hence the argument against interpolation, on account of absurdity, falls to absolute nothing."

This is downright folly. What can be less miraculous than the fall of a man in battle?—what more in the common course of things? Certain persons hold, that play-going is sinful. Let us suppose, that a worthy gentleman begins to feel some misgivings of the lawfulness of his favourite pleasure; that he kneels down and prays, that if it be sinful, his pocket may be picked in going into the pit—would any one regard the larceny as a miracle? And yet a greater proportion of lives are lost in battles, than of Barcelonas in crowded houses.

Nothing can be conceived more flimsy, on both sides, than these discussions of spiritual matters; the scoffer and the divine are equally imbecile. Lord Cleveland asks Herbert whether he has ever heard supernatural voices? The dignitary says he has—the voice of his Maker; and he declares, that it is like the music of ENCHANTMENT, the description of which we have all admired in certain lines of poetry!—he affirms the disputed manifestation, by likening it to a thing that has no existence! It were well that subjects of this nature were not touched upon at all in works of fiction.

We shall endeavour to cite some more creditable example of the author's powers, for the benefit of those who have not the opportunity of contemplating them at full length, and in their full vigour, in his own pages. This, as we have premised, is a difficult attempt. It strikes us, however, that the subjoined sketch of day-break in Westminster on the morning of a grand debate in the House, will bear abstraction. The truth of the introductory remarks on the effect of the repose of a great city, when all nature is in action, cannot fail to be felt; and the picturesque force of the description will be acknowledged by every observer. De Vere is leaving town

in company with Wentworth, whose health and spirits compel him to a temporary retirement from politics at the very moment of a grand parliamentary struggle.

This contrast, which often exists between the cheerful appearance of inanimate objects and the deep rest of man, is, to a contemplative person, always full of interest; nor, perhaps, of all the scenes on which such a person loves to fasten, is there one more pregnant with philosophic food than this—the exhibition of a great city at the dawn of day. The myriads which it is known to contain, and is soon to pour forth, are then invisible to the eye, and the houses, teeming with life, appear abandoned and desolate. At best they are buried in peaceful forgetfulness, from which it seems almost a pity to rouse them. How many thousands of those who were thus lost in happy oblivion, were soon to awake to care, to doubt, to struggle, or to certain affliction! Many, however, to joy; though neither De Vere nor his companion made these last any part of the visions they indulged; yet with other feelings than those which preyed upon each, the softness of the morning, and the journey before them, might have created very different sensations.*

The sun had been up above an hour, but was now tempered by clouds which had just shed the blessing of a gentle rain on the earth, enough (and no more) to allay heat, and turn every thing to freshness. But the busy dwellers of Whitehall were still steeped in sleep, save now and then, where an earlier stirrer than the rest had opened his window aloft, to inhale the air. On advancing, however, towards Parliament-street, symptoms of bustle and watchfulness displayed themselves. At first a desultory straggler was seen, with jaded step and night-worn looks, creeping like snail (though with any thing but shining morning face) towards that ominous place of combat, where the fate of nations was often decided, and might be then deciding. Another and another still succeeded, till at length whole groupes, by threes and fours at a time, swept the pavement, arm in arm, hurrying faster and faster, in the apprehension of being too late for the question, or anxious with mutual fear at the sight of each other's strength.

These had all been summoned to vote from their respective clubs, where, tired of a ten-hours' debate, they had sought a temporary and feverish refuge. Dim as were their eyes, and furrowed their temples with watching, their countenances still gleamed with what agitated them within; and hope and doubt, and anxious calculation, and (with many, let us cordially add) real patriotism, excited them all by turns; and this gave a momentary ardour to their spirits, and an accelerating impulse to their steps.

It was a sight which neither Wentworth, nor, indeed, De Vere could view without emotion. The former saw many of his friends and many of his opponents, as the carriage rolled past them. Amongst these was Clayton, whose quick but solitary pace and disconcerted air rather surprised them. He had in fact been dispatched to bring up a detachment of hesitating, though general supporters of Lord Oldcastle; had met with a cold reception from a knot of county members; and was, in truth, ruminating on the coarseness and ingratitude too, of country gentlemen, when, with irregular step, and face full of care, he was thus seen hurrying to his patrons with apprehensions of something little short of mutiny. Both the friends observed the phenomenon, and Mr. Wentworth argued from it, that all was not well with the ministerial party. This, with the eventful discussion which was pending, and his possible power of influencing it, but, above all, the proximity of the scene, staggered his resolution. His hand was several times on the glass, to order the postillion to stop, and his heart beat high at the thought of gallant encounter; when the weakness of his chest, and the solemn promise he had given to Wilmot (of which De Vere forcibly reminded him), turned him from his design, and he too threw himself back in the carriage, that he might not be noticed either by the former companions of his glory, or the rivals of his power.

Having at length escaped by driving over Westminster-bridge, he could not help stretching through the window, to take a view of the House, which reared itself in placid and quiet dignity to the grey morning, unconscious (and it seemed almost strange that it should be so) of the agitating scene that was passing within. For

* The modern reader, in the foregoing description of the early dawn in London, may recollect something of the same cast in the novel of *Granby*; only (as I am most willing to allow) it is better executed in that lively and very agreeable picture of the manners of the day. Nevertheless, as the tone of sentiment is somewhat different, and as it introduces a different course of action, I am content to let this description stand.

[This note is perfectly unnecessary. There is nothing in *Granby* which can enter into comparison with *De Vere*.]

Wentworth was but right in supposing that at this moment the doors were closed, and the speaker engaged in the act of putting the question. The thought so got the better of him, that, had he not been a little ashamed of his eagerness, he would have confessed then (what he did afterwards), that though absolutely out of hearing of the House, he mistook the hailing of some distant watermen across the river, for the well-known sounds of Aye and No! Such, and so great, on particular subjects, is the power of habitual excitement and local association.

We shall extract two more scenes, and with them close our review. Lord Mowbray gives a country dinner. The invitations of course produce a commotion in the domestic circles of the district for some days. The question, to dine or not to dine, is thus characteristically discussed in a family of doubtful station:—

"I think you should go," said Mrs. Greenwood, who was a woman of ambition in her way. "The girls never have an opportunity of seeing good, that is, high company, from year's end to year's end."

"And why should it be good because it is high? and what good will it do them, if they do see it?" said her eldest son, Walter.

"It will shew them proper models, and polish their manners;" answered the aspiring mamma.

"As if the models of Castle Mowbray were fit for us of the Grange," returned Walter, in rather a surly tone. "No! no! we are too downright for such fine titled people, where nothing but my lord, or Sir John, will go down."

"Nay," answered the mother, "though we are not titled, we are as old a family as any without titles, in the county."

"And as poor," returned Walter, with sourness.

"That's no reason we should be lowered," said Mrs. Greenwood.

"But it is a reason why the girls should not expose themselves."

"Expose themselves!" cried the mother, and Miss Charlotte, the youngest daughter, bridle up.

"Yes;" continued Walter; "for they will be either left in a corner, unnoticed, which will make them miserable; or they will be quizzed for want of fashionable airs. At best, if they meet with any attention, they will be spoiled for ever for their own home."

"But what says Lizzy?" asked Mrs. Greenwood, turning to her eldest daughter.

Miss Lizzy was rather a sentimentalist, and passed a very idle life in reading, without being greatly the better for it. She was even almost a woman of genius, and like many other women of genius, being rather a slattern, she affected to despise dress. In fact, her wardrobe all started up before her, on hearing the proposal, and not having a very good opinion of it, she answered with great decision, "I quite agree with Walter. I am formed for the shade, and not made to swell the train of any Lady Constance, or be triumphed over by fine London people."

"And what says William?" asked the mamma, turning to her second son, who had silently, but observingly, if not sneeringly, listened to the conversation.

"Why, that both Walter and Lizzy are prouder than Lord Mowbray and Lady Constance themselves," said William. "Charlotte, I trust, has more sense."

"I confess, I am not afraid of the great," said Charlotte; "and as to what you say of Lady Constance, I am told she has no pride in her; and I am sure her note is very pretty: for my part I should like to go."

"To be made to feel your insignificance," said the elder brother.

"Dear Walter; you frighten one," cried Charlotte. "Do, William, say what you think."

William was a man of ambition too; and, as it should seem, a philosophical one, but of the school of Aristippus, though he had never heard of him. His philosophy was, practically at least, useful to himself.

"My opinion is, that we should go," answered William.

"To what, and to whom?" returned Walter. "To a man who does not know you; and thinks he stoops in inviting you; and only invites you for the sake of getting your interest in county business?"

"And I go for the sake of getting his entertainments," said William.

"He will not know you out of his own house," said Walter.

"But he knows me in it, and a merry house it is," returned William. "And there is Foxleigh, and Fairburn, and a heap of old cronies to talk with at the bottom of the table, so what care I for what is going on at the top?"

"But, my lord," observed Walter.

"Oh! if I went to see a friend," interrupted William, "I allow it would be different. But I go as I would to a play, to see things and people I have little opportunity of seeing elsewhere. I go, too, to eat turtle and venison, which I never get any where. I generally also come away with leave for a day or two's shooting, and thus I make as much use of my lord, as my lord makes of me."

"If you called upon him in town, his door would be shut against you," said Walter.

"Therefore, I never do call upon him in town," answered William.

"Do as you will," said Walter, gloomily; and whistling his spaniel, he walked to the neighbouring market town, where, in his shooting coat and gaiters, he dined with two or three gentlemen who farmed, like himself, small estates of their own: and who, together with a topping brewer, an attorney, and a thriving tradesman or two, formed a club, of which he was frequently happy to be chairman.

Here he forgot Lord Mowbray and his castle, and defied his invitations, in the respect which was paid him by the club, and particularly by the landlord and waiters, to whom all he said was law.

"There go pride and poverty with a vengeance," said William, as he lost sight of his brother. "For my part, I am resolved to take the world as it goes; I hope Charlotte will do so too, and if Lady Constance looks cold upon her, she may look cold upon Lady Constance, that's all."

"I love your spirit," said his mother, "it is like my own." With this, it was settled that as mamma was very infirm, she should stay at home with her two poor-spirited children, as she called them, and send the more adventurous couple to seek their fortunes at the castle.

We proceed to the eventful jour de fête:—

It wanted an hour to dinner, and half an hour to dressing-time; and this odd half hour was dedicated to the reception of such guests as, coming from town, or a great distance, were to sleep at the castle, and dress for dinner. Some of these (as no introduction was expected before dinner-time) remained below; others sought their noble hosts.

Among these, the earliest arrived, (she never failed of being in time,) was a Mrs. Oldbury, the whimsical wife of a neighbouring and reverend gentleman, who, from being bookish and indolent, preferred residing in his prebendal house at Litchfield, to either their own mansion-house on his own estate, or a town life. Mrs. Oldbury, therefore, was one of those amiable little aristocrats of a cathedral town, to whom we formerly alluded, as being most exact in enforcing the line of separation between the provincial beau monde of the Close, and the vulgar thriving people composing the trading part of the city. Her husband was a high Tory, and as firm a political supporter of Lord Mowbray as his disposition would let him; he was, however, too indolent or too shy to attend his public days.

"Seldom at fête, 'twas such a busy life,
But duly sent his family and wife."

We have called Mrs. Oldbury whimsical, and surely she was so; for being really as we have described her, a woman of respectable rank and consequence, who might have received as a right those attentions from the great and fashionable, which really well-bred people never refuse where they are merited, she seemed to prefer suing for them as an alms, by a pertinacity of humiliation and a too obvious flattery, to which a mere dependant would hardly have submitted. She watched the eye of a person of fashion with a sort of feline anxiety, and calculated the exact advances or retrogrades in favour which she made, or thought she had made, with those who really were, or assumed to be, higher bred than herself.

But a very high-looking personage was presently seen mounting the steps of the terrace, much entangled with his travelling pelisse, which, to Lord Cleveland's horror, he found to be the counterpart of his own. Colour, pattern, wadding, and above all, the braided Brandenburgs, were precisely the same; only there having been a hot sun, the house-party rather wondered at its having been worn. Mr. Freshville, the new arrival, declared, however, it had been very cold, and he was glad to put it on.

"But how the devil did you come by it," said the Earl, giving him a finger, rather than a hand; "I thought mine had been the only one in England, and it came from Paris but three or four days ago."

"Exactly the time of mine," answered Freshville, mincing his words, but with an assumption of dignity.

The Earl looked displeased, and said he had already found it such an ugly affair

that he had resolved to give it immediately to his valet. "It may, however, keep you warm enough," added Lord Cleveland.

Both Constance and her aunt marked this little piece of insolence, but to their surprise, the Marchioness, who, with all her rectitude, as it has been hinted, loved a little badinage, where she thought it fair to indulge it, was most diverted with the solemnity of astonishment with which Freshville received it. In fact, Mr. Freshville's pride was cruelly affronted as he bowed his thanks for this speech, which was more mortifying than it seemed: for Freshville, a new man, though of fortune, had made his way into most of the fashionable classes, only by the studied stiffness of his manners. It was not that this was exactly the disposition of his nature; but having resolved to be fashionable, he had viewed the different roads to that enviable lot, and finding all others preoccupied, had pitched upon a well-pursued, though artificial, fastidiousness, as the best means of success. All his deportment therefore was serious; he seemed to be governed by rule and line; his looks, manner, voice, and speech were wrapped up in a gravity worthy a Spaniard. His dress was always most fashionably exact; he took snuff with peculiar grace; and his bow was as if from the height of elevation. The speech of the Earl, therefore, was a blow to him, and a severer one than at first appeared. For whether from his want of pedigree, or want of genius in the walk of ambition he had chosen, he still was at a great distance from the enviable point of supreme *bon ton*; a distinction higher than mere fashion, of which all, even of the fashionable, are not always aware.

But Freshville, unlike many other coxcombs, had made this discovery; and, as a remedy, he thought, that being admitted to the companionship of the Earl of Cleveland, he could not do better than become the double of that illustrious person. Accordingly, he copied him at least in the fastidious part of his manner, it not being convenient to imitate his *agréments*; and not only in London, but even in Paris, he employed the same tailor. On the present occasion, therefore, the French operator had only (according to a general order when any thing particularly rich or new had been commissioned by Cleveland) obeyed his instructions; and hence the travelling pelisse.

Lord Cleveland, however, soon resumed his good humour; for in fact Freshville was his devoted follower in politics, and not only gave him his own vote in parliament, but often aided him in elections,—all which was cheaply repaid by Cleveland, though sometimes in a manner unpalatable to his pride, by suffering his *political* to give himself the airs of a *fashionable* friend.

"I have just received a letter from him," said Freshville one day, on the eve of a ball which Cleveland was about to give at Richmond. "I wanted to go to Paris, but he says he must have me: indeed, I know he cannot do without me. This is a little unreasonable; but it is a debt of friendship, and I suppose I must pay it; still, it is really a great bore."

The sufferance of such language by the Earl, secured Freshville's vote upon every question during the whole of the session.

A landau now drove up, from which landed a gay bevy of a mother and daughters, who challenged all eyes. These were the females of a family nothing less than right honourable. Mr. Partridge, the father, had advanced through a long political life to his dignity of a privy counsellor; which, in truth, was enjoyed much more by his wife and daughters, than himself; for it had been bestowed upon him, by way of (not letting him down, but) gently pushing him out of an appointment of value.

The lady of this gentleman had the *misfortune* (as Harclai once shocked her by saying,) to be the daughter of an Irish Earl, though nowise connected with Ireland. He called it a *misfortune*, pretty much upon the principle of the Lady Lidia Loller, of Addison, whose chief reason for desiring to be sent to the infirmary for bad temper was, that she had the *misfortune* to be a lady of quality married to a commoner. It is very certain, that the inequality of birth and connexions, to say nothing of dispositions, between Mr. Partridge and his lady, occasioned some little mortification to the latter, and a great deal to her daughters: as they, through their mother, looked to be considered among the first ranks of fashion; while, through their father, they were reduced to fear (for they did not confess it even to themselves) that they might be thought a little too plebeian. This must account for the extreme jealousy which both mother and daughters showed, lest their pretensions should be called in question; and, in particular, for a sort of studied and contemptuous distance, at which they all agreed in keeping persons either on a level with their father's family, or any way approaching to a rivalry with themselves.

Both Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Partridge were the great allies of Lord Mowbray, who had more than once entreated their assistance in doing the honours of his castle

parties, and putting the natives (as Lady Elizabeth called them) into good humour with his lordship.

As, however, her ladyship, and still more her daughters, were really of extremely high monde, and the higher, from being reduced sometimes (for the reasons above stated) to fear it might be disputed, this was a favour not absolutely conferred without sacrifice. Lady Elizabeth, who had points to carry with Lord Mowbray, and was moreover his relation, consented to it with tolerable grace; but her daughters were by no means so complying. For though they liked the castle parties sufficiently, it was, perhaps, more because they there felt themselves to be members of a privileged few, who could indulge in the exaction of almost divine honours from the many, than because they felt under any obligation to submit their cloth of gold to the cloth of fries of country families. The political considerations which led to it, they were too young to understand, or to care for them if they did. Their mother had indeed given them very proper lectures upon this subject, which they heard with about as much attention, as they heard all other lectures, to which in the course of their education they had been obliged to listen.

This party had now begun to ascend the terrace steps, and Lady Elizabeth passed through the lane made for her at bottom, bowing to those of her acquaintance whom she recognized, with distant condescension, till she reached the high personages who waited for her at top. Her daughters (two in number) followed her, with a most assured air, seeming to think that several persons who saluted them as they passed, were mere statues, whom it was not in the smallest degree incumbent upon them to notice.

They were in a very fashionable *deshabille de voyage*, consisting of loose travelling gowns of scarlet, well trimmed and flounced, and clasped with gold. The face of one at least was blooming, and the figures of both tall and striking; of all which advantages they seemed to be fully sensible. There was, however, a difference between them. For, while Miss Zephyrina, the youngest, was sweet seventeen, the eldest, Miss Partridge, was at that uneasy (we had almost said unhappy) age, when the world pronounces a lady's girlhood to be gone, and the patient is not disposed to agree in the decision. What that age is, we dare not say; for it is different in different subjects, and every one must apply it for herself. "*Il n'y a qu'un printemps dans l'année*," says an old French proverb—and Miss Partridge thought so too; but then she also thought that the *printemps* lasted longer with her than it did with any body else. In short, that bloom and alacrity of spirit, which render a young girl so charming to herself and others, had left her; and she had not (yet) acquired those other graces, from sense and manner, which, by making a woman more estimable, cause her to be infinitely more attracting.

Nothing pleased the elder Miss Partridge so much as when she was classed with her sister, under the name of "the girls." She was fond of telling stories wherein her father would say, "Come along, *girls*," or talk of his *girls*; and she was even once known to be civil for ten minutes to a man she had determined to cut, because she heard he had spoken of her as a "charming *girl*."

These sisters advanced with a quick step, laughing loudly with one another, and staring through their glasses at the persons who made way for them, to the right and left.

De Vere, who met their view, was honoured with most radiant smiles; while, as to Harclai, who was standing by him, and perfectly well known to them, they almost laughed in his face. But the attraction of the great magnet, the family party above, increasing (like other attractions) in increased proportion as they approached, they were at last drawn into its focus with irresistible velocity.

But, horrible to relate! Mrs. Oldbury, whom they had settled in their way down not to speak to, was almost close to them; though having watched long, and in vain, for their eyes, which were somehow or another always averted, she was forced to console herself as well as she could, by talking to her neighbour, the unpretending and happier wife of the clergyman of Mowbray.

In time, however, and by dint of most pertinacious endeavours, Mrs. Oldbury succeeded so far as to nestle close to the objects of her envy and admiration, and deprived them of all pretext to avoid returning a part, at least, of the very low curtesy she made them. But having now advanced with an absolute threat of conversation, these daughters of fashion and ill-breeding looked at their watches, and declaring that they had not a minute to lose, scudded away to their room to dress; leaving Mrs. Oldbury in possession of mamma.

Lady Elizabeth, to do her justice, carried off the misfortune with fortitude; and knowing that Lord Mowbray had reason for courting the Oldburys in the country, as

well as that Mr. Partridge had reasons for courting Lord Mowbray in town, she deigned to speak several sentences to Mrs. Oldbury, one of which actually was, "Is that pretty looking young woman with you, your niece?"

Mrs. Oldbury was charmed; and beckoning her niece, she was presented to Lady Elizabeth in all due form. Nor did the high town lady leave it, even here; for looking at Miss Oldbury with the utmost force of condescending protection, she added, "I hear you are very accomplished, and play, sing, and dance, as if you had never been out of London."

Miss Oldbury blushed, and made a modest retreat behind her aunt, who almost bent double with acknowledgment; when Lady Elizabeth, sliding off to Lord Mowbray, whispered him, loud enough to be heard by Lady Eleanor and Constance, and all but loud enough for Mrs. Oldbury herself, "There, my Lord, you surely owe me something for that. I think I have complied with your wishes to a tittle."

"Constance," said Lady Eleanor, as she took her arm and retired to dress, "I do not like this lady, and still less her daughters. Your modest friend Euphemia Oldbury, whom she frightened away by her stare, is worth all of them put together."

Sir Bertie Brewster, who shortly afterwards joins the party, is an excellent character. His exact counterpart is to be found in Miss Austen's admirable novel, *Pride and Prejudice*. We know not whether the writer of *De Vere* is aware of this fact; we incline to think that he is not, as in his introductory remarks on the superior novelists, he has omitted to mention Miss Austen; whence we must infer that he is unacquainted with her excellent works, unrivalled in their peculiar style. When Mr. Robert Ward reads these productions, he will find, despite of their alliterative titles, ominous of trash, and a fame miserably disproportioned to their merits, that even his happiest conceptions of character will suffer no degradation by comparison with the exquisitely faithful portraits of the ill-appreciated author to whom we have referred.

Another gentleman now approached the circle, who occasioned dismay, not only to the Partridge family, but to some of the male wizards who defended it. This was Sir Bertie Brewster, an *ambitieux*, whom *Le Sage* has described as one of those *bons roturiers* whom the king converts into a "*mauvais gentilhomme, par d'excellentes lettres de noblesse*." And yet, if originality of design and perseverance in pursuing it, can entitle a man to the praise of genius, he was one of the most considerable geniuses of the age.

This gentleman, being the son of a great manufacturer of that day, was, for his sins, smitten with the love of great people, and the court. How to get among them was a question which might have puzzled a less aspiring man than himself: however, his father being dead, his first step was to dispose of all his commercial concerns; his next, to whitewash himself as well as he could by a title. He tried in vain for a baronetcy, but luckily being made sheriff of the county, where, among the potteries, he had an estate, he succeeded for a knighthood. It was going up with an address that first kindled his love for the Court, which he worshipped afterwards like an idol. No levée, or drawing-room, scarcely ever took place without seeing him, sometimes in embroidery, sometimes in his militia coat, surrounded by persons of superior rank, not one of whom he knew, much less dared speak to.

Here, however, he had a resource which we confess was original, and bespoke that felicitous genius on which we have so deservedly complimented him. For he fell upon the happy expedient of engaging in a sort of make-believe acquaintance, by inducing people to suppose that he saw friends at a distance whom he did not see, and received bows which he did not receive. With these, therefore, he pretended to engage in an interchange of nods and smiles; nay, a "How do you do, my Lord?" has frequently been heard to escape him in a low voice, as if he could not prevent it, though the noble addressee was (luckily for Sir Bertie) so far off that he knew he could not hear him.

But there was another still finer trait in his history, which made us both call and think him a man of genius: we mean the manner in which he acquired the aristocratic Christian name of Bertie, by which he was latterly known. We say latterly, because (believe it who will) the name given him by his plain and primitive god-fathers, was the plain and primitive one of Bartholomew; of which growing ashamed,

somewhere about his seven-and-twentieth year, he actually applied to the bishop of the diocese to know whether it might not be changed, and was mortified to be told that no power in Christendom could effect it. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and remembering that in his extreme youth, the long, old, scriptural Bartholomew had been, *per syncope*, shortened into Barty, the transition from that to the noble name of Bertie was so easy, that he contrived not only to call himself, but to make his friends designate him also, by that high-sounding appellation. He was even knighted by it by the sovereign, and was so recorded in the Heralds' College when the fees came to be paid: and thus originally vamped up, he was now universally known by the name of Sir Bertie Brewster.

Upon the whole, this personage reaped some of the benefit which surely his genius and perseverance deserved; for, by dint of his regular appearances at Court, he at least got his name enrolled in those high lists of fame—the lists of the persons who frequented the drawing-room. He even obtained a bowing acquaintance with two or three old lords, one of them absolutely of the bed-chamber, and once had the glory of being serviceable even to the Partridge family themselves. This happened when their coach broke down in drawing up to the gate of the palace, when, alas! no acquaintance was at hand, and it was impossible to get chairs for so many. To complete the ill-luck it rained hard, and the crowd prevented their making their way back. In this emergency their ill (and Sir Bertie's good) star ordained, that his own fine roomy coach stopt the way. It was impossible not to offer it, and scarcely possible not to accept it, and Lady Elizabeth and two of her daughters were that day conveyed to Berkeley-square in the carriage of Sir Bertie Brewster.

We may be sure, a circumstance so joyful did not fail to be blazoned to the world. It appeared in the finest colours of a Court Circular, in all the papers of the next day. What was worse, the incident produced a call of enquiry; cards were left, which Mr. Partridge was forced to return; and, worst of all, Lady Elizabeth was obliged by her husband to send an invitation for her earliest rout, (it was, luckily, when few people were in town,) which Sir Bertie joyfully and thankfully came fifty miles from the country on purpose to attend. 'Tis very true that none of the Misses Partridge spoke a word to him, Mr. Partridge very little, and Lady Elizabeth less. But he went early; stayed to the very last; and made himself familiar with the face, air, and dress, of one or two persons of fashion, who happened at the time to be in London.

Such was the redoubtable person who now approached the females of the house of Partridge, and (to their horror,) with all the ease and intimacy of an old acquaintance.

The young ladies had no resource but to turn their backs upon him, which they did as suddenly, and with as much precision, as a rank of soldiers ordered to face about; so that Lady Elizabeth was forced to bear the brunt of the attack, as she had just sustained that of Harclai.

Lord Cleveland, who, though he allowed *all* her pretensions to be a woman of quality, knew also, and secretly laughed at her finery, was inwardly amused. In fact, dismay and anger clouded her brow, turning by degrees to scorn itself, when Sir Bertie, with the familiar tone of an old friend, asked her how she did; how long she had been in the country; and reminded the young ladies of the happy evening he had once passed in Berkeley-square.

"I have no hesitation," observed he, "in saying it was by far the most elegant party in London during the season."

Nothing could exceed the contemptuous and scarcely suppressed laugh which he received in return for this sally.

Sir Bertie is now in the seventh heaven, seated at dinner next to Lord Eustace, a young nobleman, whose whole soul is given to party politics.

Sir Bertie now began to revel in the delightful opportunity he had achieved of cultivating such a neighbour as Eustace, and conceived it behoved him to show some knowledge of high acquaintance; he therefore began to criticise the party assembled, observing it was a very mixed one.

"These parties generally are," said Lord Eustace.

"They must be very amusing sometimes to *vous autres*," added Sir Bertie.

"You ought rather to say *nous autres*," replied Eustace, with as much gravity as he could command.

Sir Bertie bowed till his nose almost touched the table.

MAY, 1827.

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"There is, however, some good company," continued the Knight; "and how very well Lord Westbrook looks."—Here he fixed his eyes on a gentleman in Lord Mowbray's neighbourhood, of the name of Stapylton.

"Lord Westbrook!" exclaimed Eustace, "he is in Italy!"

"Oh! I see I am mistaken," replied Sir Bertie, taking out his glass; "I am really quite blind: I see it is Lord Melton, whom I have sometimes met at Court."

"Lord Melton is in France," replied Eustace; "and is at least twenty years older than that gentleman, who is a Mr. Stapylton, and who, indeed, is often at Court, having a place in the household."

"I knew I had seen him there," rejoined Sir Bertie, *almost* disconcerted; and, willing to forget Mr. Stapylton, immediately added, "I am afraid the poor Bishop of Salisbury begins to break;" and he looked pointedly at Dr. Herbert, over against him.

"If you mean the dignitary over the way," said Eustace, excessively amused, "that is Dr. Herbert, Head of — College, Oxford."

"Impossible!" returned Sir Bertie, now much confused; "I cannot surely be so blind!" and here his countenance fell, and he was silent for three whole minutes.

But Harclai, who, as we have said, sat next him, and to his great enjoyment had heard the whole conversation, was kind enough not to let him languish in obscurity; and knowing his history, observed, loud enough for Eustace to hear, "Yours is a very fine christian name, Sir Bertie."

"Are you related to the Ancaster family?" asked Eustace.

"No; not related," answered Sir Bertie; but not disliking the question.

"Perhaps a godson of the Duke?" pursued Harclai drily.

The Knight had no wish to destroy the supposition, but could not decently confirm it; he therefore was silent, wisely considering that if Harclai was wrong, it was no part of his duty to set him right. At the same time feeling hemmed up between two persons whose curiosity he did not exactly make out, but began to suspect, he knew not which way to look, and felt, for a time at least, uncomfortable enough to give Harclai all the satisfaction he had intended to derive from him.

BEES.*

THE difference between ignorance and knowledge in entomology is more distinct and tangible than in almost any other study. It is the difference between blindness and perfect vision. There are many departments of science in which a man, after having made some progress, is not very sure of his quantity of improvement; but in the branch of natural history we are speaking of, a man's state of information is clear. To read Kirby and Spence is exactly like putting your eyes to the glass of a show, a cosmorama, or any thing of the sort. To look in is to see a new world—to look away is to turn the vision upon an unsatisfactory chair or table. Entomology raises a veil from myriads and myriads of beings living and flourishing where we least suspected the presence of life. A closer observation discloses to us their habits and manners. We are surprised to find the creatures excessively busy and happy; a little short-lived perhaps, but in that quite in proportion to their bodies. Further assistance from art enables us to discover their organization; a little patience, and we positively learn how insects, of whose existence we never dreamed, perform the most minute and secret of their operations with all the accuracy and familiarity of a member of their republic. The habits of insects that we see every day, are nearly as unknown to us generally as are the ways of the almost invisible tribes. It requires

* The Honey-bee; its Natural History, Physiology and Management. By Edward Bevan, M.D. London, Baldwin and Co. 1827. 12s. Pp. 404.

nothing but the naked eye to see a bee ; but naturalists at the present day understand more thoroughly the ways of the creatures that inhabit a pore of the skin, than did the ancients those of that respectable, useful, and ingenious animal, the honey-bee. Aristotle and Virgil both alike talk nonsense on the subject ; the first drily and the last poetically. It was many centuries since their time that the apiarian commonwealth began to be understood. At present, though several little things are not very clear, a flood of light has been let in upon the wonderful ways of the bee. The most amusing, instructive, and pregnant reading we know is the natural history of this animal. The facts that have been laid open by several patient and intelligent observers fill the reader with a delightful astonishment. Since these facts are scattered about in the different essays and publications of the various writers on the subject, we feel grateful to the compiler of them in a convenient form. But Dr. Bevan has done more ; he has himself been a student of the laws of the apiarian republic, has weighed the evidence on which information was founded, and tried the truth of the facts by the test of his own experience. Thus while he communicates the opinions of others, he corrects them by his own, and having maturely and patiently passed the whole subject through his mind, his book is so far from being a crude collection of extract, that it is a well-digested, freshly conceived, and elegantly composed compendium of the present state of apiarian science. Dr. Bevan's book comprises all that is really known of the bee, and all that is supposed, and the evidence on which such suppositions are grounded. We propose to run over the principal points of his agreeable little work, partly out of gratitude for the pleasure it has afforded us, and in the hope of communicating some of the amusement to our readers which we have ourselves derived.

Dr. Bevan first occupies himself with the history and physiology of the bee. The occupants of the hive are of three descriptions, the queen bee, the workers, and the drones. The queen is the parent and mistress of the hive, and is born to sovereignty. The workers do all the business of the establishment, rear the young, guard the entrances, elaborate the wax, and store the provision. The drones are the males, and the only way in which they promote the welfare of the society is the sexual one. The queen bee is distinguished from the other two kinds by the greater length of her body, by the shortness of her wings, and her bent sting. Her colours are likewise of a more brilliant hue, and her legs are of a deep golden yellow. She lays all the eggs of the colony. The workers are sterile females with undeveloped ovaries. In a single hive the number of workers varies from 12,000 to 20,000 : they are the smallest members of the community, are furnished with a long flexible proboscis, have a peculiar structure of the legs and thighs, on the latter of which are made hollows, or baskets, adapted to the reception of the propolis and farina they collect. The drones in a hive amount to the number of perhaps 1,500 or 2,000. They make their appearance about the end of April, and are never to be seen after the middle of August. They are one-third larger than the workers, and are of a dark colour. They make a greater noise in flying, and have no sting.

Among bees, the females alone exhibit activity, skill, diligence,

and courage, whilst the males take no part whatever in the labours of the community, but are idle, cowardly, and inactive, and possess not the offensive weapon of their species.

Immunis que sedens aliena ad pabula fucus.—Virgil.

It has been imagined that the drone sets upon the eggs as the queen lays them. The opinion, however, is probably founded in a mistake. Mr. Morris, of Isleworth, says, that he has often seen them sit in a formal manner on the combs when the brood is hatching. But Dr. Bevan suspects that Mr. Morris mistook *sleeping* for brooding, and that the drones were only taking a nap. Fabricius says that insects never sit on their eggs. Messrs. Kirby and Spence, however, have observed that the female *ear-wig* does so; they also make one other exception in favour of the *field-bug*. De Guer has given, says Dr. Bevan, a very interesting account of both these insects. The female of the *ear-wig* assiduously sits upon her eggs as if to hatch them, and after they are hatched, broods over the young as a hen over young chickens. And when the eggs of the *field-bug* are hatched, she also goes about with the brood, consisting of thirty or forty in number, and never leaves them; they cluster round her when she is still, and follow her closely wherever she moves (interesting family—Mrs. Bug and the forty Miss Bugs!)

It is the duty of the queen bee to lay eggs, which she deposits in cells constructed for their reception by the working bees. Mr. Dunbar gives a peculiarly edifying description of the manner in which the queen disposes her royal person in the performance of this high office.

The Rev. W. Dunbar, minister of Applegath, who has recently added some important particulars to our general stock of knowledge respecting bees, states that when the queen is about to lay, she puts her head into a cell, and remains in that position for a second or two, probably to ascertain its fitness for the deposit which she is about to make. She then withdraws her head, and curving her body downwards, inserts her tail into the cell: in a few seconds she turns half round upon herself and withdraws, leaving an egg behind her. When she lays a considerable number, she does it equally on each side of the comb, those on the one side being as exactly opposite to those on the other, as the relative position of the cells will admit. The effect of this is to produce a concentration and economy of heat for developing the various changes of the brood.

In four days the egg becomes a *grub*, and in five or six days more the grub nearly fills the whole of its cell. The *nursing bees* then seal it up with a light brown cover. It is no sooner perfectly inclosed, than it begins to labour, alternately extending and shortening its body, whilst it lines the cell by spinning round itself a whitish silky film, or cocoon, by which it is encased. It is now a *nymph* or *pupa*. The *working bee-nymph* spins its cocoon in thirty-six hours. When it has reached the twenty-first day of its existence, counting from the moment the egg is laid, it quits the exuviae of the pupa state, and comes forth a perfect winged insect.

The royal bee passes three days in the egg, and is five a worm; the workers then close her cell, and she immediately begins spinning the cocoon, which occupies her twenty-four hours; on the tenth and eleventh, as if exhausted by her labour, she remains in complete repose, and even sixteen hours of the twelfth. Then she passes four days and one-third as a nymph. It is on the sixteenth day, therefore, that the perfect state of queen is attained.

The drone passes three days in the egg, six and a half as a worm, and is metamorphosed into a fly on the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth day after the egg is laid.

The young bees break through the envelope which imprisons them in their cell, with their teeth: the moment they are out, the nursing bees proceed to lick them clean; and when by this aid, and their own efforts, the operation of cleansing is performed, they instantly take wing, and in a few minutes are gathering provision in the fields. Maraldi says he has seen bees loaded with two balls of wax (he should have said pollen) returning to the hive the same day they become bees. As soon as the young insect has been licked clean, and regaled with a little honey by its companions, they clean out the cell, preparatory to its being re-occupied by a new tenant, or with honey.

A curious circumstance occurs with respect to the hatching of the queen bee. She is assisted by the workers, who pare away a part of the envelope, and when she is ready to fly, they keep her a prisoner for some time, lest probably she should be subject to any failure in her first attempt to fly, or lest she should immediately proceed to destroy the other queen nymphs not yet hatched; for such is the instinctive enmity against her rivals in power, that the instant she is left alone she proceeds with full intent to slaughter all the young princesses of the blood royal.

When the pupa or nymph is about to change into the perfect insect, the bees render the cover of the cell thinner, by gnawing away part of the wax; and with so much nicety do they perform this operation that the cover at last becomes pellucid, owing to its extreme thinness, thus facilitating the exit of the fly. After the transformation is complete, the young queens would, in common course, immediately emerge from their cells, as workers and drones do; but the former always keep the royal infants prisoners for some days, supplying them in the mean time with honey for food, a small hole being made in the door of each cell, through which the confined bee extends its proboscis to receive it. The royal prisoners continually utter a kind of song, the modulations of which are said to vary. Huber heard a young princess in her cell emit a very distinct sound or clacking, consisting of several monotonous notes in rapid succession, and he supposes the working bees to ascertain, by the loudness of these tones, the ripeness of their queens. Huber has suggested that the cause of this temporary imprisonment may possibly be to enable the young queens to fly away at the instant they are liberated.

The queen is a good deal harassed by the other bees on her liberation. This has been attributed to their wishing to impel her to go off with a swarm as soon as possible, but this notion is probably erroneous; it certainly is so, if Huber be correct, in saying that the swarms are always accompanied by the older queens. The queen has the power of instantly putting a stop to their worrying, by uttering a peculiar noise, which has been called the *voice of sovereignty*. Bonner however declares that he never could observe in the queen any thing like an exercise of sovereignty. But Huber's statement was not founded upon a solitary instance; he heard the sound on various occasions, and witnessed the striking effect which it always produced. On one occasion, a queen having escaped the vigilance of her guards and sprung from the cell, was on her approach to the royal embryos, pulled, bitten, and chased by the other bees. But standing with her thorax against a comb and crossing her wings upon her back, keeping them in motion but not unfolding them, she emitted a particular sound, when the bees became, as it were, paralysed, and remained motionless. Taking advantage of this dread, she rushed to the royal cells; but the sound having ceased as she prepared to ascend, the guardians of the cells instantly took courage, and fairly drove her away. This voice of sovereignty, as it has been called, resembles that which is made by young queens before they are liberated from their cells; it is a very distinct kind of clicking, composed of many notes in the same key, which follow each other rapidly. The sound accompanied by the attitude just described, always produces a paralysing effect upon the bees.

It is a singular thing that bees, when deprived by accident of their queen, create a substitute. One of the working grubs is elevated to the throne, but not without an extraordinary education, which fits them to perform the duties of sovereignty. Nature takes especial care that no ambitious subject shall destroy the peace of the commonwealth, by thrusting the monarch from her throne, and usurping her throne. There can be no bee-Cromwell or bee-Napoleon, for the moment the intruder found himself in the royal palace, he would perceive himself entirely deficient in the organs of reigning. What bloodshed and confusion would it have prevented in the world had it been necessary for a monarch not only to wield the sceptre, but to lay a peculiar egg. This is a test which can admit of no doubt. A usurper might be instantly called to account. Lay your egg, sir, or madam; prove your legitimacy, or vacate the place for the occupation of one who can perform the royal functions.

Bees, when deprived of their queen, have the power of selecting one or more grubs of workers, and converting them into queens. To effect this, each of the promoted grubs has a royal cell or cradle formed for it, by having three contiguous common cells thrown into one; two of the three grubs that occupy those cells are sacrificed, and the remaining one is liberally fed with royal jelly. This *royal jelly* is a pungent food prepared by the working bees, exclusively for the purpose of feeding such of the larvæ as are destined to become candidates for the honours of royalty, whether it be their lot to assume them or not. It is more stimulating than the food of ordinary bees, has not the same mawkish taste, and is evidently acescent. The royal larvæ are supplied with it rather profusely, and there is always some of it left in the cell, after their transformation. Schirach, who was secretary to the Apiarian Society in Upper Lusatia, and vicar of Little Bautzen, may be regarded as the discoverer, or rather as the promulgator of this fact; and his experiments, which were also frequently repeated by other members of the Lusatian Society, have been amply confirmed by those of Huber and Bonner.

Although the sovereign bee has nothing to fear from ambitious subjects, yet the moment she arrives at her queen's estate she becomes conscious that there are rivals near the throne, and proceeding in the spirit of an oriental despot, she determines upon securing the peace of her reign in the surest manner. She will suffer no bee nurtured with the *royal jelly*, and thus qualified for sovereignty, to exist. Her first thought, on emerging from her cell, is to put to death all the indwellers of the royal cradles. Of the manner in which this instinctive animosity displays itself, we find a curious description by Mr. Dunbar:—

In July, when the hive had become filled with comb and bees, and well stored with honey; and when the queen was very fertile, laying a hundred eggs a-day, Mr. Dunbar opened the hive and took her majesty away. [Oh! treason!] The bees laboured for eighteen hours before they appeared to miss her; but no sooner was the loss discovered than all was agitation and tumult; [what loyalty!] and they rushed in crowds to the door, as if swarming. [Unhappy subjects!] On the following morning he observed that they had founded five queen cells, in the usual way under such circumstances; and in the course of the same afternoon, four more were founded, in a part of the comb where there were only eggs a day or two old. On the fourteenth day from the old queen's removal, a young queen emerged and proceeded towards the other royal cells, evidently with a murderous intent. She was immediately pulled away by the workers, with violence, and this conduct on their part was repeated as often as the queen renewed her destructive purpose. At every repulse she appeared sulky, and cried *peep peep*, one of the unhatched queens responding, but in a somewhat hoarser tone. This circumstance affords an explanation of the two different sounds which are heard prior to the issuing of second swarms. On the afternoon of the same day, a second queen was hatched; she immediately buried herself in a cluster of bees. Next morning Mr. D. observed a hot pur-

suit of the younger queen by the elder, but being called away, on his return half an hour afterwards, the former was dying on the floor, no doubt the victim of the other. [Here is a tragedy!] Huber has stated that these artificial queens are mute; but the circumstance noticed by Mr. Dunbar of the two queens, just referred to, having answered each other, disproves that statement. Contrary also to the experience of Huber, Mr. D. found that the cells of artificial queens were surrounded by a guard. I have just adverted to the protection which they afforded to the royal cells, when assailed by the first hatched queen.

We have stated that the working bees are females. It is proved in two ways; first, by the fact of their having laid eggs, and next, by its being the eggs in the cells of *working* bees which are chosen for the purpose of being educated into future queens, the general egg-layers. The fertility of these workers in all probability arises from their having accidentally partaken of the royal jelly, for they are observed always to issue from cells adjoining those inhabited by grubs, that have been raised from the plebeian to the royal rank. The food reserved for the infants of the blood is so virtuous, that even an accidental drop falling on a lowly subject elevates him in part to the distinctions of sovereignty. Such is the happiness of living even next door to royalty. But it is remarkable that these fertile workers, although they lay eggs, only lay the eggs of *drones*.

It has been seen that the queen bee lays the eggs of the hive. The number laid by one bee is extraordinary. According to Huber, the queen ordinarily lays about 12,000 eggs in two months. It is not to be supposed that she lays this number every two months, but she does so at the principal laying in April and May: there is also another great laying in August.

Reaumur states the number of eggs laid by a queen in two months at double the amount of Huber's calculation; viz. 200 a day, on an average. This variation may have arisen from variety of climate, season, or other circumstances. A moderate swarm has been calculated to consist of from 12,000 to 20,000, which is about a two months' laying. Schirach says that a single queen will lay from 70,000 to 100,000 eggs in a season. This sounds like a great number; but it is greatly exceeded by some other insects. The female of the white ant extrudes not less than 60 eggs in a minute, which gives 3600 in an hour, 86,400 in a day, 2,419,200 in a lunar month, and the enormous number of 211,449,600 in a year. Though she does not lay all the year probably, yet, setting the period as low as possible, her eggs will exceed the number produced by any other known animal in creation.

The impregnation of the eggs is a difficult and disputed point. Several hypotheses have been broached on the subject; but it seems to be settled that the queen is fecundated during an aerial excursion, and that the agent is the drone.

In the course of his experiments, Huber found that the queens were never impregnated, so long as they remained in the interior of the hive; but that *impregnation always takes place in the open air*, at a time when the heat has induced the drones to issue from the hive; on which occasions, the queen soars high in the air, love being the motive for the only distant journey she ever takes. "The rencontre and copulation of the queen with the drone take place exterior to the hive," says Lombard, "and whilst they are on the wing." They are similarly constituted with the whole family of flies. A corresponding circumstance may also be noticed with respect to the queen-ant; and Bonnet, in his *Contemplations de la Nature*, has observed that she is always impregnated whilst she is on the wing. The dragon-flies copulate as they fly through the air, in which state they have the appearance of a double animal.

The importance of this excursion is immense—without it her majesty gives no heirs to the hive. It is also as efficient as it is important, for its virtue endures upon the eggs that are laid, for two years.

If the queen-bee be confined, though amid a seraglio of males, she continues barren. Prior to her flight, (which is preceded by the flight of the drones,) she reconnoitres the exterior of the hive, apparently for the purpose of recognition, and sometimes, after flying a few feet from it, returns to it again: finally she rises aloft in the air, describing in her flight horizontal circles of considerable diameter, till she is out of sight. She returns from her aerial excursion in about half an hour, with the most evident marks of fecundation. Excursions are sometimes made for a shorter period, but then she exhibits no sign of having been impregnated. It is curious that Bonner should have remarked those aerial excursions, without suspecting their object. "I have often," says he, "seen the young queens taking an airing upon the second or third day of their age." Yet Huish says, "It is an acknowledged fact that the queen-bee never leaves the hive, on any account whatsoever." Perhaps Huish's observations were made upon first swarms; and these, according to Huber, are uniformly conducted by old queens. Swammerdam also made the same observation as to *first swarms being always led off by old queens*. Old queens have not the same occasion to quit the hives that young ones have,—viz. to have intercourse with the drones; for, according to Huber, one impregnation is sufficient to fertilize all the eggs that are laid for two years afterwards, at least. He thinks it sufficient to fertilize all that she lays during her whole life. This may appear to some an incredible period; and Huish inquires, admitting that a single act of coition be sufficient to fecundate all the eggs existing in the ovaria at the time, how those are fecundated which did not exist there? But when we consider that in the common spider, according to Audebert, the fertilizing effect continues for *many years*; and that the fecundation of the eggs of the female aphides or green lice, by the males of one generation, will continue for a year, passing, during that period, through *nine or ten successive generations* of females, the causes for doubt will, I think, be greatly diminished: at any rate we are not at liberty to reject the evidence of fact, because we cannot understand their *modus operandi*. With respect to the aphid, Bonnet says the influence of the male continues through *five generations*, but Lyonnet carried his experiments to a more extended period; and according to Messrs. Kirby and Spence, who give it "upon the authority of Mr. Wolnough of Holesley (late of Boyton) in Suffolk, an intelligent agriculturist, and a most acute and accurate observer of nature, there may be *twenty generations* in a year." Reaumur has proved that in *five generations* one aphid may be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants. It may be objected to me here, that the aphid is a vivaporous insect, and that the experiments which prove what I have referred to, do not therefore bear upon the question. It has been ascertained, however, that they are strictly oviparous at the close of the year (one species is at all times so), at other times ovo-viviparous; and in either case the penetrating influence of the male sperm is surely still more remarkable where there has been no immediate commerce with the male, than in the direct case of the oviparous bee! It has been observed, however, that the further the female aphides are removed from the first mother, or that which had known the male, the less prolific do they become.

The absence of impregnation produces remarkable effects even upon the form of the bee; if it be retarded beyond the twentieth or twenty first day of the queen's life, she seems to be deprived of her usual intelligence. The order in which she lays her eggs is changed, and she disposes of them in improper places. She puts the drones where the workers should be, and the workers in the place of the drones. She has been known to blunder so egregiously as to profane even the royal cell, by depositing in it the egg of a drone. But Dr. Bevan shall tell all about it:—

If the impregnation of a queen be by any means retarded beyond the 20th or 21st day of her life, a very extraordinary consequence ensues. Instead of first laying the eggs of workers, and those of drones, at the usual period afterwards, she begins from the forty-fifth hour to lay the latter, and lays no other kind during her whole life. It should seem as if the rudiments of the workers' eggs withered in the oviducts, but without obstructing the passage of the drones' eggs. The only known fact analogous to this is the state of certain vegetable seeds, which lose the faculty of germination from age, whatever care may have been taken to preserve them. This retardation seems to have a singular effect upon the whole animal œconomy of the queen. "The bodies of those queens," says Huber, "whose impregnation has been retarded,

are shorter than common; the extremities remain slender, whilst the first two rings next the thorax, are uncommonly swollen." In consequence of the shortening of their bodies, their eggs are frequently laid on the sides of the cells, owing probably to their not being able to reach the bottom; the difficulty is also increased by the two swollen rings. In these cases of retarded impregnation and exclusive laying of drones' eggs, the prosperity of the hive soon terminates; generally before the end of the queen's laying. The workers receiving no addition to their number, but on the contrary, finding themselves overwhelmed with drones, sacrifice their queen and abandon the hive. These retarded queens seem to have their instincts impaired; for they deposit their eggs indiscriminately in the cells, whether originally intended for drones or for workers,—a circumstance which materially affects the size of the drones that are reared in them. There are not wanting instances of royal cells being occupied by them, and of the workers being thereby so completely deceived as to pay the tenants, in all respects, the honours of royalty. This circumstance appears the more extraordinary, since it has been ascertained that when eggs have been thus inappropriately deposited, by fertile workers, they are uniformly destroyed a few days afterwards, though for a short time they receive due attention.

The workers have been supposed by some apiarians to transport the eggs from place to place;—if ever such were the case, this would seem to be an occasion calling for the practice: on the contrary, instead of removing the eggs from the sides to the bottoms of the cells, for the sake of better accommodation, this object is accomplished by their lengthening the cells, and advancing them two lines beyond the surface of the combs. This proceeding affords pretty good evidence that *the transportation of eggs forms no part of the workers' occupation*. It is still further proved by their eating any workers' eggs, that a queen may, at any time, be forced to deposit in drones' cells, or drop at random in other parts of the hive; a circumstance which escaped the notice of former naturalists, and misled them in their opinion respecting transportation. A somewhat similar circumstance was noticed by Mr. Dunbar in his mirror hive. (For an account of this hive see Chap. X.) Mr. Dunbar observed that whenever the queen dropped her eggs carelessly, they were eagerly devoured by the workers. Now if transportation formed a part of their employment, they would in these cases, instead of eating the eggs, have deposited them in their appropriate cells. It seems very evident therefore that the proper disposition of the eggs is left entirely to the instinct of the queens. The workers having been seen to run away with the eggs, in order to devour them, in all probability gave birth to the mistaken notion that they were removing them to their right cells. Among humble-bees, there is a disposition, among the workers, to eat the eggs, which extends even to those that are laid in proper cells, where the queens often have to contend for their preservation.

The unhappy drones, when the end of their being is answered, are ruthlessly massacred. The scene of fury to which they fall a sacrifice is thus described by Dr. Bevan:—

After the season of swarming, viz. towards the end of July, as is well known, a general massacre of the drones takes place. The business of fecundation being now completed, they are regarded as useless consumers of the fruits of others labour, "*fruges consumere nati*;" love is at once converted into furious hate, and a general proscription takes place. The unfortunate victims evidently perceive their danger; for they are never, at this time, seen resting in one place, but darting in and out of the hive, with the utmost precipitation, as if in fear of being seized. Their destruction has been generally supposed to be effected by the workers harassing them till they quit the hive: this was the opinion of Mr. Hunter, who says the workers pinch them to and fro, without stinging them, and he considers their death as a natural rather than an untimely one. In this Bonnet seems to agree with Mr. Hunter. But Huber has observed, that *their destruction is effected by the stings of the workers*: he ascertained this by placing his hives upon a glass table, as will be stated under the anatomy of the bee, article "*Sting*." Reaumur seems to have been aware of this, for he has remarked that "*notwithstanding the superiority which the drones seem to have from their bulk, they cannot hold out against the workers, who are armed with a poniard which conveys poison into the wound it makes*." The moment this formidable weapon has entered their bodies, they expand their wings and expire.

This is a strange subversion of the laws which regulate other societies, where the male is invariably invested with power and authority. One of the most remarkable points of this curious procedure is, that the creatures seem to understand the why and the wherefore of this murderous purpose. For should it happen that the hive has

no queen, and that consequently the drones will be again wanted, no massacre takes place.

This sacrifice is not the consequence of a blind indiscriminating instinct, for *if a hive be deprived of its queen, no massacre takes place*, though the hottest persecution rage in all the surrounding hives. This fact was observed by Bonner, who supposed the drones to be preserved for the sake of the additional heat which they would generate in the hives during winter; but according to Huber's theory, they are preserved for the purpose of impregnating a new queen. The lives of the drones are also spared in hives which possess fertile workers only, but no proper queen, and likewise in hives governed by a queen whose impregnation has been retarded; but under any other circumstances the drones all disappear before winter. Not only all that have undergone their full transformation, but every embryo, in whatever period of its existence, shares the same fate. The workers drag them forth from the cells, and after sucking the fluid from their bodies, cast them out of the hive. In all these respects the hive-bees resemble wasps, but with this difference; among the latter, not only are the males and the male larvæ destroyed, but all the workers and their larvæ, (and the very combs themselves,) are involved in one indiscriminate ruin, none remaining alive during the winter but the queens, which lie dormant in various holes and corners till the ensuing spring,—of course without food, for they store none. The importance of destroying these mother wasps in the spring will be noticed in another place.

From the physiology of the bee, Dr. Bevan proceeds to a consideration of the best situations for an apiary, the best kind of hives or boxes, and the important subject of pasturage. Under the last head, that which is popularly termed honey-dew may be considered to come. This honey-dew is of two kinds; the one is an exudation from the foliage of the plants on which it appears; the other is a secretion from the body of the insect aphid. This latter kind is a favourite food with ants as well as bees, and the terms on which the ant and the aphid stand to each other is a most interesting point of natural history.

The other kind of honey-dew which is derived from the aphid, appears to be the favourite food of ants, and is thus spoken of by Messrs. Kirby and Spence in their late valuable Introduction to Entomology. "The loves of the ants and the aphides have long been celebrated; and that there is a connexion between them you may at any time, in the proper season, convince yourself; for you will always find the former very busy on those trees and plants on which the latter abound; and if you examine more closely, you will discover that the object of the ants, in thus attending upon the aphides, is to obtain the saccharine fluid secreted by them, which may well be denominated their milk. This fluid, which is scarcely inferior to honey in sweetness, issues in limpid drops from the abdomen of these insects, not only by the ordinary passage, but also by two setiform tubes placed, one on each side, just above it. Their sucker being inserted in the tender bark, is without intermission employed in absorbing the sap, which, after it has passed through the system, they keep continually discharging by these organs. When no ants attend them, by a certain jerk of the body, which takes place at regular intervals, they ejaculate it to a distance." The power of ejecting the fluid from their bodies, seems to have been wisely instituted to preserve cleanliness in each individual fly, and indeed for the preservation of the whole family; for pressing as they do upon one another, they would otherwise soon be glued together, and rendered incapable of stirring. "When the ants are at hand, watching the moment at which the aphides emit their fluid, they seize and suck it down immediately: this however is the least of their talents; for the ants absolutely possess the art of making the aphides yield it at their pleasure; or in other words of milking them." The ant ascends the tree, says Linnæus, *that it may milk its cows the aphides*, not kill them. Huber informs us that the liquor is voluntarily given out by the aphid, when solicited by the ant, the latter tapping the aphid gently, but repeatedly with its antennæ, and using the same motions as when caressing its own young. He thinks, when the ants are not at hand to receive it, that the aphid retains the liquor for a longer time, and yields it freely and apparently without the least detriment to itself, for even when it has acquired wings, it shows no disposition to escape. A single aphid supplies many ants with a plentiful meal. The ants occasionally form an establishment for their aphides, constructing a building in a secure place, at a distance from their own city, to which, after fortifying it, they

transport those insects, and confine them under a guard, like cows upon a dairy farm, to supply the wants of the metropolis. The aphides are provided with a hollow pointed proboscis, folded under the breast, when the insects are not feeding, with which instrument they puncture the turgid vessels of the leaf, leaf-stalk or bark, and suck with great avidity their contents, which are expelled nearly unchanged, so that however fabulous it may appear, they may literally be said to void a liquid sugar.

A hive of bees in the autumn ought not to weigh less than twenty-five to thirty pounds, and should contain half a bushel of bees. In the purchase of them, it should be remembered, that the weight of the hive is not alone a sufficient criterion of its value, for it may be partly made up of old materials. There is a good deal of difference as to the size and shape of the bee boxes. It is to the discovery of the glass hive that we owe almost all our knowledge of the ways of the bee. The hive recommended by Dr. Bevan is a cubical box, with windows; but if the amateur wish to watch more particularly the operations of the labourers, or to witness the survey which the queen now and then takes of them, he should have a large bell-glass surmounted by a straw hive, which latter may be occasionally raised for the purpose of inspection. The pleasure of beholding the proceedings of the queen is very rarely afforded, and apiarians, it is said, have passed their lives without enjoying it.

Reaumur himself, even with the assistance of a glass-hive, acknowledges that he was many years before he had that pleasure. Those who have been so fortunate, agree in representing her majesty as being very slow and dignified in her movements, and as being constantly surrounded by a guard of about a dozen bees, who seem to pay her great homage, and always to have their faces turned towards her, like courtiers, in the presence of royalty.

"But mark, of royal port, and awful mien,
Where moves with measur'd pace the Insect Queen!
Twelve chosen guards, with slow and solemn gait,
Bend at her nod, and round her person wait."—*Evans.*

Mr. Dunbar's observations, upon the movements of the queen in his mirror hive, do not correspond altogether with what is here stated. He says that he did not find her majesty attended in her progress by a guard, but that wherever she moved the way was cleared; that the heads of the workers whom she passed upon her route were always turned towards her, that they fawned upon and caressed her, touching her softly with their antennæ; but that as soon as she moved onwards, they resumed their labours, whilst all that she passed in succession paid her the same homage. This sort of homage is only paid to fertile queens; whilst they continue virgins, they are not treated with much respect.

One of the most singular as well as delicate kinds of respect shown to her majesty is, that when she is in the act of depositing her first eggs in the cells, her attendants connect themselves together, and form a screen, to shroud her from the vulgar gaze while discharging her most sacred function. Among all the curious and wonderful things in the natural history of these insects, this true act of courtesy is the most worthy of note. No court in the world can boast a superior gracefulness or delicacy in the expression of its reverential homage.

The queen is very numerously surrounded, when depositing her first eggs in the cells, her attendants then cling to one another and form a living curtain before her, so completely impenetrable to our eyes, as to preclude all observation of her proceedings; unless the apiarian use the leaf-hive of Huber, or the mirror-hive of Dunbar, it is hardly possible to snatch a sight of her, excepting when she lays her eggs near the exterior parts of the combs. The manner in which bees attach themselves to each other, when forming a curtain, or when suspending themselves from a bough, or taking their repose, is, by each bee, with its two fore claws, taking hold of the two hinder legs of the one next above it, thus forming as it were a perfect grape-like cluster or living garland. Even when thus intertwined with each other, as Swam-

merdam has observed, they can fly off from the bunch, and perch on it again, or make their way out from the very centre of the cluster, and rush into the air. This mode of suspension, so voluntarily adopted, must be agreeable to them, though the uppermost bees evidently bear the weight of all the rest. Mr. Wildman supposes that they have a power of distending themselves with air, like fishes, by which they acquire buoyancy.

Another trait of delicate attention to the queen is also observable in these loyal people, whose attachment endures beyond death.

Huber states that he has seen the workers, "after her death, treat her body as they treated herself when alive, and long prefer this inanimate body to the most fertile queens he had offered them." And Dr. Evans relates a case, in which a queen was observed to lie on some honey-comb in a thinly peopled hive, apparently dying, and surrounded by six bees, with their faces turned towards her, quivering their wings, and most of them with their stings pointed, as if to keep off any assailant. On presenting them honey, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, the guards were so completely absorbed in the care of their queen, as entirely to disregard it. The following day, though dead, she was still guarded; and though the bees were still constantly supplied with honey, their numbers were gradually diminished by death, till, at the end of three or four days, not a bee remained alive.

It was by uniting the principle of terror with that of this exceeding loyalty that Wildman was enabled to perform such extraordinary feats with bees.

When under a strong impression of fear, says Wildman, they are rendered subservient to our wills, to such a degree as to remain long attached to any place they afterwards settle upon, and will become so mild and tractable, as to bear any handling which does not hurt them, without the least show of resentment. "Long experience has taught me, that as soon as I turn up a hive, and give some taps on the sides and bottom, the queen immediately appears." "Being accustomed to see her, I readily perceive her at the first glance; and long practice has enabled me to seize her instantly, with a tenderness that does not in the least endanger her person." "Being possessed of her, I can, without exciting any resentment, slip her into my other hand, and returning the hive to its place, hold her, till the bees missing her, are all on the wing, and in the utmost confusion." When in this state, he could make them alight wherever he pleased; for on whatever spot he placed the queen, the moment a few of them discovered her, the information was rapidly communicated to the rest, who in a few minutes were all collected round her. In this way he would sometimes cause them to settle on his head, or to hang clustered from his chin, in which state they somewhat resembled a beard. Again he would transfer them to his hand, or to any other part of his body, or if more agreeable to the spectators before whom he exhibited, he would cause them to settle upon a table, window, &c. Prior to making his secret generally known, he deceived his spectators by using words of command; but the only magic that he employed was the summoning into activity for his purpose the strong attachment of the bees to their queen.

"Such was the spell, which round a Wildman's arm
Twin'd in dark wreaths the fascinated swarm;
Bright o'er his breast the glittering legions led,
Or with a living garland bound his head.
His dextrous hand, with firm yet hurtless hold,
Could seize the chief, known by her scales of gold,
Prune, 'mid the wondering train, her filmy wing,
Or, o'er her folds, the silken fetter fling."—*Evans.*

Cautioning his readers as to the hazard of attempting, what he himself accomplished only by long experience and great dexterity, Wildman concludes his account with a parody of the reply of C. Furius Cresinus, a liberated Roman slave, who, being accused of witchcraft in consequence of his raising more abundant crops than his neighbours, and therefore cited before a Roman tribunal, produced his strong implements of husbandry, his well-fed oxen, and a hale young woman his daughter; and pointing to them, said, "*These, Romans! are my instruments of witchcraft; but I cannot show you my toil, my sweats, and anxious cares.*" "So," says Wildman, "may I say, "*These, Britons! are my instruments of witchcraft; but I cannot show you my hours of attention to this subject, my anxiety and care for these useful insects; nor can I communicate to you my experience, acquired during a course of years.*"

Besides the attention and dexterity employed by Wildman, it is probable that he was a favourite with them on another ground. It is observed that the sense of smell in bees is particularly fine; each hive of bees has its peculiar odour, which is a sort of bond of union among themselves, and a cause of separation from others. This fact has been skilfully made use of by Mr. Walond, a friend of Dr. Bevan, in combining two weak swarms. It is well known that bees show decided hostility against particular individuals, and we have ourselves known persons who dared not venture within a considerable distance of a hive. The following anecdote of Mr. Hofer, related by Dr. Bevan, throws considerable light on the cause of the different reception which different persons receive from this curious animal.

The different reception which persons experience on approaching the domicile of bees is attributed by some apiarians to the different degrees of confidence manifested in the approach: they are of opinion, that if the visitors could avoid the exhibition of all apprehension, they would not be attacked. My own experience has long convinced me of the erroneousness of this opinion: and a circumstance which occurred to Monsieur de Hofer, *Conseiller d'état du Grand Duc de Baden*, strengthens my dissent from it. He had for years been a proprietor and admirer of bees, and almost rivalled Wildman in the power he possessed of approaching them with impunity: he would at any time search for the queen, and taking hold of her gently, place her upon his hand. But having been unfortunately attacked with a violent fever, and long confined by it; on his recovery he attempted to resume his favourite amusement among the bees, returning to them with all that confidence and pleasure which he had felt on former occasions; when to his great surprise and disappointment he discovered that he was no longer in possession of their favour; and that instead of being received by them as an old friend, he was treated as a trespasser: nor was he ever able after this period to perform any operation upon them, or to approach within their precincts, without exciting their anger. Here then it is pretty evident that some change had taken place in the counsellor's secretions, in consequence of the fever, which, though not noticeable by his friends, was offensive to the olfactory nerves of the bees. I had this anecdote from Monsieur de Hofer's son, with whom I passed a very agreeable evening in London at the house of my friend Joseph Hodgetts, Esq.

So much for the sensitiveness of the bee; the following anecdote is a remarkable instance of its sagacity:

M. P. Huber of Lausanne, in his *Observations on Humble-bees*, published in the sixth volume of the *Linnaean Transactions*, has given a curious detail of some experiments in which the bees conducted themselves somewhat similarly to those of Mr. Walond. Having enclosed twelve humble-bees in a bell-glass upon a table, he gave them a part of their cones or chrysalids, containing about ten silken cocoons, and freeing the latter as much as possible from wax, he fed the bees for some days with pollen only. The cells containing the cones being very unequal, the mass was so unsteady as extremely to disquiet the bees. Their affection for their young led them to mount upon the cocoons, to impart warmth to the inclosed larvæ: they could not do this without causing the comb to totter or lean on one side, and having no wax for fastening the work to the table, they had recourse to the following ingenious expedient. Two or three bees got upon the comb, and descending to the lower edge of it, with their heads downwards, hung from it by the hooks of their hind feet, and clung to the table by those of the second pair, which are very long; thus did they keep this piece of cell-work steady by their own muscular strength. When fatigued by this constrained and irksome position, they were relieved by their comrades; even the queen assisted. Having kept the bees in this state till nearly the end of the third day, and shown them to several persons, Huber introduced some honey, to enable them to form wax: they soon constructed pillars, extending from the most projecting parts of the cell-work to the table, and kept the cell-work in a firm position. The wax, however, getting gradually dry, the pillars gave way; when the poor insects adopted their former straining expedient for steadying the comb, and continued, perseveringly, to sustain it in this manner, till Huber took pity on them and glued the cake of comb firmly to the table. Could the most intelligent architect have more judiciously propped a tottering edifice, till adequate supports could be applied?

The interest which we take in this subject, and the fertility of Dr. Bevan's work in interesting facts, has induced us to extend this article to a great length. And if we are now compelled to leave the consideration of it by the necessary economy of our space, we turn to other topics with a very unsatisfied feeling. There are numerous points which fill the mind with that intelligent surprise so delightful to the observer, that we have not even alluded to, and those which have been mentioned are very far from being exhausted. However, the pleasure of reading and reviewing Dr. Bevan, like all other pleasures, must have an end, and we must conclude with one—only one—more extract. It relates to the collection and disposal of pollen—the farina of flowers, which serves for the food of the larvæ. The whole process puts the bee in a most respectable grade in the order of intelligent beings.

The bees may frequently be observed to roll their bodies on the flower, and then brushing off the pollen which adheres to them, with their feet, form it into two masses, which they dispose of in the usual way. In very dry weather, when probably the particles of pollen cannot be made to cohere, I have often seen them return home so completely enveloped by it, as to give them the appearance of a different species of bee. The anther-dust thus collected, is conveyed to the interior of the hive, and there brushed off by the collector or her companions. Reaumur and others have observed, that *bees prefer the morning for collecting this substance*, most probably that the dew may assist them in the moulding of their little balls. "I have seen them abroad," says Reaumur, "gathering farina before it was light;" they continue thus occupied till about ten o'clock.

"Brush'd from each anther's crown, the mealy gold,
With morning dew, the light fang'd artists mould,
Fill with the foodful load their hollow'd thigh,
And to their nurslings bear the rich supply."—*Evans.*

This is their practice during the warmer months; but in April and May, and at the settlement of a recent swarm, they carry pollen throughout the day; but even in these instances, the collection is made in places most likely to furnish the requisite moisture for moulding the pellets, namely, in shady and sometimes in very distant places.

When a bee has completed her loading, she returns to the hive, *part of her cargo is instantly devoured by the nursing-bees, to be regurgitated for the use of the larvæ, and another part is stored in cells for future exigencies, in the following manner.* The bee, while seeking a fit cell for her freight, makes a noise with her wings, as if to summon her fellow citizens around her; she then fixes her two middle and her two hind legs upon the edge of the cell which she has selected, and curving her body, seizes the farina with her fore legs, and makes it drop into the cell: thus freed from her burthen, she hurries off to collect again. Another bee immediately packs the pollen, and kneads and works it down into the bottom of the cell, probably mixing a little honey with it, judging from the moist state in which she leaves it; an air-tight coating of varnish finishes this storing of pollen.

It is at length ascertained that the bee never visits *more than one species of flower on the same journey*. This pollen is of a capsular structure, and the particles of pollen from different flowers would not aggregate conveniently. Thus also is the multiplication of hybrid plants prevented.

Our parting recommendation is, that every body who loves to read an instructive and entertaining book should buy the *Honey-bee*. The inhabitant of the metropolis, however, should be warned, that the perusal of it will hugely dispose him to the possession of a hive, and that this is a taste that cannot be commodiously gratified either in the Strand or Oxford-street.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

It is lamentable to observe the number of good stories that are daily maimed, mangled, and spoilt in the telling. Lord Holland has quoted in the House of Peers, an excellent old Joe illustrative of the true principle of retaliation, but has almost destroyed it by the clumsiness of his phrasing. It reads as if translated into the language of dulness:—

“He remembered to have read in a Spanish jest book, a story, stating that in a certain district, persons were obliged to go armed, and be attended with dogs, in order to preserve themselves from wolves, and other beasts of prey. On some particular occasion a person killed one of those dogs with his spear, and being brought before the alcalde, he was asked why he had not used the butt end, instead of the point of the spear? *‘For this plain reason,’* he replied, *‘because the dog ran at me with his mouth, and not with his tail.’*”

For, *“for this plain reason,”* and all that stiff stuff, read, *“So I would,”* replied the fellow, *“if he had run at me with his tail.”* The better version, however, of the story is, that the dog-slayer was an English serjeant, armed with his halberd, and that his reprover was a lady of sentiment. “Ah, you cruel wretch, why did not you strike the pretty dumb creature with the bottom of your halberd?”—*“So I would, ma’am, if he had run at me with his tail.”* That particularly wise man of the east, Doctor Gilchrist, has also just been murdering a story. Something or other, of course not the least in point, “reminded him of an old woman in the country, who put over her door, ‘whiskey sold here to-day for three-pence a gill; to-morrow to be sold for nothing. Some simple clowns went in the next day, expecting to get the gill for nothing;’ but of course to-morrow never came.” The origin of this is a common French pot-house jest. It is written over the door, *“pay to-day and good credit to-morrow.”* They say that a certain Irish judge, and illustrious debtor, on first going to France, and being gladdened with the promise of this notice, put up at an auberge by the road side, and stayed there six months, waiting for the day of *credit*, as his creditors had, for more years, done for that of *pay*.

In a preceding Diary, I have noticed M. Thibadeau’s absurd story of Napoleon’s having objected to the proposal that civil death should dissolve marriage, on the strange ground that such a circumstance would be an additional punishment, and that it would, therefore, be better to put the criminal to death at once, (the reasoning is imperial,) as in that case his wife might raise an altar of turf in her garden, and retire there to weep. Here is a letter which presents a pleasant practical illustration of the truth of this superfine sentimentality. It is written by a wife whose husband is transported; her name is omitted, because, for want of the law which Napoleon thought so severe on persons of fine sensibilities, she has been compelled to seek comfort in a capital felony. Had the honest man been hung instead

of transported, we wonder whether this fond creature would have solaced herself with a turf altar to his memory, and made a watering pot of her eyes.

(Copy.)

Feb. 2nd, 1827.

Dear husband,

I take this opportunity of addressing these few lines to you, hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves me at present, thank God for it—dear husband I am going to change my line of life and I hope it will be for the better I must tell you I am going to be married and hope you have no objection for you know you have not behaved to me as a husband ought to have done both you and your family have used me very ill But every one knows that I never gave you any reason to ill treat me—

I have been to the Overcears to ask theyre advice what I am to do and they told me I had better get another husband as I did not expect you would ever come home again. You need not fret about it nor make yourself in the least alarmed at what I say for I can assure you it is true.

The Overcears of the Parish is going to give the man ten pounds to take me out of the Parish I have invited your Brother Robert to the wedend and I wish you was at home to make one among us—I shall tell you the mans name is William —

You need not forget me for all that If you should ever come where I am I hope you will call and see me So I conclude and still remain your affectionate wife

William —

CATHARINE —

Gadameed Ship

Woollege

Kent.

Apropos of this subject, it is a curious fact that men stationed in light-houses are not permitted to have their wives with them, probably because it is apprehended that the trimming of the lamps would be neglected for the trimming of the husbands—and yet none but married men are to be found in these posts, which are greatly sought after by persons coveting a quiet life, and who, by a long course of curtain lectures, have been trained to watchfulness, and accustomed to sleepless nights. The wives of these monsters are unanimously of Buonaparte's opinion, that it would be better to kill the wretches at once, and to let them raise turf altars, and weep over them when they have nothing better to do in the garden.

9th. There has been a rumour, probably intended as a suggestion, that Mr. Canning is to have the premiership stripped of the church patronage. This idea has called forth the following elaborate and affecting simile in the leading article of The Times, which would draw tears from a stone. It is a prodigiously pathetic piece of writing, and places a patronageless premier in a most piteous point of view:—

“The constituting a statesman to be a prime minister, and at the same time depriving him of an important part of his power and influence—of the power and influence which others have enjoyed, we say not how properly,—is like commissioning a dove to fly over sea and over land with the behests of his master, and at the same instant tearing from him one of his wings; the maimed sufferer falls at once impotent to the earth, *and with whatever vigour and energy he may flutter and shake his other pinion, he cannot advance an inch.* “Oh,” if he could speak, would he exclaim, “Give me back my other wing—rob me not of a feather—and I will carry your orders, and procure the execution of your wishes, over all the world.”

This is too much for mortal sensibility. It is too, too touching to think of poor lop-sided Mr. Canning hopping about the treasury

chambers like a jackdaw with a clipped wing, making awkward attempts to fly, and ca-ca-ing his discomfiture at his consequent ungainly tumbles. With a soul to soar to the church steeple, the unhappy fowl finds himself unequal to the altitude of an office stool; and with the spirit of an eagle he discovers that every abject cur which haunts Whitehall, is more than his match. "Oh," he exclaims, for he can speak, "give me back my other wing—rob me not of a black feather, and I will fetch and carry, aspire, chatter, pick, and poke, and perform the part of a daw over all the world."

In the same number, *The Times* is wonderfully sublime on another subject. Some one said something uncivil to Mr. Plunkett in the House of Commons. The editor forthwith adumbrates the affair in this magnificent fashion.

"The lion of the forest, when lying under the semblance of disease or feebleness, has met with indignities from the meanest of the animal creation. *We take no pains to bring home a parallel case to the imagination of our political readers*; but if they will be themselves at the trouble of looking over last night's debate, on the presenting of a petition against the Catholics, and then examine in what manner Mr. Plunkett, the attorney-general for Ireland, was abused on account of his ministerial forbearance, and by whom,—they will, no doubt, begin to suspect that there are circumstances now on foot which may lead to the official paralysis of this great and powerful Irishman."

Mr. Plunkett is not yet then, we are glad to learn, in the state of the lion in the fable, and certainly *The Times* is not playing the part of the ass, in this cumbrous and admirably inapplicable illustration.

— Those persons who wish to understand the character of Lord Eldon, and the *principle*, if we may so abuse the word, on which he shapes his course as a legislator, should study the following brief remark which he uttered in the spring-gun debate on the 6th, and which will serve as a key to his views on matters of jurisprudence.

"The Lord Chancellor said, IT WAS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS TO TAKE UPON THEMSELVES TO SAY WHAT WAS THE LAW UPON SUCH A SUBJECT (i. e. the setting of spring-guns.) THE LAW MUST DEPEND ENTIRELY UPON ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CASE."

The first proposition is, that it is dangerous for legislators who make and alter the laws, to say what the law is.

The second, that the law must depend upon the circumstances of the case, or in other words, that there is to be no distinct rule of law stated, but that judges are to make it according to the taste, fancy, or whim of the moment.

This speech, containing the very essence of the most fatal error in jurisprudence, was delivered in the first legislative assembly, by the highest judicial character in this country, and passed unnoticed and unrebuked!

It has hitherto been accounted a first maxim, a truism, that law should be a clear rule of command or prohibition known and intelligible to all; but Lord Eldon, like Moliere's quack, has changed all this; he avers that the law is to grow out of the circumstances of the case; that when the man is shot by the spring-gun, it will be time

MAY, 1827.

F

enough to inquire whether the engine was legally set, and he was legally killed or not. It is better to let it then depend on the circumstances, such as the character of the party killed, as for instance, was he a poacher, or the servant of the game preserver; obnoxious to, or regarded by the superior classes of the neighbourhood?

The doctrine we have quoted, furnishes a striking illustration of the chancellor's ideas of law, and shows on what grounds he advocates all that is vicious in our system, and resists every measure of wholesome reform.

On the same night, in a discussion on the game laws, he gave an example in an insignificant matter of the confusion which reigns in his mind on most subjects. The chancellor has as much logic as a cow.

"The great increase of crime, (poaching,) said his lordship, was owing to the introduction of battues; and if their lordships did not find some means of destroying these battues, they might as well say that the moon shall not shine, as that there shall not be poachers."

It was by this method of reasoning that the Goodwin sands were laid to the account of Tenterdon church steeple. The battues have nothing whatever to do with the poaching, and one sufficiently grand battue would put an end to poaching altogether, by destroying all the game. The evil of which the chancellor should have spoken, is the excessive game preserving which allows of battues, or great massacres. The game is preserved till it swarms, and then it is slaughtered in swarms; but it is clearly not the massacre which provokes the poaching, but the temptation of the extraordinary abundance of game. The chancellor however thinks that the cause is the battue, because since there have been battues, there has been more poaching; just as the old man thought that Tenterdon steeple was the cause of the Goodwin's, because since the building of the steeple, the sands had increased—but if Lord Eldon inquires, he will find that the battues have been introduced only where game is preserved in superabundance, and resorted to in order to thin the unmanageable swarms of birds.

10th. It is pleasing to find our legislators imbued with sound principles of jurisprudence. It is satisfactory to the whole community to know that a nobleman is born to the privilege of making laws for them, who holds such a doctrine as that laid down last night by Lord Ellenborough in the House of Lords:—

"The object of setting spring-guns," said that illustrious sage, "was not personal injury to any one, but to deter from the commission of theft; and *that object was as completely obtained by hitting an innocent man as a guilty one.*"

What a pity it is that this enlightened peer is not a chief justice, in which high office, so long and temperately filled by his amiable father, he might have given practical effect to this brilliant idea, generalizing it thus for common occasions:—

"The object of punishment is not personal injury to any one, but to deter from the commission of theft; and that object is as completely obtained by hanging an innocent man as a guilty one."

The Chronicle pleasantly suggests to Lord Ellenborough, the pro-

priety of his permitting himself to be made an example of under his own rule. "Perhaps," says the editor, "his lordship would have no objection, by way of demonstrating the efficacy of his theory, to allow himself to be disposed of by that important personage who gives to the law its chief efficacy, without the formality of a proof of guilt in order to reconcile the country to the indiscriminate slaughter of innocence and guilt."

Farmers are in the habit of nailing crows, hawks, weasels, polecats, &c. to their barn doors, as terrible examples to the other members of these felonious tribes; but they have not yet discovered that it would answer exactly the same purpose to transfix their doves, barn-door fowls, geese, and turkeys, in the same fashion. We must not, however, expect to find Ellenboroughs in farm yards; such wisdom and fine ideas of the fitness of things, and the true principles of jurisprudence, can only be looked for in the House of Lords, where men are Solons by inheritance.

As admirable is it often to see the grounds on which our legislators go right, as those on which they go wrong. When right, they in nine cases out of ten, give the worst conceivable reason for it, and frequently discover that their motive leans to error's side. In very properly resisting a clause legalizing trespasses in the chace, the Duke of Buckingham stated that "nothing was more annoying than the trespasses committed by those who followed game into grounds. They trampled upon *ladies' flower gardens*, and did a great deal of mischief long before any one could possibly warn them off."

To humbler men it would have rather occurred as an instance of more important injury, and one more deserving of the consideration of the legislature, that they trampled upon the poor man's kitchen garden, and demolished his cabbages and cauliflowers.

The tyrannical vagrant act in its passage through the Commons, was opposed, not on account of its oppressive enactments, but because it might prevent minstrels from serenading ladies, and further, might deprive them of the intellectual gratification of seeing Punch. Flower-gardens, serenades, and Punch, (which is now our first dramatic entertainment,) are unquestionably excellent things in their way; but there are other interests which would occur to men out of Parliament, as entitled to superior consideration.

11th. This is the session of bon mots in both houses of Parliament. Sir Francis Burdett declared last night that Englishmen have an *inheritance* in the laws. A fine portion it is! Looking at the character of our code, we should certainly appear a people eminently born to be hung.

13th. This extract of a letter from Vienna has appeared in the journals, Foreign and English:

BEETHOVEN.—The public is deeply affected by the death of this great composer; and they are not a little surprized at learning, that M. Moschelles, who, however, has himself had occasion to know the support which the numerous amateurs in this city afford to distinguished talents, should have taken the liberty to make a subscription at London for the benefit of the deceased.—This news has excited universal discontent. Beethoven had no need of such support, and nobody had a right thus to anticipate government, the protector of all the arts, and a people who are remarkably attached to them. A single word would have sufficed to make thousands of persons fly to the assistance of the great composer. *Besides, people esteemed him too much to conceive such a thought,*

and they knew, besides, that he received pensions from the Archduke Rudolph, and many families in the highest ranks of the nobility. Real artists in Austria, certainly have no need, considering the sense which animates our government and nation in favour of all that is noble and good, to implore the vaunted generosity of the English nation, of which C. M. Von Weber lately made a trial (1). This thought was certainly more foreign to the mind of Beethoven than of any other person.

(1) Note.—Many promises lavished in England on C. M. Von Weber were not realised. The higher classes had encouraged him to give a grand concert, the expense of which was immense, and which cost him much trouble. The concert-room (salle) was hardly half full. When Weber saw this scanty audience he nearly fainted, and said sorrowfully to one of his friends—"You see how Weber is appreciated in London." Three weeks afterwards he was no more.

On the last circumstance it is only necessary to observe that Weber died; poor fellow, of a cold, and not of a concert. But for the condition of Beethoven. The Chronicle, without a moment's hesitation, received the above statement as gospel; first, because it was written by a German, and secondly, because it inculcated the English. There are three grand points of faith with the Chronicle,—that German people are always right; that English people are always wrong; and that the Scotch are perfection, or something even plusquam German. On the above ed thesis the Editor holds forth thus:—

*"We confess it did surprise us not a little, that in a country like Austria, in which musical genius is so highly appreciated, a man like Beethoven should be allowed to starve. We can almost pardon the sensitiveness of the citizens of Vienna on this tender point. The defence of the Austrians is coupled with an accusation of illiberality brought against the English nation, founded on the treatment of M. Von Weber by the higher ranks. But allowance ought to be made for the taste of nations."**

The next day The Times very quietly publishes the subjoined letter from poor Beethoven to a professor in London, which shows what the fine sentiment of the people of Vienna is worth. Perhaps, as their champion says in his epistle, "They esteemed him too much to conceive such a thought," as that he needed their pecuniary aid; and this is certainly a kind of esteem which would allow a man of genius to die of hunger in the midst of his admirers. "You look squalid and cold," they would say, "but we esteem you too much to conceive that you want food or raiment, and our paternal government lets none of its children pine in penury."

"Vienna, March 6.

"Dear Sir,—I do not doubt but that you have already received, through Mr. Moschelles, my letter of the 22d of Feb. Having however, by chance, found your address amongst my papers, I do not delay writing to you, once more, most pressingly, to urge your kind attention to my unhappy situation. Alas! up to the present day, I see no hopes of a termination to my dreadful malady; on the contrary my sufferings, and with them my cares, increase. On the 27th of February I was operated upon (tapped) for the fourth time; and perhaps the fates will that I may expect to undergo this operation a fifth time, or even oftener. If this continues, my illness will then last half the summer—and in that case what is to become of me? Upon what am I to live until I regain my lost strength, so as to enable me to earn my subsistence with my

* Certainly, and we are not bound to worship a composer who has produced one work of genius, and a thousand and one others of no genius at all. The Frieschutz appears to have been "a lucky accident." It is the vulgar fashion to disparage Rossini for his occasional miscarriages, and to deify Weber for his solitary successful effort—one among so many—that one indeed, grand.

pen? But I will not weary you with new complaints, but merely refer to my letter of the 22d of February, and entreat you to exert all your influence to persuade the Philharmonic Society to carry promptly into effect their former resolution, relative to the academy, for my advantage. My strength does not permit me to say more; and I am so fully convinced of your friendly sentiments towards me, that I need not fear being misunderstood.—Accept the assurance of the highest respect with which, anxiously looking forward to your early reply, I always am, dear sir, your's devotedly,
(Signed)

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

How does the Chronicle take this discovery,—why even thus, as if it had not in any measure committed itself by its ready, its greedy adoption of the suspicious misrepresentation. The Chronicle is, on general subjects, the ablest, the most intelligent of the morning papers, but occasionally it is the most silly; and when notoriously committed by some folly, it is the most imprudent in backing out, or eating its own words, and, indeed, with the provoking air of one still delivering oracles of established infallibility, without any acknowledgement of error.

“The following letter, which appeared in The Times of yesterday, forms a more than sufficient justification for the exertions of M. Moschelles, to awaken the sympathies of the rich in this country, in behalf of the dying Beethoven. We do not think that it reflects any particular credit on the rich amateurs of Vienna, of which so pompous an account was given in the Vienna letter, in the Allgemeine Zeitung, that this poor man, after having been four times tapped, should be under the necessity of exclaiming, with all the horror of dereliction before him, “Upon what am I to live until I regain my lost strength, so as to enable me to earn my subsistence with my pen?” Out upon such amateurs! If Beethoven had been an ordinary composer, or if the amateurs were insensible to musical merit, this abandonment of him to want would be intelligible. *After all*, we fear there is not a pin to choose in the way of liberality to genius, between the nobility all the world over, and that a Prince E. or Prince D. is pretty much the same as a Lord F. or Lord G.”

Every one, we conceive, had some suspicion of this fact, except the Chronicle, which supposed that yellow-haired Scots and white-haired Germans were the cream of the human species.

A GENIUS DISCOVERED BY AN ALDERMAN.

It is the fashion to impute ignorance and custard to aldermen. A splendid instance has just been afforded, of the falsehood of one half of this imputation. Whether Sir Peter Laurie delights in custard or not, we are unable to say, but he has given the most decided proof of his extraordinary conversance with polite literature, and of his superior judgment as a critic. Some of us coxcombs imagine that we know all that is worth knowing in literature, and that we can call over the muster-roll of the effectives in the belles-lettres without missing a man of any “mark or likelihood.” Ask us, who are the poets? and we reply, Wordsworth, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, and as a lyric, our matchless Thomas Moore. This is what we should say, because it is all that we know; but when we go into the city, we hear from men of more extensive reading of the names of bards whose works have not yet come within the narrow range of our reading, although they are daily bawled in our heedless ears. Ask Alderman

Sir Peter Laurie, who are the lyric poets, and he will tell you that there are two. One, a Mr. Moore, whose melodies are banged out of the pianos by young ladies of sentiment, and the other a great genius named Hudson, whose songs are sung by Charles Taylor and Fitzwilliam, and pirated by the ballad-mongers—whence it comes to pass that his merit, like the voice of wisdom, “crieth in the streets, and no one regardeth it.” Never having had the honour of being in any company in which Charles Taylor and Fitzwilliam sang, we have never heard of Mr. Hudson’s muse, and but for Sir Peter Laurie, should have past our days in a brutal ignorance of the existence of such a genius. We lay the whole revelation before our readers. The astronomer who discovers a new star, is honoured for it; is not the city knight who discovers a new genius entitled to equal respect? Herschel’s star was called the Georgium Sidus. It was an injustice to name the star after the monarch instead of the astronomer. We should propose to designate Mr. Hudson as the Poet Laurie; or else to style the alderman, Hudson’s Bayes:—

MANSION HOUSE.—Mr. Hudson, a freeman of the city, and the writer of a great number of comic songs, stated to the Alderman, that he had an application to make upon what he was informed was capable of being remedied, in some measure, by a law of local operation in the city of London, but of very ancient date, and seldom acted upon. He was the author of 500 or 600 comic songs, many of which, whatever might be their merit, had been received by the public with some degree of approbation. Of those songs he was in the habit of making sale, in the first instance, to dramatic performers, and afterwards to publishers; and the profit he derived from a great number of them was considerable, until a sort of piracy was established, which he did not know how to combat with until he heard that he could be assisted by the city authorities. The moment Mr. Clementi, or any other high musical publisher, sent forth one of the songs to the town, a number of the “twopenny halfpenny” publishers advertised it at a fourth of the price set down by the holder of the copyright. This example was followed by a still lower order of publishers, who were in the habit of uniting interests with ballad singers, and the song was bawled about the streets in a string with many others until the public were quite disgusted with it. (A laugh.) He knew that there was an effectual way of putting an end to this practice if the pirate happened to be *respectable*,* but unfortunately the expense to which an unhappy author would be subject by a proceeding in equity, or in any of the courts of law, was so great that, except the defendant happened to be worth powder and shot, destruction must be the consequence. Under those circumstances, Mr. Hudson requested that, at all events, something might be done to prevent the dishonourable sort of publication alluded to, as those who were in the habit of dealing with him felt considerable hesitation at the idea of purchasing when they were sure of a comparison with some musical beggar. (Laughter.)

Sir Peter Laurie said, that nothing could give him greater pleasure than the power of protecting the applicant, whom he knew to be a man of great merit. He considered that a song was literary property as well as a poem, although the latter description of writing was not, he believed, sung about the streets since the days of Homer. (A laugh.) If there existed any act by which service could be rendered to a man of genius under such circumstances, he should certainly resort to it for the benefit of such a person.

Mr. Hobler said, he apprehended that there was no law to prevent the vocal retailing of songs. In the act for the punishment of rogues and vagabonds, minstrels were not mentioned as coming under that denomination. Parliament seemed to have a special regard for minstrels, and gave them great privileges. A Member even declared in the House of Commons one night that *Punch* must be protected. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hudson said, that it was too hard that an author’s brains should be at the

* This abuse of the word *respectable* is essentially English. A rich rogue is accounted *respectable* in this trading land. Other people less idolatrous of wealth would style him only responsible. But our pirates are *respectable* if they have money in their purses. Such is commercial morality.

command of any publisher whose circumstances placed him beneath the reach of the law, and who was on the look-out for every thing that was convertible into pence, however injurious to the proprietor.

Mr. Hobler advised that a civil proceeding should be adopted.* If one crow were shot, all the other crows would fly to other quarters.

Mr. Hudson said the remedy was as bad as the disease. The protection of Chancery would cost him 30*l*. He well knew the desperate evils of a court of equity or justice.

Sir Peter Laurie said, that there could not be a better judge, if an opinion were to be formed from the applicant's song, called "Law," which was bawled about the town from morning till night. "I think, Mr. Hudson," said Sir Peter Laurie, "you had better follow your own advice, and have nothing to do with the law, for those who live best by it will certainly revenge themselves upon you."

Mr. Hudson assured Sir Peter, that the injury he sustained was most serious. A Mr. Duncombe had pirated the very song just mentioned, for which Mr. Clementi had paid him (Mr. Hudson) fifteen guineas, and as the profits of the purchaser were, of course, greatly diminished, any future effort of the muse (if muse it can be called) must fall in proportion. (A laugh.)

Sir Peter Laurie—*I have heard a great number of your songs at public dinners, by Charles Taylor and Fitzwilliam, and I am only surprised that you do not offer your services to one of the theatres, particularly as you can get them up, I understand, at the shortest possible notice.*

An actor who accompanied Mr. Hudson, stated that since an American manager had established himself, *something might be expected*, as Mr. Price was endeavouring to cure the stage of its literary abominations, although he came over without any knowledge of the taste of the town. The manager, however, would not be likely to purchase songs, *although he might have no objection to pirate them, as he actually had done with respect to some of the applicant's "infinite variety."*

The actor spoke, as actors always do speak when they speak their own words, like a goose. The emphatic "something to be expected" from the American Manager, by the mime's own account, appears to be piracy. The "literary abominations" therefore which Mr. Price is endeavouring to cure are probably the purchases of copyrights—things held in great abhorrence by those who have once tried the simpler mode of acquiring the property.

As a proof of Mr. Price's extraordinary virtue as a Manager, it is just stated that he offered Miss Foote a lucrative engagement on the condition of her not singing for Fawcett's benefit. Miss Foote, to her credit, rejected the dirty overture, which can be ascribed to no other motive than spite.

11*th*. After the division of the Court of Chancery, Counsel soon found that it would be impossible for them to earn bread and cheese in Lord Eldon's Court alone, because little or nothing was done there, while, as the superior tribunal, they could not consent altogether to abandon it; they therefore practised in the two Courts. This has led to the inconvenience that when a cause is called on in the one Court, it frequently happens that the leader is engaged in the other. Mr. Montague, who has incessantly some disinterested little scheme on the anvil for the benefit of the public, has just attempted a curious remedy for this evil. When any cause is called on in which he is junior, and the senior Counsel is not forthcoming, Mr. Montague incontinently quits the Court, thus depriving the client of the benefit, such as it may be, of his services, because he cannot have those of the leader, and so leaving him altogether deserted—a proceeding similar to that couched under the vulgar saying of "burning the candle at

* Mr. Hobler's son is an attorney;—"there's nothing like leather," says the tanner in the fable.

both ends." Mr. Montague's pretext is, that juniors are unequal to the conduct of causes. It is a miserably shallow one. Mr. Montague's modesty is notoriously great, but it cannot have led him to such a conclusion. Junior Counsel are generally much better *prepared* than their seniors, and there are scores of young men who would desire nothing better than the opportunity of distinguishing themselves which the absence of a leader affords—an event that has made the fame and the fortunes of many. The simple truth, as we conceive, is, that Mr. Montague desired to be regularly employed in the first instance as leader, and hence this fine-spun scheme, which has excited the wrath and brought down upon him the severe but not undeserved animadversion of his brethren at the Bar. A Morning Paper takes up the affair in a particularly inept vein, and comes to some silly conclusion, adumbrated under an inapplicable illustration, to the effect that let the merits of the dispute be what they may, the public is the innocent sufferer. Newspaper writers are perpetually breaking their hearts about the wrongs and the woes of the public; in this instance we cannot, however, see that the beast has any thing to complain of, though we grant that the conduct of the Bar is not the most liberal. Mr. Heald and others give fair notice when they are tendered briefs that they will not promise attendance—that it is a chance—and if the parties with this warning force their fees on them, they do so perfectly aware of their risk, and have no reason to complain of any consequences. They must have the first practitioners on the worst terms; they might have men indeed of less business, but of sufficient efficiency and abundance of zeal on the best—with whom then is the fault?

— Mr. Justice Park, on the Western Circuit, suspecting that a *ruse* had been practised to increase the expences of a prosecution, observed with his accustomed *curiosa felicitas*—

"I don't like this trick at all, and some day or another *I shall set my face most furiously against it.*"

By the bye, the Learned Judge has been *drastic* in his treatment these Assizes. For a paltry theft, and a first and unaggravated offence, (so far as we are informed,) he calls six months in the House of Correction and two good whippings a *mild sentence*!

He whips every body, and has hinted his regret that the Legislature have rescued the ladies from this his favourite chastisement. He expressly desires in his sentence that the prisoner shall be *well* whipped. A little whipping is a dangerous thing.

15th. There is an amusing piece of discretion in the John Bull of this day. Having notified the sudden official deaths of the seven sages, it proceeds to deliver good set *éloges* on Wellington, Eldon, and Peel, after this affecting fashion:

"The Illustrious Hero, to whom the country owes, under Providence, its military glory and its honourable peace, quits the field. That venerable man, whose rigid principles of equity and justice, whose uncompromising and conscientious opposition to the innovations of those, with whose triumph comes the downfall of the Constitution, have rendered him obnoxious to the coarsenesses of Whiggery and the brutalities of Radicalism, from which neither age nor

talent, rank nor character, public service nor private kindness, has been able to protect him—the Chancellor retires from office.

“ Mr. Peel—free as air, and independent in his mind as in his fortunes—in youth, in health, in vigour, quits the Government ; *he*, who in the course of his official duties has done more (we speak it not idly, but upon the testimony of practical men of the highest character) to clear away the doubts, the difficulties, the intricacies, the inconsistencies, of the laws, to simplify proceedings, to improve the administration of justice, and whose able and intelligent mind was still directed to benefitting his fellow-creatures—this honest honourable Minister retires.”

Here he wisely stops, asking, “ But why pursue this ? ” Aye, why ? and *how* indeed ? It would not be easy, we conceive, to find any thing to say for Lords Westmoreland, Bathurst, Bexley, &c. ; these are, as little Isaac remarks, very difficult to compliment.

— It is perplexing, perhaps impossible, to define accurately what we express by the word *taste*. The masterly author of *De Vere* declares it to be a sense of proportions. This does not quite satisfy us. We require something more comprehensive than “ *proportions*.” A perception of the *το πρεπον* is taste, but it is not English. A sense of fitness is a clumsy phrase, because there is an uncouthness about that word fitness, of excellent force, but rusty from disuse. *Just* perhaps is nearest to the right term. Taste is a perception of the *just* ; in this word we include exact proportions, and the approval they command. It is often difficult to account for the keen relish of pleasure which some trifle, insignificant in itself, will give to our tastes. All that we say in reply to our query, why are we so gratified ? is, that the thing is exactly what the occasion required, or, as we phrase it in our familiar colloquy, it is *the very thing* ; this, wherever it occurs, is excellence, no matter how unimportant the shape that it assumes, or homely the material in which it is found. Swift defined composition, right words in right places. Good composition is by no means uncommon, but how rare it is to meet with these right words in right places—how great a pleasure to our taste ! In what a trifle does the gratification too consist—it is but a particle perhaps, a conjunction, a pronoun, but it is just where it should be, exactly where it was wanted ; the mark has been precisely hit, and taste is pleased. The author of *Vivian Grey*, with all his many faults, is felicitous in phrasing. Who can deny the force of his description of Ronzi Vestris’ style, as “ the arrowy and rushing.” In a love letter in the fifth volume, I have been much struck by a verbal grace of the kind, on which I have disserted. Whether it will strike others as it strikes me I know not ; but certain I am, that if it had appeared in Rousseau, the fine critics would have discovered in it a gem. The writer is a lady, severed by an untoward discovery from her lover :

“ May this safely reach you ! Can you ever forgive me ? The enclosed, you will see, was intended for you, in case of our not meeting. It anticipated sorrow, yet that were its anticipations to our reality ! ”

Now what has so captivated me is simply that little word *our*, which, applied as it is to reality, carries with it a volume of feminine

sentiment. It will not bear disquisition; the grace must be felt, not explained. It is not grammatical to use a possessive with reality, but as the reality is sorrowful, and it is the habit of the heart to cleave to sorrow, as the poet's nightingale leans its breast to the thorn, it is most natural to make it our own. The reality and the affliction are merely identified.

These minute beauties, as I think them, have great charms for me. I know nothing in the exquisite lyrics of Moore that delights me more than a little grace of the kind in the "Temple to Friendship." The girl rejecting the sculptor's image of Friendship, and preferring that of Love, says, "We'll make, if you please, Sir, *a* Friendship of him." The *a* there is of matchless beauty. Never before was the indefinite article so archly significant. Substitute *the* and we destroy the *naïveté* of the expression. Moore abounds in these delicious strokes. No poet in our language is so delicate in his phrasing, and graceful in his idioms. These excellencies are, however, not to be found in his prose; and perhaps they are only achievable in short pieces, which allow of the nicest labour in every part.

17th. Mr. Campbell, the poet, has delivered a speech to the Glasgow University, on his installation as Lord Rector, which, in its way, rivals Dogberry's famed charge to the Watch. Its prominent peculiarities are, inconsequence and anticlimax, together with a noble freedom from all the restraints of grammar. The orator uses relatives without antecedents, conjunctions where there is no connection, and objective particles where there is no distinction to be marked. In a word, his harangue looks in some parts like an exercise to be turned by the tyro into English, and in others like a rhetorical puzzle made by breaking up a number of sentences, and jumbling their beginnings and ends together, in order that the curious may try their skill and ingenuity in first dislocating and then re-uniting them again, according to the demands of sense. If this be indeed the design, it is certainly rendered of very difficult execution; and having ourselves no time for the arrangement of puzzles, we must give the parts as we find them, and leave our readers to guess at the process by which they are reconcileable with reason. Referring to the University of Glasgow, as apropos somehow or other to what began with Wickliff, at Oxford, and passed over to Bohemia, the orator says—

"Though I do not intend to bring it into an odious comparison with the institutions of England, that have formed the intellectual character of *that majestic race of men*, [What majestic race of men? *Institutions* is the only antecedent] yet, [Observe the grand point which he makes] I may remark, that *all your professors lecture daily*, which might be imitated with advantage by those great institutions.

"Amongst our professors, we can enumerate names above the meed of praise, as they are above detraction; and, I am bold to affirm, that the dynasty of professional talent is not to degenerate; *for* [Mark the closeness of the connexion—how much the one thing has to do with the other; and lastly the clenching and dignified effect of the concluding illustration] ye are to remember, that neither the glory of dead men's names, nor any such ideal sources can, of themselves,

animate the character of the student, without industry during the season of youth, the bitter fruits of mis-spending which are so obvious as to be lost sight of by their common occurrence; *like the great tree in St. Paul's Church-yard, concerning which so many wagers have been gained and lost.*"

"It would be easy, no doubt, to invest this topic with a gloomy interest, by tracing the life of a man to its end, in order to discover the bitter fruits of bad education. But we will not appeal to the ignoble principle of fear; for though I might represent this to you, my young friends—since the intimation would be all but welcome, and its colours all but bright—I will not do so. [Ye gods, what energy! This is surely the *δεινότης* of the Greeks.] And, let me say, it is not a want of boldness and vigour I most admire in youth; [Who does he think does admire *most* the want of boldness and vigour in youth?

—————"Campbell's head is made of wood,
And pigeon-pies of water-rats are very seldom reckoned good."

These are truisms; the orator, however, implies, that he does admire the want of boldness and vigour, though not *most*, yet in some degree] the want may present a negative quality; it may, however, prevent a positive acquirement—however long be the attainment of that. ["The attainment of *that!*" of what? of the acquirement *prevented?*]

"Voltaire tells us of a youth whom he almost considered 'born with experience.' Precocious indeed is that talent that can boast of but a few of the effects of experience—and alas! we have now no such intellectual heroes, born *with this useful commodity*. [Sublime diction!] There is a stage of intellectual advancement, to which no talent, however precocious, can be conceived to attain, without the demanded process. [What demanded process?] It is *that ardour* [i. e. the stage is an ardour] with which an accomplished mind awaits the next acquisition of new ideas, or the appearance of the next new book, *to a degree equal to that with which the gainer awaits the transmission of his lottery prize.*" [A rich climax!]

We now come to something peculiarly in the spirit and manner of the learned Dogberry. The philosophy is beautiful. The orator says that there are some persons hostile to classical learning; but he tells his hearers not to inquire with what justice, and to rest content that it is quite right.

"There is a spirit at present in existence that sets itself against classical learning. I advise you not to meddle with it; but content yourselves that you are not applying at aught but the true fountain of knowledge and virtue."

This is sublime. There is something beyond description happy in the methodical manner of the allusion to pin-making. It is of a fine phlegm—

"In your studies, I would not advise that formal division of labour *that keeps the pin manufactory in such exact order*. Newton made geometry illustrate physical science; and Richter, in later times, has followed up the great example."

And this is a public instructor! It may be imagined by those unacquainted with the general style of Mr. Campbell's writing and

speaking in prose, that there must be error in the report; but from our knowledge of his manner, we are persuaded that this is not the case. We admire him as a poet; but, of a truth, he should confine himself to verse, and lisp only in the numbers of the New Monthly.

— In Captain Parry's published letter to the Admiralty, developing his plans for the present expedition, he says that it will be important to procure from Greenland the necessary number of dogs, [for drawing the sledges over the ice,] as well as *of their* [the dogs'] *excellent water-proof boots for travelling.*" The boots here alluded to are those famous seven-leagued boots spoken of in our nursery histories, which were formerly worn by Puss when in the service of the Marquis of Carabas, and which, on her decease, passed into the possession of the dogs of Greenland. With them on, Captain Parry will hop from ice-berg to ice-berg, without wetting his feet, supposing the distance do not exceed seven French leagues; and he will step from Spitzbergen to the Pole in about twenty-eight strides and a half. *Apropos de bottes*, the dogs, who are to be roasted and eaten if provisions run short, say that they do not at all like the name of *Spitzbergen*, and should prefer quarters which did not put such dangerous thoughts of the kitchen into men's heads. They quote Homer, remark with Ulysses, *αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐπέλκεται ἀνδρα σιδήρεος*—the name of the *Spitz* puts roast meat into the men's heads.

21st. Ours is a nation of barter and benevolence—in cheating and charity we surpass all other people of the earth. It is admirable to observe the union of philanthropy and profit among us. We can break our hearts at a bankrupt's fall, and make excellent bargains at the sale. "Oh," says Mrs. Larmoyante (drowned in tears, and with a long lank pocket-handkerchief in her hand, like the lady in the undertaker's sign) "our poor friends the Selby's are ruined, reduced to destitution, to want, to misery. Oh! Oh! people that we have known for so many years, that gave such pleasant parties, and were so obliging and amiable, and now—Oh! I can't bear to think of their distress; it will kill me, I know it will—my sympathies are too strong for my constitution—Oh! Oh! Oh! Maria, my love, ring the bell, and order the carriage; the sale takes place at Philipps's at two, and I should like of all things to have the candelabra, and dear Mrs. Selby's sweet bronze ink-stand, if they go cheap. Bless me, we shall be late, girls."

An advertisement fabricated for the English market appears in the newspapers of this day, which moves the mind to benevolence and bargains, with irresistible power. How skilfully we are first shocked at the appalling distress, then soothed and consoled by the idea of Irish linen for shirts at 1s. 9d. a yard; and silk handkerchiefs, with which to wipe our tears of sympathy, at 1s. 6d. each.

"DREADFUL DISTRESS IN TRADE!—The Public are respectfully informed, that *of nineteen Bankrupts in the City, of Wholesale Linen Drapers, Silk Weavers, and Irish Factors, seven have absconded.* The remaining stocks of the above bankrupts amount to 90,000*l.* sterling, which must be sold off forthwith. Families furnishing new establishments (with ready money) will find this an opportunity which will never again occur. The following is a brief list of the property to be sold:—17 boxes finest undressed Irish Linens, 1s.

9d. a yard, usual price 4s. 6d.; 400 pieces undressed Scotch Holland, finest quality made, 2s. 9d. a yard, worth 5s. 6d.; 12 boxes, or 700 pieces, at 1s. a yard, suitable for gentlemen's wear, worth 2s. 6d.; 300 pieces, about 9d. a yard, worth double the money; 120 pieces of Russia sheeting, requiring no seam, 1s. 4d. a yard, finest quality, 2s. 8d. a yard, trade price 4s. 6d.; 200 pieces of Russia sheeting, 8½d. a yard, worth 1s. 4d.; 37 pieces at 1s. a yard, actually worth 2s. 3d.; 2000 damask table cloths, 1s. 6d. each; large size, at 3s. 6d.; the best quality, 3 yards square, 10s. 6d., usual price one guinea; 4 yards long, 13s. 6d.; worth 31s. 6d.; and 6 yards long, 18s. 6d.; worth 45s.; 300 dozens damask napkins, 4s. 9d. per dozen; those at 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. are very rich; the largest and best quality, 16s. 6d.; worth 25s.; 200 pieces of Irish and Holland sheeting, 6-4th wide, at 1s. 4d. a yard; best quality, 1s. 9d.; trade price, 3s. 6d.; 900 pair of blankets, 1s. 6d.; those at 3s. are very large; excellent at 7s.; the very best lamb's wool, 3 yards square, 14s. 6d.; cost the bankrupt 30s.; large counterpanes, 2s. 6d. to 4s.; those at 3s. are 4 yards square; Marseilles quilts, 8s. each; 3 yards square, 12s.; the largest and best, 18s.; worth 3 guineas; 200 pieces of Welch flannel, very fine, 1s. a yard; the finest quality, 1s. 9d.; worth 4s.; 13,000 yards rich sarsnets and gros de Naples, at 2s. 6d. a yard; trade price, 3s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.; 300 dozen gentlemen's silk handkerchiefs, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each; real India, best quality, 3s. 6d. each; retail price, 6s. 6d.; 4000 rich silk shawls, at a reduction of 40 per cent. off the factor's price; 80 pieces rich damask for table cloths, at 1s. and 2s. a yard; 3000 green and blue table-covers, large size, 2s. 6d. each; 180 pieces Russia toweling, 3½d. a yard; worth 9d.; strong huckaback, 4d.—All to be sold at the manufacturers' general warehouse, 86, east corner of New Bond-street, Oxford-street.—Alderson and Thorpe, managers."

Imagine Mrs. Batem returning with muff and pockets stuffed from this sale, and communicating her joy at the cheapness of her purchases, mingled with her horror at the cause. "Oh! my dear Mrs. Tattle, dreadful doings,—nineteen wholesale linen-draper bankrupts, and seven absconded! Terrible times! Think of their poor families! Things went shockingly cheap. Look at this beautiful flannel for my under petticoats, would ye believe it, it stands me only in a shilling a yard! And this sarsnet, ma'am,—two and sixpence! Lovely, is not it? But to think of seven bankrupts absconded! I'm sure it breaks my heart [sheds a flood of tears]. You see this handkerchief; if you'll take my word for it, I bought it for three and sixpence,—real India." Well, as dear Mr. Squintem says, it's wonderful how things accommodate themselves to our necessities in this vile sinful world. If seven bankrupt linen drapers abscond, and we weep for the DREADFUL DISTRESS IN TRADE advertised in the newspapers, why their handkerchiefs, you see, go the cheaper, and serve to wipe our eyes. Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and bandanas fall with tears! Mind you go to the sale to-morrow, Mrs. Tattle. Such an opportunity, you know, may never occur again. Nineteen bankrupts! Horrible times indeed; and such beautiful *gros de Naples* at two and sixpence a yard;—the distress is dreadful to think of;—it will make up into lovely spencers. - - -

TENDER REQUEST AND ROMANTIC EXPEDIENT.

"GUILDHALL.—John Dixon, a young man, was charged with stealing a pair of trowsers from the shop of Mr. Oram, in Newgate-street. The prisoner, it was stated, *rushed into the shop, and tore down the trowsers from the place where they hung*, and ran off with them in the most daring manner. On searching him, some letters were found on him, from a female convict at Woolwich, assuring him of her never dying affection, and *imploring him to do something that would enable him to come after her to Botany Bay.*"

"Ye Gods, annihilate both space and time, and make two lovers happy," was, though a moderate, a foolish request, because the disobliging nature of the Gods has in all times been notorious, and it is pretty well known that they will not unhinge the universe for the accommodation of any two persons, however amiable and enamoured. John Dixon's princess showed her superior knowledge of things, therefore, instead of asking Heaven to annihilate space and time for the accomplishment of their re-union, in simply imploring her swain to commit a felony. A youth in days of romance, so circumstanced as John Dixon, would have hied him to the sea-shore, and spent his time and wasted his breath in calling upon some dolphin to bear him after the beloved of his heart to New South Wales, and other such impossible demands, which our lovers of old ever preferred to the slightest personal exertion. John Dixon, however, lives in an essentially practical age, and is evidently a practical man. He knew that the Gods were not likely to alter the geography of the globe for the convenience of himself and his princess; but that the Judges would very probably accomplish his wish in regard to time and space, by a sentence of transportation for fourteen years, provided he took the proper measures. He therefore perceived at once that a pair of breeches would be the dolphin which would serve to speed him over the seas to the desired haven of Botany Bay; and seized them as we have seen with a lover's fervour, saying, by these shall I be re-united with my beloved. The means, it must be confessed, if not romantic, were adequate, and admirably fitted to the end.

MR. CANNING AND HIS OPPONENTS.

Our worthy colleague, in his Diary of the Month, will no doubt acquaint those who are not already informed of it, that on the 12th of April, being the day before Good Friday, seven cabinet ministers struck work simultaneously, like so many journeymen tailors, in consequence of the appointment of Mr. Canning to the Premiership. One of them, Lord Bexley, has since become (to employ the language of refractory workmen) a *dung*, and returned to his work, or rather to his idleness, for he enjoys a snug sinecure, which nothing but an access of extraordinary fury could have induced so pious a man to tempt Providence by relinquishing. The rest continue *flints*. *Tantæne*, as Mr. Canning would say, *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!* *Musa mihi causas memora.* What the devil could have tempted

seven ministers, grave reputable people, four of the seven certainly as little suspected of any exuberance of fancy or understanding as any men in the King's dominions; people far too stupid, it was supposed, even for a freak like this. What could have tempted them to throw their bread upon the waters, in the hope of seeing it again after many days? One of the newspapers called them the pillars of the state; and considering the manner in which pillars are employed in modern buildings, seldom ornamentally, never usefully, the simile was happy; and so commonly had they been considered as fixtures of this sort, that their secession excited scarcely less surprise than would be felt if some of the real pillars we have alluded to were to march from their pedestals, and make amends for their existence by breaking the heads of those who set them up.

As far, too, as can be judged from outward circumstances, no punctilio need have forced them to this desperate step. Mr. Canning is not a young man, or a man low in office, thrust over the heads of his elders and superiors. He has been about thirty-five or six years in public life, and has long held offices next in rank to the highest; and especially for the three last years has held the second place in the ministry—in the opinion of the world, perhaps the first. If we cannot explain satisfactorily the causes of the animosity which has been displayed towards him, we shall say a few words on his character and recent policy, in which perhaps some of the causes may present themselves.

Mr. Canning deserves, without doubt, the title of a finished orator—according to the oratory and the finish of this age. There is no speaker in Parliament, whose speeches are so well suited to the assembly he addresses, and so well calculated, if not to convince, to bear down those who oppose him, and to give the hearers a confidence in his power. This is what is wanted in Parliament. When the fixed opinions of the Members of the House of Commons on the main questions submitted to them are considered, the great object of speaking—beyond the effect on the country through the reports, will be found to be the confidence which is inspired on the adherents of a party, by the manifestation of intellectual ability on the part of its leaders. Though it is perfectly true that nothing is more rare than a vote gained by a speech, nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that votes are not gained by speaking. Men support strength, and desert imbecility; and a leader of a party is supported in proportion, not to the strength of his proofs of the justice of his proposition, but to the strength of the proof of his own talents, supposing those talents not to be vitiated by some extraordinary moral infirmity.

Keeping this object in view, we doubt whether modern times have seen an orator better suited to the House of Commons than Mr. Canning—better calculated to give confidence to those who follow him, and to intimidate and embarrass those who annoy him. A mode of expression as nearly approaching to the poetical, as is consistent with the gravity of oratory, a mode of reasoning as nearly approaching to the formality of syllogism, as is consistent with its ease, and with the scope of political discussion,—sentences finished, faultless and harmonious within themselves, and exactly cohering

with each other as parts of a whole, playful and brilliant wit, a rich store of allusions—all these, aided by an agreeable voice and intonation, and a fine person, form a defence for his party which, like the shield of Æneas,

Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it graved by the learned hand of art.

A shield that gives delight,
Ev'n to the enemies' sight,
Then when they are sure to lose the combat by it.

Mr. Canning's speeches are said to be studied, his intonation artificial, and his quotations common-place ; and, to a certain extent, these objections are true. Every speech in a public assembly ought to be prepared, and as far as it is possible, prepared with care. There is not a more audacious insult on an assembly of men, than to spout forth an unpremeditated harangue, as it implies the assertion that the mere froth and scum of the speaker's mind deserves the attention of listening hundreds. If it be intended to convey the charge that Mr. Canning cannot adapt his speeches for the accidental purpose of debate, and give them life and colour from the circumstances of the moment, there is no accusation less founded in fact. His speeches are not more studied in appearance than those (for instance) of Sir James Mackintosh, a speaker, who for neatness, clearness, and force, rivals him ; and who, with the advantages of the same parliamentary experience in early life, might, with the exception of a good organ, have equalled him in all the requisites of an orator. The artificial or measured intonation, agrees with the highly polished character of his oratory. In regularly recurring elevations and cadences of the voice, there is a degree of pretension which makes the hearer less indulgent to blunders or negligence, and more wearied by mere triteness and common place. But when the pretension is found to be justified by the matter, we are inclined to think that this peculiarity, as far removed from the slovenliness of ordinary intonation, as the style is from the looseness of ordinary conversation, adds to the effect which is produced, and makes the hearer more completely captive of the orator. Through similar arts in conversation, though Parr grew tiresome, except to boobies, Johnson was undoubtedly imposing, even to wise and learned men.

Under the head of quotations, it may be more difficult to defend Mr. Canning. It is scarcely allowable, under any pretence, always to quote from the first half of the *Æneid*, the *Eton Grammar*, or *Gray's Elegy*. Yet it has been said, with some truth, that Mr. Canning adapts his quotations to the capacity of his hearers. They are the examples by which he brings his poetical phraseology within the cognizance of great school boys, who know not, to a certainty, the good or the bad in poetry, except what they have been taught so to consider, when exemplifying the concord between vapulant and verberant. It may be said, also, with equal justice, that to a fervid and poetical mind those passages, which are in the mouths of all men, because they are beautiful, do not lose their beauty by reason of their repetition. It is a great proof of Mr. Canning's talents, that his common-places

do not appear common place; but derive freshness from the manner in which they are introduced, and the unpalled sense of their beauties which the orator evidently retains.

The claims of Mr. Canning and his friends, grounded on his recent policy, are somewhat misplaced. The great feat of Mr. Canning is the recognition of the independence of the New American States. Of the propriety of it there can be no doubt—of its importance a great deal. If, indeed, it were correct to say, as Mr. Canning said in his speech on the affairs of Portugal, that he had called into existence these states, all the credit which he assumes, as the author of a great political change, would be due to him; but he professedly and carefully waited till the states in question had established their independence before he recognized it, nor has he since given them the slightest assistance in maintaining it. No doubt the new states owe much to the assistance of individual Englishmen; but this aid was given long before Mr. Canning's recognition. If Mr. Canning called a coach in the street, it would be too much for him to boast that his recognition called into existence a vehicle, which he would probably find to have been built in the time of Queen Anne. All that was really called into existence, by the recognition, was a crowd of consuls and ambassadors.

The affair of Portugal has been also a little magnified. We do not see that any minister could have refused to do what Mr. Canning did—could have refused to afford an ally the protection which a treaty guaranteed to her. Another minister might, perhaps, have done it more quietly.

It is the pretension of Mr. Canning, the *con strepito* of his policy, which appears in part to have annoyed the old Tories. They would have been content that he should have done what he has (and we have little doubt, in our own minds, that if Lord Londonderry had lived, he, too, would have recognized the new states and aided Portugal); but they would have him do it quietly. Their motto is Dame Quickly's, "I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater—but I do not like swaggering." Mr. Canning's demerit with them, and, perhaps, his merit with the rest of the nation, has been his swagger. He has studiously displayed his dissent from the Holy Alliance; he took an opportunity, in the discussions with Spain on the South American question, to call to mind that it had actually been debated among the Allies, whether the Bourbons should be restored, or no, to the throne of France; and in his *Æolus* speech, he reminded all the nations of the continent of the discontents of their subjects. He has thus given, rather by words than by acts, a character to his policy; a character which will be differently judged of by those who desire, and by those who dread, the alienation of the governments of the Continent from this country. The aim of Mr. Canning seems to have been to bring about this alienation, by all acts, short of hostility; or rather, by all declarations short of direct insult. The tendency of this policy has, we think, been good, whether it has been the effect of temper or of purpose.

The speeches of Mr. Canning, on the questions of foreign policy, have been condemned by the high Tories as unstatesman-like, on account of this very peculiarity. If, indeed, his tone has arisen from

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mere personal vanity, from the desire to appear to play a great part; if his language can be fairly taken to convey threats, which it is neither the interest nor the intention of this country to follow up by acts, nothing can be more unstatesman-like and weak. But Mr. Canning ought not to be interpreted according to the glosses of his enemies. His language on questions of foreign policy has been that of dissent from the principles of the continental monarchs; forcible as every thing he says is forcible, but not stronger than the occasion has warranted. The despotic governments of the Continent have not been sparing in declarations of their opinions, to which the silence of the government of England, as a government, and the language of its ministers, in controversy with democratical opponents, had been taken for assent. Since the invasion of Naples by the Austrian army, it has become manifest that no union could any longer exist between this country and the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance; and if at that moment the swagger of Mr. Canning had been brought into play, it is very probable that calamities which have since fallen upon Europe, would have been avoided. Lord Londonderry did dissent from that act,—we believe; for though we have read his paper, we as little remember its contents as those do, probably, to whom it was addressed. This was statesman-like; that is to say, no one could well understand it at the time, or remember it afterwards. By this piece of statesmanship the invasion of Spain was prepared and justified.

At this sort of statesmanship the nations of the Continent would always beat us. It is really the privilege and the duty of the statesmen of this country to speak out. Their privilege, because they have rights as citizens, which they do not sink by the acceptance of office; their duty, because, being accountable to Parliament, they ought to address that body without disguise. This Mr. Canning has done. He has spoken without any of the cant of diplomacy, and there is no doubt that he has produced a good effect. His wisdom, as Lord Bacon says of the ancient mythology, has been either great or happy—great, if he intended to rally round England the affections of the world; happy, if he, intending nothing less, has been led by his temper or his genius to such a result.

Whether or no an action or a discourse is statesman-like, must be judged by its fitness to produce the end aimed at. To hear some people talk of statesmanship, it would seem that it signified to hem and haw, not to know your own will, or let others know it; to let the world slide, to be baffled and betrayed. The truth is, that many find fault with Mr. Canning's statesmanship, because his objects are not their objects, because they really wish to see the remaining liberty of Europe betrayed to those who choose to assail it.

On the subject of domestic policy, Mr. Canning has excited praise and envy by the same process, by seeing clearly and speaking out. His speech on the Silk Trade contains, in the following passage, the best manifestation of his opinions.

“Why is it to be supposed that the application of philosophy (for I will use that odious word); why is it to be supposed, that to apply the refinement of philosophy to the affairs of common life, indicates obduracy of feeling or obtuseness of sensibility? We must deal

with the affairs of men on abstract principles, modified, of course, according to times and circumstances. Is not the doctrine and spirit of those who persecute my right hon. friend, the same which in former times stirred up persecution against the best benefactors of mankind? Is it not the same doctrine and spirit which embittered the life of Turgot? (Cheers.) Is it not a doctrine and spirit such as these which consigned Galileo to the dungeons of the Inquisition? (Cheers.) Is it not a doctrine and a spirit such as these, which have at all times been at work to roll back the tide of civilization—a doctrine and a spirit actuating little minds, who, incapable of reaching the heights from which alone extended views of human nature can be taken, console and revenge themselves by calumniating and misrepresenting those who have toiled to those heights for the advantage of mankind. (Cheers.) Sir, I have not to learn that there is a faction in the country—I mean not a political faction—I should, perhaps, rather have said, a sect, small in number and powerless in might, who think that all advances towards improvement are retrogradations towards Jacobinism. These persons seem to imagine, that under no possible circumstances can an honest man endeavour to keep his country upon a line with the progress of political knowledge, and to adapt its course to the varying circumstances of the world. Such an attempt is branded as an indication of mischievous intentions, as evidence of a design to sap the foundations of the greatness of the country. Sir, I consider it to be the duty of a British statesman, in internal as well as external affairs, to hold a middle course between extremes; avoiding alike the extravagance of despotism, or the licentiousness of unbridled freedom—reconciling power with liberty; not adopting hasty or ill-advised experiments, or pursuing any airy and unsubstantial theories; but not rejecting, nevertheless, the application of sound and wholesome knowledge to practical affairs; and pressing, with sobriety and caution, into the service of his country, every generous and liberal principle, whose excess, indeed, may be dangerous, but whose foundation is in truth.”

This is vague, it may be said, but vagueness of a very different description from that which had long been fashionable among Tory statesmen. “The progress of political knowledge,” “Turgot,” “Galileo,” “liberal principles,” are names and phrases which would not have been a few years ago found in the speech of a minister.

The twelve years which have elapsed since the conclusion of the war against France, have prepared a great change, or rather restoration of opinion in the country. Previously to the French Revolution, the tendency of this country decidedly was towards political improvement. The minister, a declared friend to Parliamentary Reform, practised severe economy in the expenditure, meditated an improvement in the church establishment, and a commutation of tithes, or other extensive plans of amelioration. Some followed, others outran him, but no very marked difference of opinion existed. A friendly feeling also prevailed towards all improvements in the political condition of other nations. The French Revolution entirely changed this state of things. The minds of some men were exalted, but of more, and those of the most influential, terrified. A few men meditated revolutions, but it became the fashion to hate changes, to stand still, or if to move at all, to go back was the chief merit of a statesman;

and any attempt at innovation in any part of the world, no matter how provoked or justified, was viewed with undisguised horror. But this condition of the mind of a large portion of the public in a country where discussion was free, could not long outlive the terror which gave rise to it. Since the peace, the nation has gradually reverted to the same position in which it stood previously to the war; the objects to which its attention are turned are different, but the temper is similar. Many of the remaining members of the Pitt party have not accommodated themselves to this change of circumstances. The cant, the catch words of the time of the revolutionary war have stuck by them; they talk of Pitt's principles, meaning thereby the expedients he adopted against dangers, the very imagination of which has passed away. They praise Pitt's actions, without reference to the circumstances in which he was placed, and, like Panurge's sheep, would follow the precedent of the bell-wether in jumping into the sea, not recollecting that their great leader did not go in, but was thrust in. Mr. Canning has had the sense to see that the time for this folly is going by; that nothing is so hopeless as the attempt to keep up the humbug alarm at the danger of innovation, which never perhaps had any foundation in fact, but which has now lost all its foundation in imagination; that the dangers to be avoided in the time of Robespierre were different from those to be avoided in the time of Ferdinand of Spain. As Mr. Canning has gained immense credit by recognizing the new states, that is, by proclaiming a fact which it was impossible rationally to deny, so he has completed his fame by adverting to a change in England which none but the purblind can mistake.

Mr. Canning is accused by the high Tories of consummate talents for intrigue as well for popularity as for power. His great intrigue seems to have been opening his eyes, a process which mole-like opponents cannot easily conceive. He has done less than Mr. Peel—he has probably not wished to do more; but he has looked to the state of the country, he has spoken of it; and by a few words of good sense and frankness, he has conciliated a great body of people who had been alienated from the government, and who had hated him. It will remain to be seen whether he will justify this popularity.

MAJOR MOODY ON NEGRO LABOUR, AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

WE fear calm and reasonable discussion (in which we excell) is at a considerable discount in the discussions on negro slavery. The West Indians are furious against the saints, to whom they attribute the wish to destroy their property; and the saints, in the way of humanity, are just as savage against any who doubt not merely the propriety of their object, but the expediency of any of their means. The rest of the world, we fear, do not care a straw about the matter, and leave a clear field for the contending parties. We shall, however, in the character of Wisdom, cry aloud in the streets; if no one regard us, that is not our concern.

In resolving all questions as to the mode in which slavery is to be put an end to in the West Indies, and even the question, (if any one entertains it,) whether it be desirable to put an end to slavery at all, it is necessary previously to ascertain what is the real amount of the benefit of slavery to the parties for whose supposed advantage it is maintained—that is, to the proprietors of slaves. The relation of master and slave in the West Indies implies certain rights and obligations, but mainly, the right, on the part of the master, of compelling the slave to work by physical coercion, and the obligation, on the part of the same master, to provide for his sustenance.

If it were proved that the negro would afford to an employer the same, or nearly the same labour, in return for his sustenance, in a state of freedom, as he now does in a state of slavery, the coercion which is at present employed would be proved to be unnecessary, the slavery to be a pure evil. It does not indeed follow, on the other hand, that even if free negroes will not afford labour so cheaply, slavery is desirable or justifiable; but it is important to ascertain the fact, in order that we may know whether any or what compensation is due to the slave holder; and generally, that we may not be in ignorance of all the consequences of the steps we may take to put an end to an existing system.

The last number of the Edinburgh Review (No. XC.) contains an article on this subject, which exhibits proofs of the disinclination, on the part of the abolitionists, as well as the slave holders, to reason calmly on this subject. The article in question is a review of Major Moody's Report to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the captured negroes in Tortola.

The major, who seems to have been a very observant and acute man, has certainly laboured occasionally under an excess of theory, and a defect of grammar, both of them diseases very common to men unpractised in authorship, and one of them at least very excusable in a production not published by him, or intended for publication. It is amusing to see, under such circumstances, so much eloquence thrown away by the reviewer, to prove that a man uses a superfluity of *that's*.

It is not our wish, however, to defend the major's style; and we have as little concern about his theories. He has generalized in some respects rashly. He is not the first who has done so; but the reviewer, in giving what he conceives to be a refutation of the major's theories, gives us to suppose that he settles some practical part of the question of West India slavery. He gives judgment as on demurrer, and because the objections which the major makes to the supposition that labour can be cheaply obtained from free negroes in the West Indies, are encumbered with doubtful propositions, he would evidently lead us to infer that there would be no difference between the labourer in the West Indies, and the labourer in England, if the slaves were made free.

The main question of any interest, therefore, connected with the Major's Report, the reviewer altogether shirks, viz., "Will the negroes, after they are made free, work as they now work, for such wages as the planters are able to give them?" This question, in the absence of any satisfaction from the Review, we shall attempt to argue for ourselves.

If we look at the circumstances of our principal West India colonies, Jamaica, Demerara, and Trinidad, we find countries, very small parts of the best lands of which are cultivated, and of such fertility, that a very small portion of the labour of a man is sufficient to provide him with subsistence. In such countries the land itself is worth nothing; it does not yield any rent (taking rent in the sense in which it is used by the economists); the whole value of an estate consists in the improvements which have taken place, and in the buildings which have been erected on it. According to the slave law of Jamaica, it should seem, that the only provision which it is compulsory on a master to make for a slave, is to supply him with a provision ground (which, under such circumstances, is of no value), which the slave is to till in his leisure time, that is to say, on Sundays, and twenty-six days in the year, which are allowed them for that purpose. (Consolidated Slave Law of Jamaica, 57 Geo. 3, c. 25.) The slave-owner, therefore, gets eleven-twelfths of the labour of the slave, and pays him with the other twelfth; and this is the whole of the payment,* unless he add a rag to cover the nakedness of the animal. At any rate it is a main part of it.

Now it is impossible to conceive that if these men were free, their labour could be obtained on such terms. The negro might indeed be willing to work the twenty-six days in the year, to provide himself with yams or plantains; but that he should work during the 286 days in the year, exclusive of Sundays, for the plantation, without some payment other than the privilege of working twenty-six days more for himself, we do not believe. The saints may, for faith will remove mountains.

Major Moody considers it a part of the philosophy of labour, that man will not work without a motive, in the lowlands of the torrid zone. The reviewer objects that the same principle applies to all parts of the world; and we so far agree with the objection, that we would not work upon the terms on which it is expected that a negro is to work if we were on the highlands of Iceland. But, because the reviewer proves the Major's proposition to be less extensive than it might have been, he does not prove it to be untrue within the limits to which the Major restricts it. Under certain circumstances, says the Major, the Blacks will not work under the torrid zone. This is not answered by saying, under the same circumstances Whites would not work under the temperate zone.

The climate does make a difference in this respect—that, whether the pleasures of idleness under a burning sun be or be not greater—the wants of a negro, beyond food, are certainly less in Jamaica than in England. If the negroes are at all like whites, (the object of the reviewer seems to be to prove that they are, and for this purpose they may be safely taken to be so,) the pain of labour, and the pleasure of rest, *must* be greater under a burning sun than in a temperate climate; and the Major certainly gives us great matter for doubting whether a free labourer under such circumstances would give his labour steadily for any reward which could possibly be offered to him.

* This is evident, from another part of the same law, where it is provided, that if no provision ground is given, the slaves shall have money wages, 3s. 4d. per week each, "in order that they may be properly supported and maintained."—Sect. 6.

But the question is needlessly complicated as far as the planter is concerned, by taking into account the known difference of climate, or the disputed difference between black and white.

"We will grant," says the reviewer, "that the free blacks do not work so steadily as the slaves, or as the labourers in many other countries. But how does Major Moody connect this unsteadiness with the climate? To us it appears to be the universal effect of an advance in wages, an effect not confined to tropical countries, but daily and hourly witnessed in England by every man who attends to the habits of the lower orders. Let us suppose, that an English manufacturer can provide himself with those indulgences which use has rendered necessary to his comfort for ten shillings a week, and that he can earn ten shillings a week by working steadily twelve hours a day. In that case, he probably will work twelve hours a day. But let us suppose that the wages of his labour rise to thirty shillings. Will he still continue to work twelve hours a day, for the purpose of trebling his present enjoyments, or of laying up a hoard against bad times? Notoriously not. He will perhaps work four days in the week, and thus earn twenty shillings, a sum larger than that which he formerly obtained, but less than that which he might obtain if he chose to labour as he formerly laboured. When the wages of the workman rise, he every where takes out, if we may so express ourselves, some portion of the rise in the form of repose. This is the real explanation of that unsteadiness on which Major Moody dwells so much—an unsteadiness which cannot surprise any person who has ever talked with an English manufacturer, or ever heard of the name Saint Monday. It appears by his own Report, that a negro slave works from Monday morning to Saturday night on the sugar grounds of Tortola, and receives what is equivalent to something less than half-a-crown in return. But he ceases to be a slave, and becomes his own master; and then he finds that by cutting firewood, an employment which requires no great skill, he can earn eight shillings and fourpence a week. By working every other day he can procure better food and better clothes than ever he had before. In no country from the Pole to the Equator, would a labourer under such circumstances work steadily. The major considers it as a strange phenomenon, peculiar to the torrid zone, that these people lay up little against seasons of sickness and distress—as if this were not almost universally the case among the far more intelligent population of England—as if we did not regularly see our artisans thronging to the ale-house when wages are high, and to the pawnbroker's shop when they are low—as if we were not annually raising millions, in order to save the working classes from the misery which otherwise would be the consequence of their own improvidence.

"We are not the advocates of idleness and imprudence. The question before us is, not whether it be desirable that men all over the world should labour more steadily than they now do; but whether the laws which regulate labour within the tropics, differ from those which are in operation elsewhere. This is a question which never can be settled, merely by comparing the quantity of work done in different places. By pursuing such a course, we should establish a separate law of labour for every country, and for every trade in every

country. The free African does not work so steadily as the Englishman. But the wild Indian, by the major's own account, works still less steadily than the African. The Chinese labourer, on the other hand, works more steadily than the Englishman. In this island, the industry of the porter or the waterman, is less steady than the industry of the ploughman. But the great general principle is the same in all. All will work extremely hard rather than miss the comforts to which they have been habituated; and all, when they find it possible to obtain their accustomed comforts with less than their accustomed labour, will not work so hard as they formerly worked, merely to increase them. The real point to be ascertained, therefore, is, whether the free African is content to miss his usual enjoyments, not whether he works steadily or not; for the Chinese peasant would work as irregularly as the Englishman, and the Englishman as irregularly as the negro, if this could be done without any diminution of comforts. Now, it does not appear from any passage in the whole Report, that the free blacks are retrograding in their mode of living. It appears, on the contrary, that their work, however irregular, does in fact enable them to live more comfortably than they ever did as slaves. The unsteadiness, therefore, of which they are accused, if it be an argument for coercing them, is equally an argument for coercing the spinners of Manchester and the grinders of Sheffield."

It follows from this (we will not call it admission, for we do not wish to consider the question as advocates of any particular solution of it, but from this) statement of the true facts of the case, that if the negroes of our colonies were free, much less work must be done, and that the payment by the planter for this work must be much greater than at present. It follows further, from such a state of things, in the first place, that a great part of the fixed capital in the West Indies, which the labourers are not now too numerous to keep in activity, must remain unemployed, and be in effect lost; that the proprietors of the rest would be unable to bear competition with those who raised tropical produce with slave labour (or with free labour, in a country where labour is cheaper); that therefore the whole value of West Indian estates would be as nearly as possible annihilated.

The notion of the superior cheapness of *free* as compared with slave labour, applied, as it indiscriminately is, to countries under all sorts of different circumstances, is one of the errors which have arisen from too hasty a generalization. In countries like England, where the population exceeded the ready means of subsisting them, the business of slave-holding would probably be the most unprofitable of all occupations. The labour of a man is obtained without slavery for his mere subsistence. If he were a slave he would still be fed, his industry would be much less to be relied upon, and the master would be burthened with the expense—which he now throws, or hopes to throw, on his neighbours,—of his maintenance in sickness and age. Some of the agricultural parishes *compel* the wealthy inhabitants to find a certain number of labouring men with employment, with no other obligation as to payment of wages than that of keeping them from starving. Some people have compared this condition of the labourer, to slavery;—but it is directly the opposite, to slavery. It is at any

rate the slavery of the capitalist, not of the labourer. The West Indian farmer forces the slave to give his labour in return for food; the English farmer is forced to give his food in return for labour.

But a state of things the opposite to that of England prevails in every country which abounds in rich and unappropriated land. There, instead of being a burthen to maintain a strong man, getting his whole labour in return, there can be no doubt that it is a great advantage to get the services of a labourer on that condition. In North America there are numerous instances in which the services of the emigrants from Europe are purchased for terms of years for a considerable sum, the temporary slaves, or bondmen, being well fed, well clothed, and even furnished with money at the expiration of their term of service. Nothing in America, it is well known, is more difficult than to obtain agricultural labourers for hire, (though in no part of the world are the people more active, if not more steadily industrious.) It is, or was, equally difficult to get rent for land, except in the immediate neighbourhood of towns. A farmer will take a lease in a labourer, who will not take a lease in a farm. In such a country, if it were possible to obtain property in labour, it would be similar in value to the property of land in England.

In the work of Adam Smith, in consequence of the want of distinction between countries in different conditions, as regards the demand for labour, a strange confusion of ideas on the subject of slave labour prevails; the more singular in the man who explained so clearly the doctrine of competition. He actually conceives (for the candour of his mind precludes us from supposing that he intended to mislead his readers, even for the sake of discountenancing a barbarous system,) that slave labour was chosen in the sugar colonies, though dearer than free labour, only because the sugar cultivation would "afford it." After observing (book iii. chap. 2), "The experience of all ages, I believe, demonstrates, that the work done by slaves, though it appears to cost only his maintenance, is, in the end, the dearest of any;" he says, "the pride of man makes him love to domineer, and nothing mortifies him so much as to be obliged to condescend to persuade his inferiors. Wherever the law allows it, and the nature of the work *can afford it*, therefore, he will generally prefer the service of slaves to that of freemen. The planting of sugar and tobacco *can afford the expense of slave cultivation*. The raising of corn, it seems, in the present times cannot. In the English colonies, of which the principal produce is corn, the far greater part of the work is done by freemen. - - - - - In our sugar colonies, on the contrary, the *whole work* is done by slaves; and in our tobacco colonies, *a very great part of it*. The profits of a sugar plantation in any of our West India colonies are generally *much greater* than those of *any other* cultivation that is known, either in Europe or *America*; and the profits of a tobacco plantation, though inferior to those of sugar, are *superior to those of corn*, as has already been observed. Both *can afford* the expense of slave cultivation, but sugar can afford it still better than tobacco. The number of negroes is accordingly much greater, in proportion to the whites, in our sugar than in our tobacco colonies."

This is one of the choicest specimens we know of the mistakes an

able man is liable to fall into when he begins by taking for granted a proposition which it is his business to investigate.* Having pre-established that slave labour is always dearer than that of free men, yet finding in practice that those plantations cultivated wholly by slave labour are the most profitable, those partially by slave labour the next, and those wholly cultivated by free labour the last in profit, he proceeds to make the degree of profit the cause, not the effect of the employment of slaves, as if *all* sugar growers could be so overburdened with wealth, as to waste their money voluntarily in the most expensive species of labour they could find, with the great additional advantage of thereby living in constant danger of insurrection or murder. The true state of the case, evidently was, that slave labour was applied to sugar plantations, because it was cheapest—because from the nature of the sugar cultivation the superintendence of the slaves was easiest, and because on account of the growing demand for the produce in Europe a better opportunity was offered than in other plantations for the investment of capital in large masses. So long as the growing demand for sugar continued with the advantage of this cheap labour, (cheap to the planter, for the same reason, that stolen goods are cheap to the thief, applied to a fertile soil,) the profits must have been large. Whatever they are now, we have no doubt the emancipation of the negroes would make them disappear altogether.

The saints and the West Indians keep up a cross fire of falsehoods on one another; each party, by their extravagance, actually making out a case for their opponents. The saints tell us it would be better for the planters if the slaves were free; the planters tell us the slaves are actually better off than if they were manumitted. Good saints, if what you say be true, you may safely let the planters alone; good planters, if what you say be true, it is no hardship to make you manumit your slaves. But you are both wrong. Slavery is a good thing for the planters, and a bad thing for the slave. It is good for the master to get eleven-twelfths of a slave's labour for nothing; it is bad for the slave to be cart-whipped into working on such terms.

It may be nevertheless true, that though the slaves are not so well off as they might be, they are, for the most part, not in a very pitiable condition, as compared with many other beings in the world. Such is the fertility of the soil they cultivate, that their provision grounds afford them, we believe, an ample supply of food; it is not the interest of their masters to work them so severely as to endanger life, or to treat them with unnecessary severity. It is possible and probable, that as far as physical enjoyment is concerned, they may be on a level with the free labourers of Europe. Nothing would induce us to doubt

* It is observed, if we remember rightly, in some Life of Adam Smith, (Stuart's?) that his conversation on subjects which he had not thoroughly investigated, was far from being remarkable for its acuteness; and that the opinions which he hazarded would have impressed a person unaware of his real powers, with a most unfavourable idea of his mind. The same observation must not be applied to all the incidental remarks in his great works, but there are some of them which often remind us of it. He had great powers of investigation, but little of quick or ready judgment. When he pronounces hastily, he often blunders. Mr. M'Culloch is about, we understand, to publish an edition of *The Wealth of Nations*, with Notes. No work needs them more; and no man is better fitted to supply them.

this but the decrease of their numbers (though now not a rapid decrease) in most of the colonies.*

We do not give into the cant of those who blame the saints for giving their attention to the condition of the negroes while there are other objects of philanthropy nearer home; but we cannot help thinking that the importance of the discussions, as far as the happiness of the negroes is concerned, has been much exaggerated. There are 6 or 700,000 slaves in the West Indies, in the condition we have just described; but this number includes all ages, so that, according to the ordinary calculation, there are not above 200,000 or 250,000 of efficient working negroes. They alone are subject to the caprice and the cart-whip of masters and overseers; the old and the young must be practically exempt from it. Of these, unless the West Indies entirely change the nature of a civilized man, the great, the very great majority must be well treated. A few are in the condition of the crew of a ship under a brutal and capricious commander. Here and there cases of cruelty and oppression probably occur, which, if known, would wring the soul; and they occur perhaps more frequently than in other forms of society, though no form of society will be entirely exempt from them. But this state of things will mend of itself; it is difficult to hasten its improvement, and the number of the people affected by its evils is small.

It will mend of itself, because the importation of slaves having long ceased, the coercion which was necessary to be applied to the imported savages will gradually disappear. The slave population will soon be entirely composed of persons born in the colonies, habituated to labour, acquainted with the power of their masters, and accustomed from their infancy to dread it. Obedience will follow fear, and mildness obedience. Brutal punishments will be discountenanced by public opinion. Manumission by testament will become frequent. The slaves being instructed, will be enabled to avail themselves of the protection of the law.

With your utmost efforts, can this improvement be much hastened? The power, so long as the colonies exist on their present footing, must be left in the hands of white men, who, to a certain extent, would always abuse it. How many cases of cruelty occur now, and how many less would occur under any plan you can devise? The good you do will be on a small per centage of a small number.

The 200,000 hard-working, but well-fed personages, of whom perhaps 200 are yearly flogged when they do not deserve it, occupy more of the attention of Parliament, give rise to ten times more pamphlets, more schemes and discussions, than the hundred millions of natives of Hindostan, among whom, for aught the people of England know, a hundred times as many enormities are perpetrated. It is creditable to the nation perhaps that the name of slavery catches the attention,

* There was, we believe, a great inequality in the numbers of males and females imported while the slave trade continued, the former being greatly superior to the latter. If we could judge from the vessels containing the captured Africans who were the objects of Major Moody's inquiries, the males would exceed the females in the proportion of fifteen to six. This would account for a considerable difference between the rate of increase of the population of the West Indies and that of other places. But the lying and exaggeration on both sides makes it difficult to ascertain the truth on any point.

and shocks the mind. The cracking of a cart-whip at a female, the marking of human beings like cattle, are offensive to the imagination; but still not more so than the burning alive of women on funeral piles, or the massacre of hundreds of men by grape shot. Yet while Parliament caused to be printed voluminous schedules concerning the condition of the Tortola apprentices, with protocols of the dispute about Kate Hodge's hog, and Venus Acomki's goat, they refused even to look at the papers concerning the mutiny of Barrackpore. The zeal and industry of the saints are fine qualities; they make the most of their subjects, and if human attention, human time, and human benevolence were unlimited, they would be worthy of all praise; but as the world goes, there are few great subjects on which the same good qualities might not be much more usefully employed.

A WINTER IN LAPLAND.*

THE northernmost parts of Europe are so inaccurately known, and so seldom visited by intelligent travellers, that we should have felt grateful to Captain Brooke for his publications respecting them, were their contents less interesting and intrinsically valuable than they really are. As it is, the pleasure arising from novelty is superadded to the wholesome enjoyment experienced by the person who perceives that he has added to his stock of useful knowledge. The *Winter in Lapland* is in reality the second volume of Captain Brooke's former travels, and relates to a corner of the globe much less justly appreciated than the principal part of his earlier route. Finmark is the most northern extremity both of Norway and Sweden, which run up to the Polar ocean in a parallel direction, and are terminated in the snowy mountains, the clustering islands, and numerous inlets and fiords of the country, respecting which we propose, by the aid of Captain Brooke's work, to communicate some intelligence.

Captain Brooke established his head-quarters in Qualöen, or Whale Island, ($70^{\circ} 38'$ lat.) which is less than a degree from the North Cape. This island, about sixty miles in circumference, is formed by a lofty mountain, rising out of the sea, and the inhabitants are confined, by the nature of the country, to the coast, on which is the town of Hammerfest. The bay of Hammerfest is a very fine port, and the harbour wholly protected from every source of danger or annoyance to shipping. If one point only of likeness may authorize a comparison, Hammerfest is a sort of northern Venice; for there is no moving about without a boat. After the purchase of this necessary vehicle, Captain Brooke considered himself perfectly independent; for he could either fish, shoot, or pay visits, as he pleased, in the boat that was moored under his window and always ready at his command. At first Captain Brooke was lodged at Fuglenæs, a point on the opposite side of the bay to Hammerfest. This water he frequently crossed, and mentions a peculiarity of the northern seas which must render them a fruitful source of amusement. Fish and fishing are the staple of the Arctic regions; and the transparency of the water is such, that the fishermen

* *A Winter in Lapland and Sweden, with various Observations relating to Finmark and its Inhabitants, made during a Residence at Hammerfest, near the North Cape, by Arthur de Capell Brooke, M.A., F.R.S., &c.*

are enabled to ply their trade at an extraordinary advantage. In the following extract, Captain Brooke enumerates the fish usually *seen* in the water; and describes the manner in which, availing themselves of this circumstance, the fishermen catch the plaice.

The waters of the bay, which deepen gradually to about twenty fathoms, possess all the transparency for which the Northern Ocean is so remarkable, as has been already noticed. The passage from Fuglenæs to Hammerfest was, on this account, exceedingly interesting, when the weather was calm, the watery regions presenting a scene of as much life and animation as those above. A few feet below the boat, shoals of *små torsk* (young cod) eagerly snapped at the dangling hook; the middle depth was generally occupied by the larger sey, or coal-fish, (*gadus carbonarius*;) while at the bottom, huge plaice, (*pleuronectes platesa*, Linn.) or the enormous *queite* or halibut (p. hippoglossus,) was frequently seen stretched on the white sand. In some parts, the bottom was thickly studded with echini of all hues and sizes, some being of a delicate pea-green, others of a reddish colour, and many of a deep purple. In other parts, where the bottom was composed of a fine white sand, innumerable star-fish (*asteria*) might be seen, extending their rays. Some of these that I succeeded in drawing up, were very large, exceeding in circumference a full-sized plaice. Very few shells indeed were to be observed, the northern shores, from their nature, being particularly barren of testacea.

The manner in which the large plaice are taken here, renders this kind of fishing more entertaining than any other. When the weather is calm, and the surface of the water unruffled, the fisherman provides himself with a strong fine cord, a few fathoms in length, to which is attached a small sharp-pointed spear-head, with double-barbs, similar to a whale harpoon, and heavily loaded, to carry it with the greater force and velocity to the bottom. This is held by the harpooner, ready over the bow of the boat, whilst a second person paddles it forward as slowly as possible, in order that the former may be enabled to discover the fish at the bottom, which, as they are found generally on the clear white sand, are thus more easily discovered. As soon as a fish is seen, the boat is stopped, and the harpooner suspending the line, drops the harpoon close to the stern of the boat, which is brought exactly over the fish. This, being firmly transixed by the force the harpoon acquires in its descent,* is then drawn up to the surface. By these means I have known a boat loaded in the short space of a couple of hours. Halibut are but seldom taken in this way, being found at depths too great to admit of the effectual descent of the harpoon, which is used with the greatest advantage in two or three fathoms water. These, which are caught by means of hooks, sometimes attain the enormous size of 500 lbs. weight, or even more, and instances have been known of their upsetting the boat, when they have been incautiously drawn up, without being dispatched.

At the time our traveller was at Qualøen island, the bay and port of Hammerfest were by no means unfrequented by merchant vessels. Besides four from Bremen and Flensburg, three from Drontheim and Nordland, and one hundred and fifty Russians from the White Sea, Captain Brooke found two fine English brigs, taking in cargoes of stock-fish for Holland and the Mediterranean. These vessels were chartered by a Mr. Crowe, who is the grand means of communication between the inhabitants of this remote district and the civilized world, and seems to have discovered an exceedingly snug and profitable trade. The inhabitants depend upon him for all manufactured goods, and the ladies are especially indebted to him for every article of exterior dress and ornament. The fair sex of Hammerfest are peculiarly gay in their attire; and Captain Brooke observes, that no one would imagine from their appearance, ease of manner, and dress, that they inhabited an obscure part of the world several degrees beyond the Polar circle. It may easily be supposed, that at Hammerfest there is not a more

* This is an odd blunder for an F.R.S. The resistance of the water partly destroys the force communicated by the hand, and diminishes the influence of gravity. No force is acquired in the descent; and Captain Brooke might have learned this from the fact he afterwards states, that the halibut lies too deep for this kind of fishing. The resistance of the water then destroys the communicated force.—Ed.

popular character than the English merchant. His annual departure, at the close of the year, is accompanied with tears; and his return, in the succeeding summer, looked forward to with the most lively anxiety by the females of Hammerfest.

The Laps of Finmark may be divided into two classes—the fishing or shore Laplanders, and the rein-deer or mountain Laplanders. The latter live during the winter in the mountains, and in the summer they invariably seek the coast. The interior part of Lapland, especially its boundless forests, abounds with insects, so that it is not possible for any animal to remain there in summer. The Laps are moreover led to the shore under the idea that a draught of salt water is necessary for the welfare of their deer. When the deer descend from the mountains and come within sight of the sea, they hasten forward with one accord, and drink eagerly of the salt water, though they are never observed to apply to it afterwards.

In a country where nature has so few charms, or rather where her features are so rugged, and all her ways so stern, it is to be supposed that the resources of the inhabitants are of a social kind. If jovial drinking and good-natured chat may be called social, the natives of Qualøen may challenge the world for this virtue. Captain Brooke's chamber, at Fuglenæs, every night resounded with the notes of mirth and merriment. The many little articles of British manufacture which are always turned out of the baggage of an English traveller, and which usually lie about his room, with his sketches and his books, were objects of general admiration. Notwithstanding the interruption which this caused to his pursuits, Captain Brooke states, that the good-humour and honest frankness of these people, made him willingly submit to the inconvenience. The following is a lively picture of a jolly evening, and proves pretty clearly that "Old Norway" understands even better than "Merry England," did in her old days, how to push about the bowl, which, by an excusable blunder, is in songs usually called "soul inspiring."

One evening the whole small society of Hammerfest would come in their boats to drink punch, and smoke their pipes at the Red House; and this number being swelled by the captains of the different vessels, the party was consequently pretty numerous. My little room then resounded with loud effusions of hearts unacquainted with care, and little anxious about what the morrow would produce. These drinking bouts were conducted with such spirit, that it reminded me of the good old days, when our ancestors were in like manner worthy disciples of Anacreon, and would have caused a blush in the cheeks of the degenerate water-drinkers of the present age. They were in fact so determined, that many a head far stronger than my own would have sunk in the conflict; and I really despaired, that any exertions, however great on my part, during my short residence, could render me a worthy companion to such men as Foged, Meyer, Aasgaard, or Jentof. The first of these was a giant, with powers unrivalled in Finmark. Enveloped in smoke, and swallowing streams of liquid fire, the sheriff was in fact the soul of every party; and his arrival at Hammerfest from Alten, where his presence was frequently required from his high office, was the speedy forerunner of a succession of jovial parties. At these, the only liquor drunk is punch, wine being almost unknown in Finmark; except that occasionally a few bottles of a villainous black compound find their way from Bremen or Flensburg, and enabling those who can afford to drink it to form no other idea of that wine, the name of which it bears, than what its colour may suggest. This, however, is rarely the case, as the merchants wisely prefer their own native liquor; and in the making of this the ladies of every family are so skilful, that having once tasted the nectar which flows from their hands, it is scarcely possible to resist temptation. They nevertheless do not participate farther in these ceremonies, than entering occasionally to replenish the bowls. These bouts in summer-time commence generally about six o'clock, and in winter about four,

and are carried on without intermission till after midnight. Every one brings his pipe ; without this he would be miserable, and not even the punch could make him feel comfortable. The room is presently filled with smoke so dense, that it is difficult to distinguish persons.

Most of the company during this time are deeply engaged, each with his pipe in his mouth, at their favourite game of whist ; while the remainder pace the room with slow and measured steps. Now the first toast is announced by the master of the house, which is *Gammel Norge*, "Old Norway !" The effect produced is electrical ; the whole party instantaneously rise, the capacious glasses are filled to the brim ; every one then touches with his own glass the top of each in the room, which is called *klinking*, and is similar to our old-fashioned custom of hob-nobbing ; and the contents are drank off, and smoking resumed, till the national song of Norway is commenced, and sung in loud chorus by all with the greatest enthusiasm.

The national song is highly characteristic of the manners of the country. It describes the three modes of life which a settler in Finmark may follow, and the blessings which may attend each. Should I, says the song, dwell on the lofty mountains, where the Laplander, in his snow skates, shoots the rein-deer, and the ptarmigan flutters on the heath, these would be sufficient for my wants—with them would I "buy wine, and pay my expenses."

The summit of the rock which bears the pine
Is the free town of jovial souls.

In the green valley, where there are rivers and sheep and lambs, "that play, and nibble *leaves*," and oxen—and where wealth increases fast, there would he laugh at the "boastings of fashion," (meaning, we presume, the boasting of merchants, sailors, and fishermen, who talk of the large towns they have seen, and the big churches,) and sitting safely on his grassy sod, empty his goblet to friendship.

If, again, he should live on the naked beach, on a rocky islet abounding with eggs, in the midst of the rolling sea, where flocks of birds pursue the herring, sprat, and morten, then he says, if he gets such a draught of fish that his boat is so full of roe, that it is in a fair way of sinking, that then he is happy, rich, and satisfied. At the mention of *fish*, all the hearers shout, for upon it the welfare of Finmark depends. "Long may fish swim !" is the cry of the song, and the "fishery" are drunk with loud acclamation. "Long may fish swim !" sounds in their ears like "Britons never *shall* be slaves" in ours. The cry of fish speaks to them of enjoyments as sincere, and perhaps of the very same kind as the cry of liberty with us. It all ends in a good dinner, and a pleasant evening by the fire-side. That which is the most essential, is the most classical ; and though the idea of blubber is by no means among our most refined reflections, yet it carries emotions of the most tender kind to the heart of the Laplander. When the Briton indignantly repels the notion of slavery, and glories in ruling the waves, he, were his meaning closely analyzed, would be found to intend nothing more than that he hoped he should not be disturbed in the possession of such comforts as have fallen to his share. Slavery carries with it hard work and hard fare ; and ruling the waves implies, keeping off intruders, and bringing home pleasant merchandize. As the jovial Lap roars out over a particularly strong bowl, of punch, and with a countenance shining like the best whale oil,

Long may fish swim ! that was the toast
On which I took my glass,

Sang and drank, Long may the fisheries flourish !

we presume he means much the same thing.

Tea is generally taken at the commencement of these entertainments, says Captain Brooke, and about three hours afterwards the *mellem mad* is served. This, which means the middle meal, and is merely a kind of interlude, is brought in on a tray, and handed round to all, consisting of brandy, smoked salmon or halibut, with sandwiches made of thin slices of German sausages. It proves not the least interruption to what is going forward; and about ten o'clock the *aftens mad*, or supper, is announced, upon which the party retire to an adjoining room, to partake of it. The *aftens mad* consists almost invariably of a large dish of boiled fish, accompanied in summer by a *reen stek*, or piece of rein-deer venison, roasted, and eaten with the jam of the preserved *möltæbar*, or cloud-berry, (*rubus chamæmorus*,) and different pickles. Nothing but punch is drunk during this time, and the cloth being removed, the bowls are replenished, and the carousal seldom ends before midnight. These evenings are diversified by balls, when the only difference is, that females and a violin are introduced. The violin is a great favourite; some member of every family plays upon it, and thus the darling amusement of dancing is always to be had with ease. The usual dances are the waltz, the polsk, the national dance, and the hopska, which resembles our country dance, except that it possesses a greater variety of figures. In this way were Captain Brooke's apartments occupied nearly every night during the time he remained at Fuglenæs.

The mountain Laplander, who is a very different person from the Norwegian settlers, among whom Captain Brooke lived, generally commences his migration from the interior to the coast in June. The snow is by that time off the ground, he consequently no longer travels in sledges, but deposits them and all his winter necessities in the storehouse near his church, in the neighbourhood he occupies during the winter. The coast of Norway is preferred for summer residence to that of the Gulf of Bothnia, though that may in some instances be more distant from the freshness of the breezes and its freedom from insects. The principal object is the health of the deer—on his flock of rein-deer the existence of the mountain Lap depends—it is his fortune. Where they are likely to do well, and where he stands a chance of catching fish for his summer support, there the *Field-finner*, as he is called, pitches his rude tent.

The mountain Lap is, for the most part, wild and savage, both in appearance and habit. There is a ruggedness about him, which, if not properly softened by a glass of brandy, or a present of tobacco, is repulsive. He takes, however, the gift as a token of good intentions, and is then ready and willing to perform any service within his power. His costume is sufficiently like his neighbour, the bear—what nature does for one a very rude kind of art does for the other. The husk is considerably thicker than the kernel. The Lap is principally clothed in rein-deer fur; leather and woollen are resorted to, to supply the interstices. With linen, Laplanders are totally unacquainted. Stockings they have none: the women thrust soft dried grass into their shoes, and for the more effectual exclusion of the cold, wear *breeches*.

The Laplanders generally are of a diminutive race, though it is remarkable that the more northern tribes exceed in stature those of the

south. The average height of the mountain Laps may be considered from five feet, to five feet two inches. They are meagre and bony. Their mode of life makes them hardy and active. They are constantly subject to every species of deprivation, and in seasons of plenty make up for former deficiencies by excessive indulgence. A Lap, who has been without food some time, can devour the most stupendous piles of food, which will last him, as it ought, for several days, if he should be exposed to any sudden extremity. The number of deer belonging to a herd is from three hundred to five hundred. With them a Laplander can do well, and live in tolerable comfort. In summer they supply him with a stock of cheese for the winter, and he can also afford to kill deer enough to supply his family constantly with venison. Should he possess but one hundred deer, his subsistence is very precarious, and with fifty only he generally joins some other herd. Should any calamity deprive him of his deer altogether, he descends in life—joins the inhabitant of the coast, the shore Laplander, whom he considers an inferior being, and lives by fishing, until he can recover his deer. The following passage speaks of a most important article among the Laplander's sources of subsistence.

The household economy of the Laplander, it may be readily imagined, is extremely simple. His food, during the period of his summer wanderings, is spare and frugal; he no longer indulges himself in his favourite food, rein-deer venison, which forms the luxury of the winter season. In summer he is intent only upon increasing his herd, and providing against his future wants. He contents himself then generally with milk, and the remains of the curd and whey after making his cheese.

In the first he indulges himself sparingly, on account of the very small quantity each deer affords, as well as of the great importance it is to him to secure a good quantity of cheese for his winter stock, and to guard against any disaster that might suddenly befall his herd, and reduce him to want. As his herd is milked during the summer season only, when this is drawing to a close, he generally sets by some milk, for the purpose of being frozen. This serves not only for his individual use during the winter, but is prized so much for its exquisite delicacy in this state, that it forms an article of trade; and the merchants with whom he deals, and who repair then to the interior, gladly purchase it at any price.

From the naturally churlish temper of the mountain Laplander, and the value he justly sets upon his milk, it is extremely difficult during the summer to prevail upon him to part with even a very small quantity; and whenever I visited the tent, I saw with what reluctance these people offered it. By degrees, however, I ingratiated myself so much into their favour, partly from the circumstance of my being an Englishman, and partly by a few well-timed presents, that for some time during their stay near Fugle-næs, I had the luxury of drinking it in a morning for my breakfast; and I must confess I found it so delicious, that I think the time of any idle epicure would not be ill bestowed in making a trip to Finmark, were it solely for the pleasure of tasting this exquisite beverage. The flavour of the milk is highly aromatic, which it is probable is chiefly owing to the kind of herbage the animal browses upon in summer. In colour and consistency it resembles very much cream: and its nature is such, that however gratifying to the taste, it is difficult and even unwholesome to drink more than a small quantity of it.

It is singular, that rich as is the rein-deer milk, the cheese made from it is extremely hard and disagreeable. Bread is a thing totally unknown. They set much value on the blood of the rein-deer, from which they procure a variety of dishes, taking care always to preserve it when the animal is killing. In this country, and we believe generally elsewhere, a strong prejudice exists against consuming blood as an article of food. It is however done in two instances—the blood of the pig is dressed in the shape of black-puddings, and the blood of geese in the north of England is baked in pies formed from the giblets

of the bird. The Laps hold the blood of the rein-deer a peculiarly wholesome anti-scorbutic. Were the blood of the ox proposed as an article of subsistence here, though the saving might be great, the proposition would doubtless be thought very shocking.

The rein-deer is so important an animal to the Laplander, and possessed of such remarkable properties, that he deserves a more particular mention.

A mere glance at the rein-deer will convince us, how admirably Providence has qualified this animal for the Polar regions; and how indispensably necessary it is to the very existence of the inhabitants of these countries. It is by no means so graceful and elegant in its appearance as others of the deer genus, owing in a great measure to the shortness and thickness of the neck; which occasions the animal, instead of holding the head erect, to carry it in a stooping posture, forming near a straight line with its back. The peculiar make and strength observable in the neck, shoulders and fore-quarters, would alone mark it as peculiarly adapted by nature for the purposes of draught; while its loins, the extraordinary degree of muscular power developed in the general formation, the thickness and bone of the legs, confirm it in as great a degree. The hoofs of the animal are wonderfully adapted to the country it inhabits; instead of being narrow and pointed, like those of the roebuck, or the fallow-deer, they are remarkably broad, flat, and spreading; and when it sets down its foot it has the power of contracting or spreading its hoofs in a greater or less degree, according to the nature of the surface on which it moves. When the snow is on the ground, and in a soft state, the broadness of the hoofs which it then spreads out, so as almost to equal in size those of a horse, gives it a firmer support on the snow, and hinders it from sinking so deep in it as it would otherwise do; though it does not prevent it at times from plunging even to a great depth, particularly after a recent fall of snow, before the surface has acquired firmness sufficient to bear the weight of the animal.

The antlers of the rein-deer are large, and highly ornamental, being entirely covered during the principal part of the year with a soft, dark, velvety down, which remain till winter.

The horns begin to shoot in May, and in the space of seven or eight weeks arrive at their full size and growth. It is said to be peculiar to this species of deer that the female has horns. The snapping or clicking noise made by the animal in walking, is occasioned by the striking of the inner parts of the semi-hoofs against each other. It is of considerable use in enabling the herd, when scattered, to rejoin one another. The rein-deer's coat is uncommonly thick and close; the hairs are indeed so thick, that it is hardly possible, by separating them in any way, to discern the least portion of the naked hide. In summer it is of a darker colour than winter; it is then thin, but on the approach of the cold season thickens in an extraordinary manner, and is then of a greyish brown. The speed of the rein-deer is very considerable, and his power in supporting the fatigue of a long journey very great. His pace, ascertained by an experiment over a short distance, is about nineteen miles an hour. Remarkable anecdotes are told of the swiftness with which rein-deer journies have been performed. In one instance, an officer, in 1699, carried the news of an invasion, from the frontiers of Norway to Stockholm, went, with a single rein-deer and sledge, a distance of eight hundred miles in forty-eight hours. The faithful animal dropped down dead at the conclusion of the journey. The mode of travelling in *pulks*, is described in a very picturesque manner by Captain Brooke. It was by means of this conveyance that he passed through the interior.

The morning was cold and stormy: I was jaded; miserably tired from want of rest, and just on the point of being tied to a wild deer, and dragged at random in the dark, in a kind of cock-boat, some hundred miles across the trackless snows of Lapland. In

truth, I was never less inclined for such an expedition, and had something like the sensations which an inexperienced horseman feels, when mounted upon a spirited steed, and about to take the first high fence at the commencement of a fox-chase. Our pulks were ranged together in close order, and the *wappus* having performed the last office for us, by tying each of us in as fast as possible, and giving us the rein, jumped into his own, and then slightly touching his deer with the thong, the whole of them started off like lightning. I had not time to reply to Mr. Aasberg's parting exclamation of "Luk paa reise," (good luck to your journey,) as we flew past him; but I devoutly wished within myself it might be realized.

The want of light rendered it difficult to distinguish the direction we were going in, and I therefore left it entirely to my deer to follow the rest of the herd, which he did with the greatest rapidity, whirling the pulk behind him. I soon found how totally impossible it was to preserve the balance necessary to prevent its overturning, owing to the rate we were going at, and the roughness of the surface in parts where the snow had drifted away, the pulk frequently making a sudden bound of some yards, when the deer was moving down a smooth, slippery declivity. In the space of the first two hundred yards, I was prostrate in the snow several times, the pulk righting again by my suddenly throwing my weight on the opposite side. My attention was too deeply engrossed by my own situation, to observe particularly that of my fellow travellers, or to be able to assist them. The deer appeared at first setting off to be running away in all directions, and with their drivers alternately sprawling in the snow. As I passed Mr. Heinekin's deer at full speed, I observed, to my great wonder, the former turn completely over in his pulk, without appearing to sustain any damage, or his deer at all to relax its pace. My turn was now arrived; and as we were descending a trifling declivity, and about to enter the fir forest, a sudden jerk threw the pulk so completely upon its broadside, that I was unable to recover it, and I was dragged in this manner for a considerable distance, reclining upon my right side, and ploughing up the snow, which formed a cloud around me, from the quick motion of the vehicle. My deer, before this happened, had been nearly the foremost in the race: this unfortunate accident, however, enabled the rest to come up, and I had the mortification of seeing the whole pass me, without their being able to stop their deer to render me any assistance, the *wappus* being already far a-head. Among this number was Inndsted, the Swede, who appeared, from the experience of the day before, to be going along in excellent style, and I could not help thinking how completely the laugh was now against me. To render my situation more helpless, on losing my balance I had lost also the rein; and though I saw it dancing in the snow, within an inch of my hands, I was unable, from the position I lay in, to recover it. Notwithstanding the great increase of weight, the deer relaxed but little of his speed, making greater exertions the more he felt the impediment. The depth of snow, however, in parts, exhausted the animal, and he at length stopped for an instant breathless, and turned round to gaze upon his unfortunate master. I began to fear I also was now going to receive some punishment for my awkwardness; but, after resting a moment, he again proceeded. In the mean time I had been enabled to recover the rein, as well as to place myself once more in an upright posture, and we continued our way at increased speed.

This accident had thrown me back so greatly, that no traces of the rest of the party were to be seen, nor could I hear the sound of the bells fastened round the necks of the deer. The fear of being entirely left behind, and the situation I should then be in, made me regardless of every thing, and I urged on the deer to the utmost. I was now crossing a thick wood of firs, which proved a constant impediment to my progress. Getting entangled among the trees, and being obliged, beside attending to the balancing of the pulk, to steer clear of these, the task was still more difficult for one so inexperienced; and in the course of a mile I had so many overturns, that at last I cared very little about them. Presently I heard the distant tinkling of a bell; and was rejoiced to find I was gaining upon the rest. It was not long before I overtook one of the hindermost, who had experienced some accident similar to my own: and on coming up with the main body, the *wappus* made a halt, to give the deer a little breathing, and to collect the scattered party. In a few minutes we were all assembled; no injury had been sustained by any one, a few rolls in the snow having been the only consequences; and we started again. We were still on the right bank of the Alten, and at no inconsiderable distance from it; but in consequence of having found it unfrozen the preceding night, we had in some measure altered our course, which prevented the necessity of crossing it.

At mid-day we reached the banks of the Aiby Elo, a stream that rises in the mountains, and runs into the Alten. Here the whole party made an unexpected stop;

the cause of which, on coming up, I found was, that the middle of the stream was unfrozen and flowing, so that, according to appearance, we should be compelled to retrace our steps back to Mickel Busk; since it was impossible for us to proceed upon our journey without first crossing this stream, as it ran directly athwart our way.

The Laplanders, to whom these obstacles are trifles, prepared, without hesitation, to leap each deer with its driver and sledge over together. This seemed no less difficult than hazardous; indeed it appeared quite impracticable, from the width of the unfrozen part, which was about seven feet, and in the centre of the stream. The whole breadth of the Aiby Elo here, might, perhaps, be twenty feet: and on each side there was a short precipitous bank, the space between that on which we were, and the open part, being about six or seven feet, and the ice of which appeared firm and thick.

The *wappus* now getting out of his pulk, stationed himself near the open part; and the sledges then advancing, each deer was urged forward by his driver to the utmost of his speed, descending the declivity at full gallop. Nothing less than such an impetus could have carried us across, from the heavy load of the sledge and driver. The natural force which its own weight gave it, being thus so greatly increased by the speed of the deer, and the icy smoothness of the bank, it made of itself so great a bound on coming to the open space, as in most instances to gain the firm part of the opposite ice, and by the strength of the deer was dragged up the other side. In order to increase as much as possible the speed of the animals, on first starting they were urged on by the Laplanders with loud shouts, and the *wappus* himself, on their reaching the unfrozen part where he was placed, did the same by means of his voice as well as his action. The first three or four took their leaps in fine style, carrying their drivers completely and safely over. The one immediately before me failed in the latter respect, for, though it cleared the open part, yet the sledge, from its weight, or some other cause, not making a sufficient bound, the fore part of it alone reached the firm ice, and the hinder, with its driver, was consequently immersed in the water, till the deer, by main strength, extricated it from its awkward situation. I relied greatly on mine, from its size, and fortunately was not disappointed, as it conveyed me safely across, both deer and sledge clearing the entire space. On reaching the other side, I halted for a few minutes, to observe how the rest of the party escaped. It was a curious sight to see the manner in which they came across, and the ludicrous appearance some made, who were unfortunate. Madame Lenning being extremely light, her deer carried her across with ease. Many, however, who were heavy, did not fare so well; and the open part being now widened by the breaking of the ice at the edge, several were so completely immersed, that I began to be alarmed. They were, notwithstanding, soon extricated by their deer: and in this manner the whole of the cavalcade got over, with no other injury than a ducking. This, however, was of little consequence, the thickness of the fur of the *poesk* well resisting the water, which could not, at the same time, easily find its way into the pulk, from the manner in which the driver was covered over.

We now continued our way, directing our course toward the Alten river, along which our guides intended proceeding, should we find the ice sufficiently strong to bear us. By this time I was considerably improved in the management of my pulk, the practice of a few miles having made such an alteration, that I was able to keep its balance tolerably well, in those parts where the inequality of the surface did not render it very difficult. Madame Lenning appeared also to be somewhat expert, and her deer being tied behind her husband's sledge, she could not be in better hands, as he was an experienced traveller, being in the constant habit, every winter, of making a journey of this description into the interior of Lapland. The degree of cold marked by the thermometer was nearly the same as on the preceding day. The manner, however, in which I was equipped, made me quite disregard it; and, in fact, I was as warm and as comfortable as I could desire.

The natives use a kind of skate, which they call a *skie*. We find a curious account of the manner in which it is employed.

The fall of the snow enabled me to witness now, what I had so long desired to see, the Laplanders making use of the *skie*. This kind of snow skate is peculiar to Lapland and Norway; as those that are made use of by the native tribes of the northern part of the American continent, differ both in form and size, being only about four feet in length, nearly two in breadth in the central part, and composed of thongs. The Lapland *skie*, or skate, is, on the contrary, exceedingly narrow, and often more than seven

feet in length, varying in nothing from the one used by the Norwegian *skie* troops, but in the circumstance of both skais being of unequal length.

The *skie* is more in use in Finmark than in any other part of the north, from the mountainous nature of the country; and in very early ages the natives were considered so expert in the use of it, that the inhabitants obtained the name of *skidfinni* or *skridfinni*, and the country itself, according to some authors, of *Skedfinni*, *Scirefinnia*, or *Skirdfinnia*, which appellation may still be seen in maps, some of them of no very o'd date. Ignorance and superstition, in the early ages, entirely swayed the inhabitants of the north; and Finmark was then known to Sweden only by the extraordinary tales related concerning the country and its natives; and it is easy to suppose, that a people like the Laplanders, whose appearance is at all times so singular and uncouth, would have the most marvellous stories told concerning them, if seen in the winter season on their snow skates, gliding along the frozen lakes, or darting down the precipitous mountains of Finmark, in the singular manner which habit enables them to practise with such facility.

As soon as the snow falls, the Laplander puts on his snow skates, though it is not till the surface of the snow has acquired a certain degree of hardness, that he can proceed with any speed. In northern countries, after the snow has fallen a few days, the frost gives it such a consistence, that it is firm enough to support the weight of a man; the surface becomes hard and glazed; and the Laplander can then make his way in any direction he pleases across the country, which before was impassable. Nothing is capable of stopping him, and he skims, with equal ease and rapidity, the white expanse of land, lake, and river. His address, however, is most remarkable in the descent of the mountains and precipices of Finmark; which, to any eye but his own, would appear impassable. From the length of the *skie*, it might be thought extremely cumbersome; its weight, however, from the lightness of its materials, and its narrowness, is not great; and the skater moves forward with facility, merely gliding on, without raising it from the ground. In many parts of Lapland, the greatest use of them is in the pursuit of wild rein-deer, and the other animals with which the country abounds. When the Laplander sets out in the pursuit, and comes to a mountain, the summit of which he wishes to gain, however steep the ascent may be, practice enables him to surmount it with comparative ease, though the operation is necessarily the slowest, requiring considerable address to prevent the smooth surface of the skate from slipping, and precipitating the wearer backwards. To obviate this, the Laplander sometimes covers the *skie* with rein-deer or seal-skins; the hair of which being turned backward, hinders it from a retrograde direction.

This covering of skin, however great may be its use in ascents, in other circumstances prevents the *skie* from gliding so rapidly as when the lower surface is only the smooth hard wood. On this account it is not in such general use; and, in Finmark, I do not recollect ever seeing a Laplander with a pair of this description.* In ascending the sides of the mountains, he is, of course, obliged to proceed in a zigzag direction; and although the ascent should be long and steep, he accomplishes it in a surprisingly short time, considering its difficulty. When, however, he arrives at a point he intends to descend, it is very different; sometimes the lofty ranges are many miles from the summit to the base, consisting of long precipitous declivities, frequently obstructed by large masses of detached rock, and in others presenting a smooth and steeply inclined surface, with many windings. When the Laplander begins the descent, he places himself in a crouching posture, his knees bent, and his body inclined backwards, to assist him in keeping his position; he holds in one hand a staff, which he presses on the snow, and which serves also to moderate his speed when too great. In this manner he will shoot down the greatest declivities. So great is his dexterity, that if he should meet suddenly with a fragment of rock, or other impediment, he takes a bound of some yards to avoid it; and such is his velocity, when the part is very steep, that it may be compared almost to that of an arrow, a cloud of snow being formed by the impetus of his descent.

It has often been asserted, that the speed of the Laplander is such, that he is enabled to overtake the wild animals he is in pursuit of. This, however, is not generally true; for, if the surface be level, and sufficiently hard and firm to bear the animal he is in chase of, he would have little chance of overtaking it. He is only able to do this after a deep and recent fall of snow, or after a thaw, when the surface of the snow is again become hard enough to bear his weight, but not that of an animal like the wild rein-deer; which, in consequence, sinking at every step through the half-frozen crust into the deep snow, is easily overtaken, and falls a prey to the Laplander.

* This kind of *skie* is more in use in Nordland, and other parts of Norway.

In addition to the charge of ruggardliness and inhospitality, which has been urged against the Lap, that of avarice has also been alleged. But for this tolerably good reason may be found. He is a perfect Cobbett in his enmity to paper; and if he buries his silver, he considers it better to have all his money in a hole, than to run the risk of finding his wealth every now and then taking wings, and flying out of his pocket on wings of rags.

The Laplander has generally been accused of avarice, and a miser-like disposition, in hoarding up his riches, and even burying them. The reasons I am about to assign may probably, however, induce an opinion, that in so doing he is actuated by other motives than that of avarice. It is very certain, that he at all times shows the greatest eagerness for attaining silver money, and nothing is so effectual as the sight of a dollar for obtaining any favour from him. Upon Norwegian copper money he sets little value, or upon the small skilling pieces, which are made of base metal, and plated over. The paper currency, which in Finmark consists chiefly in notes of one dollar each, the mountain Laplander esteems so little, that it is very seldom any persuasion will induce him to take it. For this the following circumstances would sufficiently account, independently of any other motive. During the war in 1812, there was a very considerable reduction in the value of the paper currency; the dollar, of ninety-six skillings—by which it may readily be imagined, the holders of them suffered no inconsiderable loss. The Laplanders, who previously to this readily took the paper money, and possessed, very many of them, large portions of it, were in this manner at once deprived of the greater part of what they had saved up. It is not to be supposed, that so simple a race of men would be able to comprehend the causes of the fluctuation or reduction of the paper. They merely knew, that for what they had given the value of ninety-six skillings, they only received twelve; this, naturally enough, made them suspicious, that what had once happened might at some future occasion occur again: and they have from this period been very cautious against taking paper notes.

The mountain Laplander, in all his dealings with the merchants, makes it a point to be paid in silver, either in rix-dollars or *orts*, both of which are extremely scarce in Finmark, and hardly to be obtained. This creates a considerable impediment in the way of business; nevertheless, as the former is in possession of some things which are indispensably necessary to the latter, particularly a supply of fresh venison, which is extremely desirable to the settler, after living constantly upon fish, he is glad to procure it upon any terms. The Laplander, in this manner, gradually amasses a large quantity of dollars, which he regards with the more pleasure from their solidity, and being fully sensible of the sterling worth of the metal. He is, at the same time, a more frugal and provident being than the coast Laplander, his more precarious mode of subsistence naturally rendering him so. From having likewise less frequent intercourse with the settlers on the coast, his wants have not been artificially increased to the degree which the intimate connexion of the latter with them has produced. His wants indeed are, in reality, but few; and from thus constantly putting by the silver money he acquires, he frequently becomes, in time, possessed of a very considerable sum. This he looks on with the delight of a child, and hardly any thing will induce him to change it. He usually buries it in the ground, in some spot near his tent. In doing this, the only motive which seems to actuate him is that of its preservation.

The moving and unsettled life he leads, remaining but a few days in a place, would render it both inconvenient and unsafe, to carry always with him a large quantity of dollars; and even when he is stationary, his tent offers no secure place in which to deposit them. Nothing appears to him so safe as the ground, and he accordingly conceals them there, keeping the secret entirely to himself, and without even making his wife acquainted with the spot where the treasure lies. The consequence frequently is, that he forgets himself where he has hidden it; and his hoard of silver remains so effectually concealed, after he has been absent some time, that he is unable to discover the place, and it is consequently lost to him for ever. In this manner Sura, the Laplander, who was near Fuglenæs, was said to have lost a very large sum, which he had concealed in some spot on the mountains, so securely, that notwithstanding the regular researches he had made for it, when he paid his summer visit to Qualöen, he had not been able to regain it.

It is probable, that the extreme scarcity of silver currency in the north, is in a great measure occasioned by the custom these people have of hoarding it up; and I

have been assured, that very large sums are at this day buried in different parts of Finmark, which in all probability will remain so secure in the earth, that centuries may elapse before they again see the light.

After the rein-deer, the most useful productions of the animal world in Finmark, and those which most differ from our experience, are some of the kinds of fish, which are sometimes remarkable for their size, and sometimes for their abundance. In the latter quality, the coal or sey-fish excel, of which an account is found in the following extract.

Immense shoals of the *sey*, or coal-fish, having been seen in different parts of the straits chiefly about the island of Slojöen, I accompanied Mr. Ackermund and his boats for the purpose of fishing. The sey-fishery is one of the most lucrative branches of the Finmark trade, and is thus followed. A shoal having been found, to which the fishermen are easily directed by the cries of the sea-fowl hovering round, which may be heard at the distance of some miles, four boats with three men in each, follow it, provided with a large square net. On approaching it, the direction in which it is moving is noticed; and rowing quickly a-head of it, the net is extended on the surface, and then let down to a certain depth, to enable the leaders of the shoal to pass with ease, and prevent their being alarmed, in which event the whole turn aside. When the nets, thus sunk, the boats row to a certain distance and lie to, as waiting the approach of the fish, they forming a complete square, each holding a long rope attached to the net. The approach of the shoal is a curious spectacle, as it extends itself frequently for a quarter of a mile, blackening the surface, and followed by the gull tribe in numbers almost equalling their prey below. The loud deep notes of the larger fowl, joined with the shrill screams of the others, produce a very extraordinary and deafening concert. Part of these swim boldly among the fish, pecking at them: and when a small one shows itself, they strike upon it, and bear it aloft. Sometimes when on the wing they pounce suddenly upon a fish, the unexpected size of which so greatly exceeds their strength, that they are quickly compelled to let go their hold. When the shoal enters the square formed by the boats, nothing is to be seen but the heads and tails of the fish, which are forced out of the water by the great pressure of the shoal below. The capture is then pretty certain; and when the boatmen judge they are over the centre, the corner lines are quickly pulled in, and the net is drawn up. The quantity of fish sometimes taken in one haul is so great, that the whole of the boats are completely loaded, and 200 vogs (8,000 lbs.) weight are taken at one fishing. The weather should be perfectly calm and still; as, when there is any wind, the fishermen are prevented from ascertaining the direction of the sey: but when the surface is smooth, if the shoal should be suddenly alarmed, the direction it takes is readily discoverable from the transparency of the water.

The quantity of fish is indeed almost incredible, five or six large shoals being often seen within a short distance. The time they remain at the surface is not long, suddenly descending, and reappearing in a few minutes in another direction, in pursuit of their food. In this manner they are brought continually to the surface, and enable the fishermen to avail themselves so favourably of it. The advantage of the sey-fishery may be conceived, when the Russians eagerly give in exchange a vog (40 lbs.) of flour for five vogs of sey, in the state in which they are caught. They salt the fish themselves, and take them to the White Sea, and the adjoining coasts.

The Finmarker, on the contrary, sets no value upon the sey-fish as an article of food, and never touches it except when no other fresh fish is to be had. The only part of the sey valuable to him is the liver, which is extremely rich in oil, and supplies him with a great part of what is annually exported from Finmark.

The walrus is a mis-shapen monster of the deep, characteristic of the north. The relation between cold and clumsiness is striking—on the arid deserts of Africa, the sleek and elastic tiger bounds along the sands—in the north, the blubbery whale, and the portentous walrus, swell and wallow and splash, in the frigid seas of the arctic region. It is the same on approaching the cold latitudes of the south. Elegant proportions, and nice organization, abhor the Poles. It is similar with colour. As the traveller approaches the arctic circle, colours become limited to dreary white, or drearier grey or brown: whereas in the equatorial regions, more warmly embraced by the sun—

all is glare and dazzle—red and yellow and purple, blush and glow, in all their pomp and splendour. Of the habits of the mighty walrus amusing anecdotes are given by Captain Brooke.

When I was at Fuglenæs I had an opportunity of seeing the remains of a walrus, which was lying upon the shore not far from the Red House. This had been brought from Cherie Island; I could not help remarking the extraordinary thickness of the hide, which at present is applied, I believe, to no other use, than occasionally as matting to protect the masts of vessels. I brought with me to England a long strip of it, which, after undergoing the usual process, would seem to be well adapted for carriage traces and braces, from its superior strength to other leather now used for this purpose. I have lately learnt, that it is likely to prove also extremely serviceable for the purpose of making fire buckets.

Mr. Colquhoun, who lately returned from an expedition to Spitzbergen and the Finmark coasts, to try the power of the Congreve rocket against the species of whale known by the name of the finner, informs me they found the walrus lying in herds of many hundreds each, on the shores of Hope and Cherie Islands, and took a great quantity of them. The most favourable time for attacking them is when the tide is out, and they are reposing on the rocks. In this case, if the javelors be very alert, and fortunate enough to kill the lower ranks of them, which lies nearest the shore, before the hindmost can pass, they are able to secure the whole; as the walrus when on shore is so unweildy a creature that it cannot get over the obstacles thrown in its way by the dead bodies of its companions, and falls in this manner a prey to the lance of the seaman. It does not, however, die tamely; and perhaps no animal offers a more determined resistance, when attacked on an element where they are incapable of exerting their prodigious strength, striking furiously at their enemy, and continually turning round to assist their companions in distress. When an alarm of the approach of an enemy is given, the whole herd makes for the sea.

When they reach the water, they tumble in as expeditiously as possible; but the numbers are often so immense, and the size of the animal is so great, that a short time elapses before they can escape, from want of space. In this case, those who happen to be in the rear, being pressed by the danger behind them, and finding their way blocked up by their companions in front, attempt, by means of their tusks, to force their way through the crowd; and several that have been taken at the time by means of the boats, have some visible proofs of the hurry of their comrades, in the numerous wounds inflicted on their hind-quarters.

The walrus, however, when attacked in the water, is by no means an easy animal to kill, offering sometimes a successful resistance. Instances have even been known of their staving and sinking a boat with their tusks.

The food of the walrus consists of *mollusca* and *crustacea*. Fish probably does not form any part of it, and it is not likely, as has been said, that they prey upon seals, from the structure of their mouth. The principal use of their tusks is probably to enable them to catch their food from the ground or rocks. They also employ them for the purpose of securing themselves to the rocks while they sleep; and it not unfrequently happens, that during their sleep the tide falls, and leaves them suspended by their tusks, so that they are unable to extricate themselves.

More than one instance of this, I was informed, had occurred in the Magereö sund. Though the value of the ivory and oil obtained from the walrus has latterly suffered a considerable depreciation, the fishery is still a very lucrative one; and the distance from Finmark to the seat of it not being great, two voyages may be made sometimes in the course of the season. The oil derived from the fat of the animal, as well as the ivory from the tusks, are of a very fine quality.

The Laplander has an extraordinary idea of the intelligence of the bear: the following interview between brother Bruin and brother Lap is amusing.

In attacking the larger animals, such as bears, the Laplander experiences considerable difficulty and risk to himself; as it is necessary to make a very near approach to the animal, which, if not wounded in a mortal part, and at once disabled, turns immediately upon its antagonist. This, it may be conjectured, must frequently happen, the dependence being on a single ball, not much exceeding a good sized shot.

When this is the case, the animal turns to the place whence the smoke proceeds; and if the ground be favourable to his pursuit, easily overtakes his adversary, who has then little chance of escape, except there should be a tree near, under which he

can take refuge, and puzzle the bear by dodging behind it. The skill and address necessary in the pursuit of the bear, and its comparative scarcity in Finmark, render the killing one of these animals the most honourable exploit a Laplander can perform; and it is a constant source of triumph to the successful adventurer. The Laplanders have besides exalted ideas of the sagacity and talents of the bear, and treat him in consequence with a kind respect and deference, which they do not pay to any other animal. It is a common saying among them, that the bear has twelve men's strength, and ten men's understanding; and their superstitious ideas lead them to suppose, that it perfectly comprehends their discourse. It is a frequent custom with them to speak to the beast, when about to attack it; and one instance of this occurred during the time I was at Alten, on the mountains above Knaflonal. A Laplander being in pursuit of wild rein-deer with his rifle, suddenly encountered a bear; and his piece missing fire, he addressed it, as Mr. Klerck related, in these words; "You rascal, you ought to be ashamed of attacking a single man; stop an instant till I have re-loaded my rifle, and I shall be again ready to meet you." The bear, however, which was a female, thought it prudent not to wait, and made an immediate retreat with two cubs which she had with her.

The beauty of an Arctic winter has been frequently described. Captain Brooke is rather happy in his sketches of external nature, and this is a favourite subject with him.

It was now the middle of November; the weather was delightful, and had assumed that calm and settled appearance, which it generally maintains throughout the winter. It is true the snow had deserted us, but how could I regret its loss, when I considered the singular beauty of the scene its disappearance had produced? The merchants, having little to do in the winter season, are not early risers; and at ten o'clock not a soul is visible, unless by chance some solitary individual, with his hands in his deep pockets, rubbing his eyes, and shrugging up his shoulders at being obliged to quit his warm feather-bed, begins his daily task of visiting his shop and the different warehouses. The view from the small battery at Hammerfest, whither I usually directed my steps before breakfast, was singularly interesting at that hour, from the extraordinary variety of the tints on the horizon, caused by the progress of the sun just beneath it, and the clear light of the moon in another quarter of the firmament. There are few who can withstand the exhilarating effects of a fine frosty morning; but how greatly is the beauty of winter heightened in high northern latitudes, when the sun creeps below the horizon only to impart an air of calmness and solemnity to every thing, from the luxuriant richness of glow which overspreads the face of the heavens!

The smallest sounds are then audible at a considerable distance; and I used to hear distinctly all that was going forward on the opposite shore at Fuglenæs, which, during summer, made no impression on the ear. As winter advanced, all appearances of the former life and bustle of the little settlement was lost. Even the Laplanders were less frequent in their visits; and every thing seemed lying torpid, to await the return of the sun. The turf on the battery, being the only level spot free from rocks, was generally much resorted to during summer; and the view it commanded enabled the merchants to look out for vessels, and discern the state of the weather. I now had fit almost entirely to myself throughout the day. Sometimes I amused myself with my rifle, in firing at the large flocks of eider ducks, which became every day more fearless. Now and then, though very rarely, a solitary seal made its appearance in the bay; and I sometimes saw a single guillemot, or awk.

The cold during the remainder of my stay at Hammerfest was never great upon any occasion, and the thermometer seldom many degrees below the freezing point.

As soon as evening set in, a thousand dancing lights would now play mysteriously through the sky, as if intended by Providence to cheer the hours of darkness by their mild and beautiful coruscations. Sometimes the aurora would form a splendid arch across the heavens of pale lambent flame, running with inconceivable velocity, and resembling the spiral motions of a serpent, which the eye could clearly distinguish. Then it would suddenly disappear, and the veil of night be once more diffused around; when, as quick as the flash of a star, the immense etherial space would be overspread with fire, assuming quite a different form, and covering the heavens with sheets of thin silvery light, wafted quickly along, like thin strata of cloud before the wind. Sometimes narrow streaks of flame would shoot with inconceivable velocity, traversing in a few seconds the immense concave of the heavens, and disappearing beneath the south-eastern horizon. Occasionally a broad mass of light would suddenly be seen in the

zenith, which would descend towards the earth in the form of a beautiful continuous radiated circle, and in an instant vanish.

The northern lights are most frequent when the weather is calm; yet I never saw them more vivid than on one occasion, when there was a brisk wind from the south-east, which, though it directly met the aurora, that was running with great swiftness from the opposite quarter, did not appear in any way to affect its motions, these continuing in a narrow steady stream of light. The altitude of the aurora on this particular occasion seemed trifling, in appearance certainly not exceeding a quarter of a mile; the light it afforded, at the same time, being very considerable, and clearly illuminating surrounding objects. I invariably observed that the aurora proceeded in the first instance from the north-west, and it generally disappeared in the south-east. During the opportunities I had of observing it while at Hammerfest, it constantly rose from the northern extremity of the island of Söroe, to which part of the horizon I was accustomed to direct my attention when I watched its appearance. This was generally that of faint irregular gleams of light, rising aloft behind the mountains, and at first frequently exhibiting an exact resemblance of the reflection of a distant fire. They generally mounted up toward the zenith, rarely keeping low in the horizon, and afterwards assuming an inconceivable variety of form and diversity of motion, of which it is too difficult for an inanimate description to convey an idea.

Half a year of darkness and snow, as we have seen, disposes the settlers in these districts to the enjoyments of artificial luxuries; and really, considering the few advantages which the inhabitants have had of improving their condition, they appear to have made the most of them. There are many country gentlemen, of milder climates than Finmark, who will envy the home-made enjoyments described in the following extract. Captain Brooke himself appears somewhat enraptured with the attention, if not with the charms, of these "neat-handed Phillises."

The young women of each family have thus the whole of the household management consigned to them. They rise at an early hour of the morning, to prepare the coffee for the family, which is taken by every one in bed. This appears at first to a stranger a very singular custom, and he is little prepared to expect so luxurious and idle a habit at the North Cape of Europe. It is common, however, in other parts of Norway, and is extremely well suited in particular to the kind of life the Hammerfest merchant leads. He is never remarkable for early rising; and having little or nothing to do when the winter sets in, his bed occupies no small portion of the long night. It is composed of two soft eider-down feather-beds, between which he creeps, and if he were transported even into the midst of the frozen ocean, he would suffer little inconvenience with this protection. The heat these eider-down quilts give is extraordinary; and their lightness is such, from the materials with which they are filled, that the whole weight of them does not exceed that of a common blanket. They are on this account admirably adapted for the purposes of warmth; and every one sleeps in this soft manner, without any other bed-clothes. I confess, however, I never could endure these arctic luxuries; and always had recourse to sheets and English blankets, with the latter of which I had fortunately provided myself. On being covered up with one of these eider-down beds, it gave rise to a sensation of being suffocated, or smothered with an immense feather-bed, far exceeding in bulk our own, but at the same time literally as light as a feather. The heat produced, however, was to me insupportable, and I was always glad to throw them away after a few minutes. With their assistance, and the additional warmth of the stove, it may be easily imagined, the Finmarker is in little danger of being frozen in bed.

To return, however, to his morning beverage; the merchant is awakened at an early hour, generally about seven o'clock, and, on opening his eyes, he sees the *hnujsomfrue*, or young lady of the house, standing by his bed-side, with a cup of very strong and hot coffee, which she presents to him. This being received with a look of complacency, and quickly swallowed, he again sinks into his nest of down. During the short operation of sweetening the reviving draught, he asks his fair companion concerning the state of the weather or the wind; after which she lays down his pipe ready for him, and disappears to perform the same friendly office for the rest of the family. Sitting, or half reclining in his bed, and well bolstered up with pillows, he smokes one pipe, then finding himself in fit order to recommence his slumbers, he again composes himself, and sleeps undisturbed for several hours. The custom

which the Norwegians have of taking a cup of hot coffee at an early hour, is by no means an unpleasant one, however laughable it may appear, and to a stranger is very captivating. It is true you are awakened out of a sound sleep some hours before the usual time of rising; but in what manner? You raise your half-opened eyes, and see close to you what appears a vision of the most agreeable nature, in the form of a young beauty, with a lovely complexion, and light flowing ringlets. Possibly your dreams may have been presenting such a one to your imagination at the very moment, and you now deem it suddenly realized. You are, however, soon convinced that it is an earthly substance, from her gently rousing you by the shoulder, on seeing that you are hardly in a state of sufficient animation to attend to her summons. You then discover, that the pretty intruder is the daughter of the mistress of the house, who, with the most captivating smile imaginable, invites you to partake of the refreshing beverage she has brought; and which being accepted by you with the usual expression of gratitude common in Norway, *tuimde tak*, a thousand thanks, your fair attendant retreats, and leaves you to present a pleasant addition in her own image, to the scenes of fancy you had perhaps been before indulging in.

All this is much more advanced in civilization, than might be concluded from the primitive mode which they have adopted of settling their card debts. Were a respectable dowager of Cavendish-square informed that the whist-players of the north pay for their points in barrels of oil, she would doubtless turn up her nose at the savages. It is certainly amusing to think of the odd trick transferring blubber, and of grave merchants playing at double-barrelled points. A person in those latitudes given to whist, instead of a card, is obliged to keep an oil warehouse.

Cards, next to smoking, are the darling amusement of a Finmark merchant; his favourite games whist and boston. The former, as played in Finmark, differs little from ours, except in the marking, and the additional honour which they count, making the ten a fifth. Ten points are the game; all that is won over that number is added to the next game, and so on till the rubber is finished. The only singular feature is in the marking and settling the accounts, which seldom takes place till the end of the year, when it is charged generally in their books, either against fish or oil, at the current price of the article at the time of settling. One of the party has to keep the account, which is done nearly in the same manner as they mark while playing; thus, if

A has won five points, it is expressed..... A + 5

B has lost five ditto..... thus B - 5

and so on, as many as play. The success of the respective parties is thus simply denoted by the marks of plus or minus; and two columns are kept in this manner, which at the end of the year, or whenever the day of settlement may be, are made to balance generally by means of barrels of oil. Boston does not vary, but is played in the same way as on the rest of the continent.

These countries appear, as well as we can judge, worthy of the attention of the English merchant. The port of Hammerfest is now becoming better known, and the town, of the same name, is rising to some consequence. We shall conclude this long article by giving Mr. Crowe, who has been already mentioned, as an example to those who may be disposed to extend their views in this quarter.

It was in 1819 that the first Englishman settled himself upon the Finmark shores. This was Mr. John Crowe, who, having been some time in the naval service of Russia, had quitted it with several other officers, on the breaking out of the war between England and the former power. Accidental circumstances having thus thrown him out of the line of his profession, he turned his attention to commerce, and being well acquainted with the language, as well as the state and capabilities of the northern trade of Russia, he, after having explored the coasts of the White Sea, established a factory at Fuglinæs, situate on the western coast of Finmark, and forming the arm of the bay at Hammerfest.

Anterior to this period, at least in modern times, no British vessels had visited these coasts for the purpose of commerce; and although they afford safe and commodious harbours, they are altogether so little known to our navigators, that our vessels in

their voyages to and from Archangel, Omga, and other parts of the White Sea, have in the worst weather preferred keeping the sea, at any risk, rather than trust themselves within reach of a coast, the very sight of which is, with reason, formidable to those unacquainted with it. In this respect alone, the above establishment will be of extreme advantage to our trade in general with the White Sea, both by rendering these coasts more known, and removing the impressions of alarm and distrust: for instance, how important it must be for a vessel to know, that in the vicinity of the North Cape, on a coast considered hitherto as perfectly savage and uninhabited, a secure and commodious harbour is open to her; where not only good pilotage may be afforded her, but she may supply herself with water, and indeed almost every thing she may stand in need of.

Captain Brooke's volume contains much instruction and entertaining matter. He is a little prolix, and not very exact in his language. The Winter in Lapland might, with advantage, be contracted into half the space: half the expense of the work would thus be saved, and double the number of copies sold—that is, twice the information spread. It would ill become us, however, who have spent many pleasant hours over the volume, to complain. We should observe, that Captain Brooke is something of a naturalist, and something of an artist; by which accomplishments he is able to gratify both the man of science and the man of mere curiosity, by his descriptions, written and engraved, of natural objects and external impressions.

THE MILITARY SKETCH-BOOK.*

WE are extremely glad to see the Half-pay on active literary service. Few people have more to tell than they who have seen seventeen years of service abroad and at home; and few, that which is better worth hearing. Military authors, we are glad to observe, are accumulating; the literary fever is even penetrating the Commissariat. It is only the other day, that an officer on the quarter-master's staff gave us his "Adventures in the Peninsula," in a very pleasant manner. As he could not show his bravery, he hit upon the scheme of displaying his learning. In spite of his Greek and his classics, however, we were glad that he had become an author. But we prefer the *Recollections of the Gentlemen of the Line*. "The Military Sketch-Book," and "The Naval Sketch-Book,"† may be clubbed together, and be considered the sketch-book of the United Service. The "Officer of the Line" is, however, more to our liking than the sailor, for he is evidently a better-natured man. Generous, brave, and modest, he possesses all the virtues of the soldier—light-hearted, jovial, and spirited, he shows himself an Irishman—and the force and reality of many of his sketches, prove him in possession of considerable literary talents. His pathos, as well as his gaiety, is Irish—his romance is also Milesian—in the one he is somewhat given to the mawkish; and in the other to the improbable. The Subaltern is more scholastic and finished in his pictures—the author of the *Eventful Life* is more particular and full in his descriptions, and more striking and copious in his details, and more valuable from the rarer nature of his testimony;

* The Military Sketch-Book. *Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service Abroad and at Home.* By an Officer of the Line. London, Colburn, 1827. 2 vols. 12mo.

† By an Officer of Rank. Published last year.

but then the officer of rank is a shrewder character than either ; knows the world better, and is somewhat of a satirist. It is true, that he frequently fails—that his humour is often broad and coarse, as well as that his pathos is puling—but on the whole, the book is decidedly clever, and exceedingly amusing. It may be made more than amusing—the character of the British Officer, and of the British army, is illustrated by many of the author's remarks and anecdotes; and the question of corporal punishment is well exemplified. For the purposes of instruction, and also for our own delight, we much prefer the graver parts of the work—by which we mean, those sketches which are not coloured by fiction, but pretend to be nothing more than what they are—honest recollections. Of this kind is the account of the Walcheren expedition, which is the best sketch of that ill-fated expedition. The most amusing part of it relates to the operation of a brigade of five hundred sailors, who served with the army as a kind of guerrilla force. Their playing at soldiers is highly laughable and characteristic.

The annoyance from the enemy's rifles was a good deal lessened by the brigade of sailors. These extraordinary fellows delighted in hunting the "*Munseers*," as they termed the French; and a more formidable pack never was unkennelled. Armed, each with an immense long pole or pike, a cutlass, and a pistol, they appeared to be a sort of force that, in case of a sortie, or where execution was to be done in the way of storming, would have been as destructive as a thousand hungry tigers: as it was, they annoyed the French skirmishers in all directions, by their irregular and extraordinary attacks. They usually went out in parties, as if they were going to hunt a wild beast, and no huntsman ever followed the chase with more delight. The French might fairly exclaim with the frogs in the fable—"Ah! Monsieur *Bull*, what is sport to you, is death to us."

Regularly every day after their mess (for they messed generally on a green in the village of East Zuburg) they would start off to their "hunt," as they called it, in parties headed by a petty officer. Then they would leap the dykes, which their poles enabled them to do, and dash through those which they could not otherwise cross; they were like a set of Newfoundland dogs in the marshes, and when they spied a few riflemen of the French, they ran at them helter-skelter: then pistol, cutlass, and pike, went to work in downright earnest. The French soldiers did not at all relish the tars—and no wonder; for the very appearance of them was terrific, and quite out of the usual order of things. Each man seemed a sort of Paul Jones—tarred, belted, and cutlassed as they were. Had we had occasion to storm Flushing, I have no doubt that they would have carried the breach themselves. The scenes which their eccentricities every hour presented, were worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Among the most humorous of these, were their drills, musters, and marchings, or as they generally called such proceedings, "*playing at soldiers*." All that their officers did, had no effect in keeping either silence or regularity; those officers, however, were "part and parcel" of the same material as the Jacks themselves, and as able to go through the pipe-clay regularity of rank and file, as to deliver a sermon on the immortality of the soul. But the fact is, they were not either expected or intended to be regular troops, and their drills were merely adopted to teach them to keep together in line when marching from one place to another; so that they might not go about the country after the manner of a troop of donkeys. These marches and drills afforded the highest degree of amusement, both to soldiers and officers; the disproportion in the sizes of the men—the front rank man, perhaps, four feet one, while the rear rank man was six feet two; the giving of the word from the "middy," always accompanied by a "G—d—n;" the gibes and jeers of the men themselves. "Heads up, you beggar of Corpolar there," a little slang-going Jack would cry out from the rear-rank, well knowing that his size secured him from the observation of the officer. Then perhaps the man immediately before him, to show his sense of decorum, would turn round and remark: "I say, who made you a fogle man, master Billy? can't ye behave like a sodger afore the commander, eh?" Then from another part of the squad, a stentorian roar would arise, with "I'll not stand this, if I do, bl—t me; here's this here bl—y Murphy stickin' a sword into my starn." Then perhaps the middy would give the word "*right face*," in order to prepare for

marching; but some turned right and some left, while others turned right round and were faced by their opposite rank man. This confusion in a few minutes, however, would be rectified, and the word "*march*" given: off they went, some whistling a quick-step, and others imitating the sound of a drum with his voice, and keeping time with the whistler, "*row dididow, dididow, row dow, dow*"—every sort of antic trick began immediately, particularly treading on each others' heels. I once saw a fellow suddenly jump out of the line of march, crying out, "*I be d—d if Riley hasn't spikes in his toes, an' I won't march afore him any longer,*" and then coolly fell in at the rear. "*Keep the step,*" then was bandied about, with a thousand similar expressions, slapping each other's hats down upon their eyes, elbowing, jostling, and joking—away they went to beat the bushes for Frenchmen; and even when under the fire of both the hidden riflemen and the rampart guns, their jollity was unabated. One of these odd fellows was hit in the leg by a rifle-ball which broke the bones, and he fell: it was in a hot pursuit which he and a few others were engaged in after a couple of the riflemen, who had ventured a little too far from their position, when, seeing that he could follow no farther, he took off his tarry hat and flung it with all his might after them; "*there, you beggars, I wish it was a long eighteen for your sakes.*" The poor fellow was carried off by his comrades, and taken to the hospital, where he died.

As John Bull carries all his peculiarities into foreign parts, so were these sailors equally tenacious of their marine usages in military service. In the cannonading of the town, they would only fire in broadsides, and such was their zeal in firing, that they at length blew up themselves.

The sailors' battery, containing six twenty-four pounders, almost split our ears. These enthusiastic demi-devils fired not as the other batteries did, but like broadsides from a ship—each discharge was eminently distinguished by its terrific noise, for the guns were all fired at once, and absolutely shook the earth at every round. So vehement were these seamen in their exertions, that they blew *themselves* up at last! This was done by a little squat fellow, who served the guns with ammunition: he placed a cartridge against a lighted match in his hurry; this exploding, communicated with a large quantity of powder, and the natural catastrophe followed. About twenty of the brave fellows, among whom was a young midshipman, were severely burnt and bruised; out of which number, were I to judge from their appearance as they were carried past us, I should suppose not more than half a dozen recovered. They were all jet black, their faces one shapeless mass, and their clothes and hair burnt to a cinder. In the midst of their suffering the only thing that seemed to ease them, was swearing at the little sailor, who was the author of their misfortune; while he, poor creature, in addition to his wounds and burns, patiently suffered the whole torrent of his comrades' abuse.

"Geraghty's Kick" is a sketch of another kind, but equally characteristic. Geraghty was a powerful Irishman, who once kicked a bursting shell out of the middle of his own regiment into another. The bravery of the action led to encouragement, and encouragement led to insolence, until Geraghty became a privileged drunkard, and was at length discharged by the Colonel, to secure his regiment "from the further consequence of Geraghty's kick." This is the account of the exploit, and some of its consequences.

At the battle of Talavera, when the hill on the left of the British line had been retaken from the enemy, after the most obstinate and bloody fighting, the French continued to throw shells upon it with most destructive precision. One of those terrible instruments of death fell close to a party of grenadiers belonging to the forty-fifth regiment, who were standing on the summit of the hill. The fusee was burning rapidly, and a panic struck upon the minds of the soldiers, for they could not move away from the shell on account of the compact manner in which the troops stood: it was nearly consumed—every rapidly succeeding spark from it promised to be the last—all expected instant death—when Tom Geraghty, a tall raw-boned Irishman, ran towards the shell, crying out, "*By J—, I'll have a kick for it, if it was to be my last;*" and with a determined push from his foot, sent the load of death whirling off the height. It fell amongst a close column of men below, while Geraghty, leaning

over the verge from whence it fell, with the most vehement and good-natured energy, bawled out "Mind your heads, boys, mind your heads!" Horror! the shell burst—it was over in a moment. At least twenty men were shattered to pieces by the explosion!

Geraghty was wholly unconscious of having done any mischief. It was a courageous impulse of the moment, which operated upon him in the first instance; and the injury to the service was not worse than if the shell had remained where it first fell. Self-preservation is positively in favour of the act, considering that there was no other way of escaping from destruction.

Very serious consequences would have still attended the matter, had it not been for the active exertions of the officers; for the men of the regiment, among which the shell was thrown, and who had escaped, were with difficulty prevented from mounting the hill and executing summary punishment upon the grenadiers, from whom the unwelcome messenger had been so unceremoniously despatched. Thus they would have increased in an alarming degree the evil consequences of Geraghty's kick.

An unexpected shower of admiration and flattery, like the sudden possession of great and unexpected wealth, produces evil effects upon a weak head. The perilous kick, instead of exalting Geraghty's fortunes, as it would have done had he been a prudent man, produced the very opposite consequences. He was talked of throughout the regiment—nay, the whole division, for this intrepid act; every body, officers and all, complimented him upon his coolness and courage; and the general who commanded his regiment (Sir John Doyle) gave him the most flattering encouragement. All this was lost upon Geraghty; he was one of those crazy fellows whom nothing but the weight of adversity could bring to any tolerable degree of steadiness; and instead of profiting by his reputed bravery, he gave way to the greatest excesses. Finding that he was tolerated in one, he would indulge in another, until it became necessary to check the exuberance of his folly. He gave way completely to drunkenness: when under the effects of liquor, although a most inoffensive being when sober, he would try to "carry all before him," as the phrase goes; and having succeeded in this so frequently, amongst the privates and non-commissioned officers of his regiment, the excitement of the excess began to lose its pungency in his imagination, and he determined to extend his enjoyments amongst the officers: this very soon led him to most disagreeable results. It had been ordered that the privates should not walk upon a certain part of the parade in Colchester Barracks. Geraghty, however, thought proper to *kick* against it as determinedly as he formerly did against the shell. Charged with strong rum, he one day strutted across it in a manner becoming a hero of Talavera (as he thought), and was seen by two of his officers, ensigns, who sent the orderly to desire him to move off the forbidden ground; but Geraghty declined obedience, and told the orderly to "*be off to the devil out o' that.*" The ensigns, on being informed of the disobedience, proceeded to the delinquent, and renewed their orders, which were not only disregarded, but accompanied by a violent assault from Geraghty. The refractory giant seized an ensign in each hand, and having lifted both off the ground, dashed their heads together. This was seen by some other officers and soldiers of the regiment, who all ran instantly to rescue the sufferers from Geraghty's gripe. None could, however, secure him; he raged and threatened vengeance on all who came within the length of his long arms; nor would he have surrendered had it not been for a captain in the regiment, under whose eye he pulled many a trigger against the enemy. This officer approached with a stick, seized him by the collar, and began to lay on in good style. "Leather away," cried Geraghty, "I'll submit to you, Captain, and will suffer any thing; flog me, if you like. You are a good sodger, an' saw the enemy; but by J—, I'll not be insulted by brats o' boys who never smelt powder."

The consequences of this violence of course led to punishment: Geraghty was flogged for the mutiny; he received six hundred and fifty lashes, laid heavily on; yet he never uttered a groan during the whole of this suffering; and when taken down, although bleeding, bruised, and doubtless greatly exhausted, assumed an air of insolent triumph; put on his shirt, and boldly walked off to the hospital. The body of the man was overcome,—the pallid cheek, the bloodshot eye, the livid lip, the clammy mouth—all declared it; but the spirit was wholly untouched by the lash: nothing on earth could touch it.

The sketch entitled "*Punishment*," is clever and affecting. The actual infliction of the flogging is evidently drawn by one who has watched the reality with no trifling degree of feeling. This sketch is worth many pamphlets on the subject.

"Parade, Sir!—Parade, Sir!—There's a parade this morning, Sir!"

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding leathern lungs of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my barrack-room bed one morning about a quarter before eight o'clock.

"Parade!"—I reflected a moment;—"yes," said I, "a *punishment* parade."

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to perform. "Curse the punishment!—curse the crimes!"—muttered I to myself.

I was soon shaved, booted, and belted. The parade-call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack-yard.

The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground: the officers, like myself, were turning out: the morning was cold as well as foggy: and there was a sullen, melancholy expression upon every man's countenance, indicative of the relish they had for a punishment parade: the faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were particularly serious: the women of the regiment were to be seen in silent groups at the barrack-windows—in short, every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive three hundred lashes each! One of them, a corporal, had till now preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences, by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes, arising doubtless from habits of intoxication, were, disobedience of orders, insolence to the sergeant on duty, and the making away with some of their necessities.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched off in a few minutes to the riding-house, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square, with the colonel, the adjutant, the surgeon, and the drummers in the centre.

"Attention!" roared out the colonel. The word, were it not that it was technically necessary, need not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense; and scarcely could the footsteps of the last men, closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding-house. The two prisoners were now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

"Attention!" was again called, and the adjutant commanded to read the proceedings of the court-martial. When he had concluded, the colonel commanded the private to "*strip*."

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the "*cat*" in order to free the "*tails*" from entanglement with each other.

"Strip, sir!" repeated the colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

"Colonel," replied he, in a determined tone, "I'll volunteer."*

"You'll volunteer, will you, sir?"

"Yes; sooner than I'll be flogged."

"I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard-house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately."

The latter sentence was addressed to the corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners, and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off, a merose frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The colonel now addressed the other prisoner.

"You are the last man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, sir, from a belief that you were a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of farther promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, though unwillingly, permit the sentence of the court which tried you to take its effect." Then turning to the sergeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the corporal's stripes from his jacket: this was done, and the prisoner then stripped without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate corporal's situation: for it was believed that nothing but intoxication, and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law, as that of which he was convicted. The colonel himself, although apparently rigorous and determined, could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished: the affected frown, and the loud voice in command, but ill concealed his

* Men under sentence of court-martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

real feelings;—the struggle between the head and the heart was plainly to be seen; and had the head had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the heart would have gained a victory. But no alternative was left; the man had been a *corporal*, and, therefore, was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors: had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but, as the case stood, the Colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so. No officer was more averse to flogging in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgment, which at all times was regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging was in his eyes an odious punishment, but he found that the total abolition of it was impossible; he therefore held the power over the men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits; and courts-martial were frequent: so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, indeed, were those punishments carried into execution; for if the Colonel could find no fair pretext in the previous conduct of the criminal, to remit his sentence, he would privately request the Captain of his company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle: thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer under whose more immediate command he was: and in general, this proved far more salutary than the punishment ever could have done.

It is not *flogging* that should be abolished in the army, but the cruel and capricious opinions which move the lash. Humanity and sound judgment are the best restrictions upon this species of punishment; and when they are more frequently brought into action than they have formerly been, there will be but few dissentient opinions upon military discipline.

The prisoner was now stripped and ready to be tied, when the Colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa, with the other culprit.

"No, Sir," replied the man; "I've been a long time in the regiment, and I'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I'll bear it; but I'll not quit the regiment yet, Colonel."

This sentiment, uttered in a subdued but manly manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from both officers and men; but most of all by the old Colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his nether lip; he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brows down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner thus openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below: the cords were passed round them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the Colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached, and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the sergeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.

The first drummer began, and taking three steps forward, applied the lash to the soldier's back—"one."

Again he struck—"two."

Again, and again, until *twenty-five* were called by the sergeant. Then came the second drummer, and he performed his *twenty-five*. Then came the third, who was a stronger and a more heavy striker than his coadjutors in office: this drummer brought the blood out upon the right shoulder-blade, which perceiving, he struck lower on the back; but the surgeon ordered him to strike again upon the bleeding part: I thought this was cruel; but I learnt after, from the surgeon himself, that it gave much less pain to continue the blows as directed, than to strike upon the untouched skin.

The poor fellow bore without a word his flagellation, holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended, and tied at the wrists above his head. At the first ten or twelve blows, he never moved a muscle; but about the *twenty-fifth*, he clenched his teeth and cringed a little from the lash. During the second *twenty-five*, the part upon which the cords fell became blue, and appeared thickened, for the whole space of the shoulder-blade and centre of the back; and before the fiftieth blow was struck, we could hear a smothered groan from the poor sufferer, evidently caused by his efforts to stifle the natural exclamations of acute pain. The third striker, as I said, brought the blood; it oozed from the swollen skin, and moistened the cords which opened its way from the veins. The Colonel directed a look at the

drummer, which augured nothing advantageous to his interest ; and on the fifth of his twenty-five, cried out to him, " Halt, Sir ! you know as much about using the cat as you do of your sticks." Then addressing the Adjutant, he said, " Send that fellow away to drill : tell the drum-major to give him two hours *additional* practice with the sticks every day for a week, in order to bring his hand into—a—proper movement."

The drummer slunk away at the order of the Adjutant, and one of the others took up the cat. The Colonel now looked at the surgeon, and I could perceive a slight nod pass, in recognition of something previously arranged between them. This was evidently the case ; for the latter instantly went over to the punished man, and having asked him a question or two, proceeded formally to the Colonel, and stated something in a low voice : upon which the drummers were ordered to take the man down. This was accordingly done ; and when about to be removed to the regimental hospital, the Colonel addressed him thus : " Your punishment, sir, is at an end ; you may thank the surgeon's opinion for being taken down so soon." (Every one knew this was only a pretext.) " I have only to observe to you, that as you have been always, previous to this fault, a good man, I would recommend you to conduct yourself well for the future, and I promise to hold your promotion open to you as before."

The poor fellow replied that he would do so, and burst into tears, which he strove in vain to hide.

Wonder not that the hard cheek of a soldier was thus moistened by a tear ; the heart was within his bosom, and these tears came from it. The lash could not force one from his burning eyelid ; but the word of kindness—the breath of tender feeling from his respected Colonel, dissolved the stern soldier to the grateful and contrite penitent.

We shall close our notice with an extract from the *Recollections in the Peninsula*.—It is a 'day after the battle,' and shows well the other side of the tapestry. On the right side, glory, heroism, power, and genius. On the reverse, wounds, lamentation, and distress ; the brilliancy of one side is the darkness of the other ; power is reversed by weakness, hope by despair, life by death.

The day after the battle, I, in company with another, rode out to view the ground where the armies had so recently contended. It was strewn with dead and wounded, accoutrements and arms ; a great part of the latter broken. At those points where obstinate fighting took place, the ground was covered with bodies ; a great number of wounded, both French, English, and Portuguese, lay along the road, groaning and craving water. The village of *Gamarra Mayor* was shattered with heavy shot, and the bridge covered with dead, as well as its arches choked up with bodies and accoutrements. We returned by the main road, to where the centre of the army was engaged. Here were the French huts, and their broken provisions, half cooked, lying about ; this was a level interspersed with little hillocks and brushwood : we were then surrounded with dead and wounded ; several cars were employed in collecting the latter. A few straggling peasants could be seen at a distance, watching an opportunity for plunder—there was a dreadful silence over the scene. A poor Irish-woman ran up to one of the surgeons near us, and with tears in her eyes, asked where was the hospital of the eighty-second regi^r. I think it was the eighty-second—she wrung her hands, and said that the regi^r told her she would find her husband wounded ; and she had travelled back for that purpose. The surgeon told her that the only hospital on the field was in a cottage, which he pointed ; but informed her that all the wounded would be conveyed to Vittoria. The half-frantic woman proceeded towards the cottage, over the bodies which lay in her way, and had not gone more than about fifty yards, when she fell on her face, and uttered the most bitter cries. We hastened to her—she was embracing the body of a serjeant, a fine tall fellow who lay on his face. " Oh ! it's my husband—it's my husband !" said she ; " and he is dead and cold." One of the men turned the body on his face ; the serjeant had been shot in the neck, and his ankle was shattered. The lamentations of the woman were of the most heart-rending kind, but not loud. She continued to sit by her lifeless husband, gazing on his pale countenance, and moving her head and body to and fro, in the most bitter agony of woe :—she talked to the dead in the most affectionate language—of her orphans—of her home—and of their former happiness. After a considerable time, by persuasion, we got her upon one of the cars with the wounded, and placed the body of her husband beside her ; this we did because she expressed a

wish to have it buried by a clergyman. She thanked us more by looks than words, and the melancholy load proceeded slowly to Vittoria.

In our way back to the town, my companion's attention was attracted by a dead Portuguese; he raised up the body, and asked me to look through it—I *did* absolutely look *through* it. A cannon-ball had passed into the breast and out at the back—and so rapid must have been its transit, from its forming such a clear aperture—in circumference about twelve inches—that the man must have been close to the cañon's mouth when he was shot—it spoke volumes for the courage of the troops.

The hospital at Vittoria that evening presented a *sad* spectacle; not only was part of it filled with wounded, but the streets all round it—about two thousand men, including those of the French with those of the Allies. Owing to the rapid, and perhaps unexpected advance of the army, there were only three surgeons to attend this vast number of wounded, for the first two days after the battle; and, from the same reason, no provisions were to be had for them for a week! The commissariat had not provided for the exigency, and the small portion of bread that could be purchased was sold for three shillings per pound. From these casualties, I often thought since, that in cases of expected general actions, if one half of both medical and commissariat staff were under orders to remain *on* the field until relieved, instead of following their respective divisions, it would obviate such privations. However, there is every excuse in this case, considering the unexpected rapidity of the advance. No fault whatever can be laid to either of the departments in this instance: it was wholly owing to advancing to such distance *beyond* Vittoria, as required too long a time to retrace.

In going through the hospital, I saw in one room not less than thirty hussars—of the 10th and 15th, I think—all wounded by lances; and one of them had nineteen wounds in his body:—the surgeon had already amputated his left arm. One of the men described the way in which so many of their brigade became wounded. He said, that in charging the rear of the enemy as they were retreating, the horses had to leap up a bank, nearly breast high, to make good the level above. At this moment a body of Polish lancers, headed by a general, dashed in upon them, the general crying out, in broken English, “*Come on! I care not for your fine hussar brigade.*” They fought for a considerable time, and although ultimately the lancers retired and left the ground to the hussars, yet the latter lost many killed and wounded. “That man,” said the hussar, “who lies there with the loss of his arm and so dreadfully wounded, fought a dozen lancers, all at him at once, and settled some of them; at last he fell, and the lancers were about to kill him, when the general cried out to take him to the rear, for he was a brave fellow. The skirmish continued, and the general cut that man there across the nose, in fighting singly with him—but he killed the general after all.”

I turned and saw a young hussar, with a gash across his nose, and he confirmed what his comrade said. The man who had the nineteen wounds, I have since heard, recovered: he seemed much to regret the fate of the general who saved his life. I saw this brave officer's body buried the next day in the principal church of Vittoria.

In passing through another part of the hospital, I perceived a Portuguese female lying on the ground upon straw, in the midst of numbers of wounded men. I inquired of her, was she wounded. She pointed to her breast, and showed me where the bullet had passed. I asked her how she received the shot, and was horror-struck when the dying woman informed me that it was her *marido*,—her own husband,—who shot her just as the action was commencing—she said he deliberately put the muzzle of his gun to her breast and fired! This may be false; I hope it is, for the sake of humanity:—it might be that the woman was plundering the dead; and perhaps killing the wounded, when some of the latter shot her. However, be the fact as it may, it was thus she told her story. She was in great pain, and I should think did not live much longer.

FLAGELLUM PARLIAMENTARIUM.*

It is a dangerous thing to print MSS. under the idea that it is done for the first time. The editor of this curious little pamphlet labours under an approach to this blunder. He certainly was not bound to know that there is in existence a printed pamphlet attributed to the

* *Flagellum Parliamentarium*, being sarcastic Notices of nearly two hundred Members of the First Parliament after the Restoration A.D. 1661 to A.D. 1678. From a contemporary MS. in the British Museum. London, Nicholls, 1827, 12mo.

celebrated Andrew Marvel, which is more than a counterpart of the Flagellum; but had he known it, he, in all probability, would have permitted his discovery to sleep on in the catacombs of the British Museum.

The Parliament immediately succeeding the Restoration acquired, very justly, the name of the Pensioner Parliament: its title to this epithet is exceedingly well founded. The very journals of the House, as entered in the subsequent Parliament, have established its claims to it. Many of the particulars of bribery would naturally become known, and the undisguised gifts of place and office were, of course, matters of notoriety. One of the obvious means of opposition in resisting measures which they disapproved, was to proclaim to the world the motives under which the court party were probably acting. With this object, a pamphlet was printed under this title, "A seasonable Argument to persuade all the Grand Juries in England to petition for a new Parliament; or, a List of the principal Labourers in the great Design of Popery and Arbitrary Power, who have betrayed their Country to the Conspirators, and bargained with them to maintain a Standing Army in England, under the Command of the bigotted Popish Duke, who, by the Assistance of Lord Lauderdale's Scotch Army, the Forces in Ireland, and those in France, hopes to bring all back to Rome," Amsterdam, 1677, 4to. This pamphlet we have not at the present moment access to, but in Harris's *Life of Charles II.* a sufficient number of particulars are given to show that the printed work embraces the other. Harris speaks of the pamphlet being in his time very scarce and curious, and proceeds to make some copious quotations from it, to which we shall allude, after having given an account of the Flagellum. In it, as in the Seasonable Argument, the members are classed in counties, their characters delineated, and their gains specified. The language used is sufficiently plain, and, after the manners of the times, somewhat coarse. The expressions "Cully" for tool, and "Snip" for snack or bribe, are bandied about with much freedom. The editor speaks of his publication in the following terms, and ingeniously endeavours to determine the epoch at which it was written.

"In this tract, one hundred and seventy-eight Members of the Parliament summoned immediately after the Restoration, and which existed from 1661 to 1678, are named; accompanied by observations, illustrative of their respective characters, or explanatory of the motives which induced them to become the mere instruments of the Crown in the exercise of their senatorial duties. These notices bear undoubted evidence of the sagacity and extensive information of their author, and are remarkable for their laconic, but cutting severity. To what degree they may be deemed worthy of credit, it is impossible to decide, for the imputed crimes are of that secret and personal nature, as to render [which renders] it unlikely that proof of their having occurred can now be adduced; whilst many of the parties, however mischievous in their day, were far too insignificant to have received [to receive] the attention of historians. The manners of the period, however, afford strong grounds for believing in the total absence of moral worth with which so many of these individuals are charged; and it must be confessed that the idea generally entertained of the most eminent among them is strictly

consistent with what is said of them in these sheets. Another material circumstance in support of the veracity of the statements, is the correctness of the account of the situations held by the different persons mentioned, while it is certain that the whole of them sat in Parliament between the years 1661 and 1672. Still, however, it is not in the slightest degree contended that all which is stated, is to be implicitly relied upon. Much must undoubtedly be allowed for the *animus* with which the portraits were sketched; but, though they were probably caricatures, it is to be remembered that caricatures are often faithful [striking] likenesses.

“It would be as difficult to discover by whom, as upon what occasion, this bitter article was drawn up; but, from the remark respecting Sir Charles Sedley, that he had ‘promised the King to be absent,’ it seems that it was the list of such members as would support the Court against a motion about to be brought forward inimical to its wishes. Instead of fatile speculations, these points are left to the discernment of the reader, who will be much assisted in his inquiry by the following evidence of the time when it was written.

“From the notice of the motion respecting hearth-money, the bill for which passed in March, 1662; and of the grant of two millions and a half, which evidently referred to the supplies voted towards the prosecution of the Dutch war in November, 1664, it is certain that it must have been composed after those years. Two other facts even prove that it was compiled between the 23rd of May, 1671, and the 22nd of April, 1672: for on the former day Sir Edward Turner, who is said to be ‘now made Lord Chief Baron,’ was appointed to that situation; and on the latter, Sir Thomas Clifford, who clearly was not a Peer when this writer speaks of him, was created Baron Clifford of Chudleigh.”

In order to give an idea of this ancient “Black Book,” we shall select a considerable number of the more remarkable names, with the specifications attached to them.

Sir Hum. Winch.—Of the Council of Trade of our Plantations, for which 500*l.* per annum, with a promise of being Privy Councillor.

Sir Thomas Higgons.—A poor man’s son; married the Earl of Bath’s sister. Sent to Saxony with the Garter.

Sir Thomas Dolman.—Flattered with belief of being made Secretary of State.

Sir John Bennett.—Brother to the Lord Arlington; Postmaster; cheated the poor indigent officers; an Excise and Prize Officer; Lieutenant of the Gentlemen Pensioners’ Band, for which he has a fee of 160*l.* per annum.

Sir Richard Temple.—Under the lash for his State model of Government, which the King got from him.

Sir William Drake.—Son-in-law to Montague the Queen’s Attorney.

Sir Charles Wheeler.—A foot Captain: once flattered with hopes of being Master of the Rolls, now Governor of Nevis: Privy-chamber man.

William Lord Arlington.—A Chatham Collector, and a Court cully; laughed at by them.

Thomas Cromley.—A Court cully.

Sir Jonathan Trelawny.—A private forsworne cheat in the Prize Office, with the profit of which he bought the place of the Comptroller to the Duke of York; of the King's Privy-chamber.

Sir John Coryton.—Guilty with Trelawny. Hath a patent for Lights.

Sir Richard Edgcomb.—Cullyed to marry the Halcyon bulk breaking Sandwich's daughter.

Sir Charles Harbord.—First a poor Solicitor, now his Majesty's Surveyor-general, and a Commissioner for the sale of the Fee-farm Rents.

Bernard Grenville.—Eldest, query, brother to the Earl of Bath; had 3,000*l.* given him to fetch him out of prison.

Silas Titus.—Once a rebel, now Groom of the Bedchamber.

John Arundell.—Whose father is the Excise farmer of Cornwall, and hath received very great gifts.

Sir William Godolphin.—Farmer of the Tin Mines and Governor of Scilly Island.

Sydney Godolphin.—A pimping Groom of the Bedchamber.

John Trelawny.—His Majesty's Carrier; now and then has a snip out of the Tax.

Henry Seymour.—A Groom of the Bedchamber, Comptroller of the Customs of London, Master of the Hamper Office, besides has got in Boones, 3,000*l.*

John Birch.—An old Rumper, who formerly bought nails at Bristol, where they were cheap, and carried them into the West to sell at Exeter and other places, but marrying a rich widow got into the House, and is now Commissioner in all Excises, and is one of the Council of Trade.

Lord Hawly.—A Captain of a troop of Horse; of the Bedchamber to his Highness; Serjeant Buffoon; Commissioner for the sale of the Fee-farm Rents.

Sir Thomas Clifford.—The grandson of a poor Devonshire Vicar; Treasurer of the Household; one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Bribe-master-general.

Sir Gilbert Talbot.—The King's Jeweller; a great cheat at bowls and cards, not born to a shilling.

Sir John Northcott. An old Roundhead, now the Lord of Bath's cully.

Sir Courtney Poole. The first mover for Chimney Money, for which he had the Court thanks, but no snip.

Peter Prideaux.—A secret pensioner of 200*l.* per annum, and his daily food.

Sir John Maynard.—The King's Sergeant, for which and his pardon he paid 10,000*l.*

Henry Ford.—So much in debt he cannot help his taking his Bribe, and promise of employment.

Sir John Shaw.—First a vintner's poor boy, afterwards a Customer that cheated the nation of 100,000*l.*

Sir Winston Churchill.—A pimp to his own daughter; one of the Green Cloth; and Commissioner for Irish Claims.

Anthony Ashly.—Son to the Lord that looks on both sides and one wry who is the great Bribe-taker, and has got and cheated 150,000*l.*

Thomas King.—A poor beggarly fellow who sold his voice to the Treasurer for 50*l.* Bribe.

Roger Vaughan.—A pitiful pimping Bed-chamber-man to his Highness, and Captain of a foot Company.

Sir Edward Turner.—Who for a secret service had lately a Bribe of 4000*l.* as in the Exchequer may be seen, and about 2000*l.* before; now made Lord Chief Baron.

Viscount Lord Mandeville.—A Bed-chamber pimp: has great Boones that way.

Major Walden.—Indebted to the King.

Sir Francis Clerke.—A cheating Commissioner of the Prize Office, and gave 600*l.* to be made one.

Thomas Lord Gorge.—A secret Court pensioner for his vote.

Charles Earl of Ancram.—A poor Scot, therefore a K.

Sir William Bucknell.—Once a poor factor to buy malt for the brewers, now a farmer of the Revenues of England and Ireland, on the account of the Duchess of Cleveland, who goes snip with him, to whom he has given 20,000*l.*

Sir Robert Carr.—Married first his mother's maid, to whom he gave 1000*l.* that she should not claim him, because he was married to Secretary Bennett's sister. He had a list of his debts given in to the Bribe-master Clifford's hands, who has already paid off 7000*l.* of them.

Sir Fretzwill Hollis.—A promise to be Rear Admiral the next fleet, and 500*l.* per annum pension, from the Revenue farmers; lately 3000*l.* in money.

Sir Philip Warwick.—A poor parson's son; then a singing boy at Westminster; afterwards Secretary to the Treasury, where he got 5000*l.*; now Clerk of the Signet.

Sir W. Doyley.—Who cheated the Dutch prisoners in their allowance above 7000*l.* by which some thousands of them were starved; Commissioner of the Prizes; now of foreign and Excise; one of the Tellers in the Exchequer.

Sir Allen Apsley.—Treasurer to his Highness; Master Falconer to the King; and has had 40,000*l.* in other things; not worth a penny before.

Joseph Williamson.—Formerly a poor Servitor; was Secretary to the Lord Arlington; Receiver and Writer of the King's private letters.

Sir John Marley.—Formerly Governor of Newcastle, which he betrayed to Cromwell for 1000*l.* He is now Governor of it again, and pardoned his former treachery, that his vote might follow the Bribe-master-general; and very poor.

Sir George Downing.—Formerly Okey's little Chaplain; a great promoter of the Dutch war; a Teller in the Exchequer; of the Council of Trade, and Secretary to the Treasurers. He keeps six whores in pay, and has yet got 40,000*l.*

Somerset Fox.—A Privy-chamber man, and a Court cully.

Ed. Warring.—An Excise Officer and Collector of the Hearth-money, worth 700*l.* per annum.

Sir William Bassett.—Exceeding much in debt, and has engaged to vote as his father Seymour would have him.

Sir Edmund Windham.—Knight Marshal. His wife nursed the King; he has had some old Boones.

Sir Robert Holmes.—A sea Admiral that got 40,000*l.* at Guinea: Governor of the Isle of Wight.

Sir George Cartwright.—Has been Treasurer of the Navy and of Ireland. He is Vice-Chamberlain to the King: has cheated the King and Nation 300,000*l.*

Sir Allen Broderick.—Bribe-broker for his master the Chancellor: Surveyor of Ireland. He got 30,000*l.* but in keeping whores has spent most again.

Sir John Duncombe.—A Privy-councillor; once Commissioner of the Ordnance, now of the Treasury, and Bapt. May's brother-in-law.

Sir Ed. Pooley.—Has had 5,000*l.* given him. A Commissioner in several things; a pimp once to his own sister, who had a bastard.

Sir Adam Browne.—A Court cully.

Thomas Demahoy.—A poor Scot who married his Lady, was chosen by the Duke of York, who was at his election.

Thomas Morrice.—A broken stocking-seller; is promised some estate in Ireland; under pay of the Bribe-master Clifford, who has advanced him 50*l.*

Bapt. May.—Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Pimp-general.

Orlando Bridgman.—Son to the Lord Keeper, whose wife takes bribes, and has engaged her son shall vote with the Court.

Sir Thomas Woodcock.—Deputy Governor of Windsor: has a Compt. share, has had 10,000*l.* worth of land given him, formerly not worth one farthing.

Charles Lord Buckhurst.—Who with a good will parted with his play-wench, and in gratitude is made one of the Bed-chamber: has the ground of the Wardrobe given him, and 6,000*l.* at three several times.

Roger Earl of Orrery.—Formerly a great rebel that moved for a massacre of all the Cavaliers; now Governor of Munster, and has a Regiment there. A Privy-councillor in both kingdoms.

Thomas Thynne.—Cullyed for leave to hunt in New Park.

Sir Stephen Fox.—Once a link boy; then a singing boy at Salisbury; then a serving man; and permitting his wife to be common beyond sea, at the Restoration was made Paymaster of the Guards, where he has cheated 100,000*l.* and is one of the Green Cloth.

Sir John Birkhenhead.—A poor Alehouse keeper's son; now has the Faculty Office, and is one of the Masters of Request.

Edward Seymour.—The Duchess's convert, who by agreement lost 1,500*l.* at cards to him, and promised if he would vote for Taxes for her he should be a rich man; has had several sums given him.

Sir John Trevor.—Once the great instrument of Cromwell, and has got by rebellion 1,500*l.* per annum out of the Lord Derby's estate. Has been Envoy in France: is now Secretary of State.

Henry Clerk.—Hath had a lick at the Bribe-pot.

Samuel Sandys.—At the beginning of the Sessions had a 1,000*l.* lick out of the Bribe-pot; has 15,000*l.* given in the Excise farm of Devon.

Sir John Hanmer.—A Privy-chamber man much in debt; had 500*l.* given him to follow his election.

Sir Thomas Osborne.—Treasurer of the Navy, worth 1,500*l.* per annum.

Sir John Talbot.—Captain of the Guards; an Excise farmer; Commissioner of Prizes, and a great cheater therein; one of the Monitors in the Commons House; and Commissioner of Fee-farm Rents.

Marmaduke Darcy.—Has the King's Chase in Yorkshire, and 1,000*l.* per annum for twelve Colts every year; and of Privy-chamber besides.

Sir Robert Long.—Comptroller of the Exchequer; got 50,000*l.* at least by Queen Mother's business he managed.

Sir Sol. Swale.—High Sheriff of Yorkshire; preserved by the Court for making two forged Wills. Sent his sons beyond the sea to be Papists.

Sir Denny Ashburnham.—One of the Bed-chamber; son-in-law to Mr. Ashburnham that betrayed the old King, and was turned out of the House for taking Bribes, and got by the King 80,000*l.*

Sir Charles Sidley.—Promised the King to be absent.

Sir Herbert Price.—Master of the King's Household; pays no debts; his son in the Guards, his daughter with the Queen.

Roger Whitby.—Knight Harbinger; means honestly, but dares not show it.

Harris has not quoted many names, and as we have not the book, we are unable to add more. Those that he has given will show the same hand, but with a variety in the phrase, and generally with an addition to, and sometimes with an omission of detail, which is inexplicable except under the idea that the "flagellation" is the rough draught of the list. For instance, he gives;—

Sir William Drake, Bart.—Under the command of his father-in-law, the Chief Baron Montague, who enjoys 1500*l.* during the king's pleasure. [Here is not only additional detail, but a difference in the rank of Montague, which shows that the MS. had been written some time before it passed through the press.]

William Lord Allington.—In debt very much: a court pensioner, and in hopes of a white staff. A cully. [Here again is greater copiousness of particulars, though the stroke "laughed at" by the persons who make a tool of him is omitted.]

Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart.—One that is known to have sworn himself into 4,000*l.* at least in his accounts of the Prize Office, Comptroller to the Duke, and has got in gratuities to the value of 10,000*l.*, besides what he is promised for being informer. [This is evidently an amended edition of the manuscript.]

Thomas King, Esq.—A pensioner for 50*l.* a session, &c., meat and drink, and now and then a suit of clothes. [The character is here nearly identical, and manifestly by the same pen.]

Charles, Earl of Ancram.—A poor Scot, 500*l.* per annum pension.

Sir Joseph Williamson.—Once a poor footboy, then a servitor, now principal Secretary of State, and pensioner to the French King.

Sir George Downing.—A poor child bred upon charity: like Judas, betrayed his master. What then can his country expect. He drew and advised the path of renouncing the King's family. For his honesty, fidelity, &c., rewarded by His Majesty with 80,000*l.*

at least, and is a Commissioner of the Customs; the hand-bell to call the courtiers to vote at six o'clock at night, an Exchequer teller.

Sir Edmund Wyndham.—Knight Martial, in boons 5,000*l.* His wife was the King's nurse.

Baptist May, Esq.—Privy purse 1,000*l.* per annum allowance: got besides, in boons for secret service, 4,000*l.* This is he that said 500*l.* per annum to drink ale, eat beef, and to stink with, &c.

Sir Stephen Fox.—First a poor foot-boy, and then a singing-boy, has got in places, by the court, 150,000*l.*; Clerk of the Peace. [In this instance there is a retrenchment of a piquant circumstance of scandal; but in most of the prior instances the particulars are increased, and given with greater minuteness; in such a manner as to confirm the idea that the MS. was an original draught, afterwards revised and enlarged.]

Some of the names given by Harris from the printed pamphlet are characterized in an essentially different manner, which may be accounted for by the author, in the interval between the date of one and the other, having procured more authentic information. Such are the following:—

Sir Robert Holmes.—First an Irish livery-boy, then a highwayman, now hashaw of the Isle of Wight: got in boons, and by rapine, 100,000*l.*; the cursed beginner of the Dutch war.

Edward Seymour.—Had, for four years, 2,000*l.* pension, to betray the country party for which he then appeared. But since he hath shown himself barefaced, and is Treasurer to the Navy, and Speaker, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, and of the Popish cabal.

In several instances names occur in Harris which are not in the Flagellum. Our old friend Samuel Pepys, now so well known in all the minutest details of his private life, is mentioned, and but roughly handled in the 'List,' but not alluded to in the Flagellum.

Samuel Pepys, Esq.—Once a taylor, then serving-man to the old Lord Sandwich, now Secretary to the Admiralty: got by passes, and other illegal ways, 40,000*l.*

The following are not named in the Flagellum:—

Sir Robert Sawyer.—A lawyer of as ill reputation as his father; has had for his attendance this session, 1,000*l.*, and is promised (as he insinuates) to be Attorney-general and Speaker of the House of Commons.

Leviston Gower, Esq.—Son-in-law to the Earl of Bath: had a great estate fell to him by chance: but honesty and wit never came by accident. [This last stroke is of that fine satirical vein in which Marvel exulted.]

Sir Lionel Jenkins.—Son of a taylor, Judge of the Admiralty; was in hopes to be Archbishop of Canterbury: employed in four embassies; and whose indefatigable industry in procuring a peace for France has been our ——. He affirmed in the House of Commons that, upon necessity, [the King might raise moneys without act of Parliament, &c.

The author, in a preface to the pamphlet, "begs pardon," quite in the style of Marvel, "of the gentlemen here named, if he has, for want of better information, undervalued the price and merit of their voices, which he shall be ready, upon their advertisement, to amend: but more particularly he must beg the excuse of many more gentlemen, no less deserving, whom he hath omitted, not out of any malice, or for want of good-will, but of timely notice: but in general the House was, if they please to remember, this last session, by three of their own members, told that there were several papists, fifty outlaws, and pensioners without number; so that, upon examination, they may arrive at a better knowledge amongst themselves, and do one another more right than we (however well affected) can do without doors."

Many of the traits recorded in this tract were doubtless drawn with a malicious pen, probably exaggerated, and in some measure distorted. But there is every reason to believe them substantially true. In the subsequent Parliament, several of the bribe-masters were had up before the house, and being roughly handled, made disclosures, which especially confirm many of the allegations of the Flagellum. Several of the pensioners would have been punished, had not the king dissolved the Parliament. Mr. Brook, afterwards Lord Delamere, said in the next Parliament, "that there was never any pensioners in Parliament till this pack of blades were got together." "What will you do? Shall these men escape—shall they go free with their booty? Shall not the nation have vengeance on them, who had almost given up the government? In the first place, I do propose that every man of them shall, on their knees, confess their fault to all the Commons; and that to be done one by one. Next, that as far as they are able, refund all the money they have received for secret service. Our law will not allow a thief to keep what he has got by stealth, but, of course, orders restitution: and shall these proud robbers of the nation not restore their ill-gotten goods? And, lastly, I do propose that they be voted incapable of serving in Parliament for the future, or of enjoying any office, civil or military: and order a bill to be brought in for that purpose: for it is not fit that they who were so false and unjust in that trust, should ever be trusted again. This, sir, is my opinion: but if the house shall incline to any other way, I will readily comply, provided a sufficient mark of infamy be set on them, that the people may know who bought and sold them."*

Bolingbroke has defended this Parliament, with some appearance of justice. He shows, that though a large part of it were corrupt enough to be bribed, the remainder had virtue enough successfully to resist the measures attempted to be put upon them. All that corruption could do, he asserts, was to maintain a court party. This Parliament voted down the standing army, a merit of a high order, and projected the exclusion of the Duke of York: they contrived a test, in 1675, to purge their members, on oath, from all suspicion of corrupt influence—a measure, which, though perhaps foolish, looked honest—and they moreover drove one of their paymasters out of the court, and impeached the other in the fullness of his power. There is undoubtedly truth in this; and it is not right to confound the innocent

* Delameres Works, p. 119.

with the guilty—the patriot and the pensioner. On the whole, however, we believe there is more justice in Algernon Sidney's forcible description of this set of men, with which we shall conclude this notice:—

“We are beholden,” says he, “to Hyde, Clifford, and Danby, for all that has been done of that kind (corruption by bribery). They found a Parliament full of lewd young men, chosen by a furious people, in spite to the puritans, whose severity had disturbed them. The weakest of all ministers had wit enough to understand, that such as them might be easily deluded, corrupted, or bribed. Some were fond of their seats, and delighted to domineer over their neighbours, by continuing in them. Others preferred the cajoleries of the court, before the honour of performing their duty to the country that employed these. Some thought to relieve their ruined fortunes, and were most forward to give a vast revenue, that from them they might receive pensions. Others were glad of a temporary protection against their creditors. Many knew not what they did when they annulled the triennial act: voted the militia to be in the king: gave him the excise, customs, and chimney-money: made the act for corporations, by which the greatest part of the nation was brought under the power of the worst men in it: drunk or sober, passed the five-mile-act, and that for the uniformity of the Church.”*

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Feb. 23d. Dr. Harwood read a paper from the lecture table, on the structure of seals, and its peculiar and beautiful adaptation to their modes of life and general economy. This communication was illustrated by many prepared specimens of these animals, from the museum of the Royal Institution, and from the valuable collection of Joseph Brooks, Esq.: there were also exhibited many curious specimens of the skins of these animals, having undergone many processes of art for their application to domestic purposes.

The contents of a Tumulus found near the falls of the Niagara, Upper Canada, and of another on the back settlements of Ohio, with several Egyptian antiquities, presented by General Tolly, and new literature, were placed upon the library table.

March 2d. A paper written by a member of the Institution, on the principles of the structure of language, was read from the lecture table, by Mr. Singer, the librarian.

Several specimens of natural history, with presents of books, were laid upon the library tables.

March 9th. Mr. Holdsworth made some introductory observations on the structure of shipping. In the library was exhibited a specimen of gas made from resin, by Mr. Daniell's new process; several new works of art, presents, and some ancient and scarce books.

* Discourses on Government, p. 456. Edit. 1765. 4to.—See Harriss's Laws, vol. v. p. 294.

March 16th. A brief but general account of the principles concerned in the construction of suspension bridges, and their application, was given by Mr. Ainger, and illustrated by models, apparatus, and drawings.

Specimens of natural history, and of expensive and rare literary works, were laid upon the library tables.

March 23d. A discourse on the property of beauty contained in the oval, was delivered by Mr. R. R. Reinagle, R.A., and illustrated by numerous drawings and engravings. Specimens of porphyry quarried and worked in Sweden; of metallic plates pierced with small holes of regular dimensions, and placed at accurately equal distances; of a peculiar deposit of crystals, found in oil of turpentine; and of new books, were laid upon the library tables.

March 30th. This evening Professor Pattison gave a general view of the circulation of the blood in the human being. A large meteoric stone, which had fallen in the night of August 7th, near the village of Kadonah, in the district of Agra, was laid upon the library table. The stone weighed above 14 lbs. A very simple and accurate balance, and easy of construction, was also upon the table; it was the contrivance of Mr. Ritchie. Some specimens of the Pumnian prepared by order of government, for Captain Parry's voyage, were also placed for the inspection of the members.

April 6th. Mr. Webster gave some experimental observations on the impulse of wind on sails. Several presents to the Museum of Natural History were placed upon the table, with specimens of paper made from various substances; books presented to the library, and various new publications.

The meetings were then adjourned, over two Fridays, to April the 27th.

MAGAZINIANA.

IDIOT BEE-EATER.—The boy was a resident in Selborne, about the year 1750. He took great notice of bees from his childhood, and at length used to eat them. In summer his few faculties were devoted to the pursuit of them, through fields and gardens. During winter, his father's chimney corner was his favourite haunt, where he dozed away his time, in an almost torpid state. Practice made him so expert, that he could seize honey-bees, humble-bees, or wasps, with his naked hands, disarm them of their stings, and suck their honey bags, with perfect impunity. Sometimes he would store the bees in bottles, and even in his shirt bosom. He was the terror of the surrounding bee-keepers, whose gardens he would enter by stealth, and rapping on the outsides of their hives, catch the bees as they came out to see what was the matter. If in this way he could not obtain a sufficient number to supply his wants, so passionately fond was he of honey, that he would sometimes overturn the hives to get at it. He was accustomed to hover about the tubs of the mead makers, to beg a draught of bee-wine, as he called it. As he ran about the fields he made a humming noise with his lips, resembling that of bees. The lad was lean in his person, and of a cadaverous unhealthy aspect: he died before he reached the age of maturity.—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

AFRICAN BUSHMAN'S POWER OF SUPPORTING HUNGER.—Of their astonishing powers of sustaining hunger, Captain Stockenstrom mentioned a remarkable instance to me. He had once found a Bushman in the wilderness, who had subsisted *fourteen days* without any other sustenance than water and salt. The poor creature seemed almost exhausted, and wasted to skin and bone; and it was feared, that if allowed to eat freely, he might injure himself. However, it was at length agreed to let him have his own way, and before many hours had elapsed, he had nearly eat up half the carcase of a sheep. Next day the fellow appeared in excellent plight, and as rotund as an alderman. These people appear, indeed, to have acquired, from habit, powers of stomach similar to the beasts of prey, both in voracity and in supporting hunger.—*Thompson's Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa.*

SCARABÆAN REASONING.—I shall adduce another instance in support of my position that insects are endowed with reason, and that they mutually communicate and receive information. "A German artist of strict veracity, states, that in his journey through Italy, he was an eye witness to the following occurrence. He observed a species of scarabæus busily engaged, in making for the reception of its egg, a pellet of dung, which when finished, the insect rolled to the summit of a hillock, and repeatedly suffered it to tumble down the slope, apparently for the purpose of consolidating the pellet by the adhesion of earth to it in its rotating motion. During this process, the pellet unluckily fell into a hole, out of which the beetle was unable to extricate it. After several ineffectual attempts, the insect went to an adjoining heap of dung, and soon returned with three companions. All four applied their united strength to the pellet, and at length succeeded in pushing it out, when the three assistant beetles left the spot, and returned to their own quarters."—*Bevan's Honey-bee.*

PILOTAGE OF ENTHUSIASM.—[There is some wisdom in the following paragraph, which it would be well if those who are so fond of giving advice would attend to.]—I listened to these schemes, and took care not to speak my ideas thereon, which would have only lost me a friend, without going farther to cure his delirium, than a little momentary mortification. When consulted in these points by enthusiastic and sanguine youth, as a pilot taken on board by a ship in full sail, I never presume to call in question the prudence of making for a single port, I merely confine my influence to rendering the voyage as little hazardous as may be, to pointing out the rocks and currents likely to beset the giddy navigator. To endeavour to turn the ship about in such a case, merely incurs the risk of being sent over-board, and having a more obsequious and interested pilot taken in one's place.—*Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life.*

SCENERY IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The whole country appeared so beautiful, as to render it almost impossible to give an adequate idea of its varied charms; the road smoother than any gravelled walk, being of a strong sandy texture; veins of stone are occasionally found across the road. Clumps of shrubs, with various shades of green, some blooming, others seeding, geraniums with various creepers ascending the stems, then falling gracefully down the branches, the beautiful plumage of the birds dazzling in the sun's rays, a bush buck darting now and then from one shrubbery to another, altogether form the most enchanting scenery imagination can depict.

Our tents were pitched in a superb amphitheatre, encompassed with lofty hills, covered with trees full of the most luxuriant foliage, spreading a gloom over surrounding objects, and heightening the whole effect. The Hottentots had prepared our repast, and when it was ended, all the party retired to rest, for the evening was far advanced when we arrived.

The balmy fragrance of the air, the mild beams of the moon, and the romantic solitude of the spot, induced me to wander for a time, and contemplate the wildness of the scene. The stillness of the night was occasionally broken by the cries of wild animals. The hyena and jackall were familiar sounds, but the hippopotamus and bush buck strange and unusual. The noble teams of oxen were fastened to the waggon; the numerous Hottentots lay asleep around the blazing fires; one stood alternately on the watch, from time to time replenishing the flame: and as the moon shone upon the tents, I could have pictured to myself such scenes as Homer drew, for it was in such a state that Rhesus and his host were found and destroyed before the gates of Troy. Absorbed in these reflections, I fell unconsciously asleep, and did not awake till the sun had appeared in all his glory.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

ELEPHANT HUNTING.—All the party went into the bush, the Hottentots first with their large guns, then their wives, and the gentlemen following. The first Hottentot frequently spoke to his companions in a low voice, and was heard to say, "look, look;" on enquiring the cause, he pointed out to them the fresh track of an elephant. The bush became thicker, and the sun had no power to shine through the thick foliage; they passed the spot which the Hottentot marked out as the place where he had wounded the first elephant, and soon afterwards they saw the dead buffalo. The party went on resolving to see the dead elephant, and winding along through the bush till they came to a sand hill; the Hottentots pointed out one of the carcasses at some distance, lying on another sand hill, but on looking at it for a second, it appeared to move, and the Hottentot discovered, that it was a young calf by the side of the cow. The whole party immediately went on, and when within musket shot, they found that they were two calves lying by their dead mother; a piteous and interesting sight. The young ones rose, and some dogs that the Hottentots had incautiously taken into the bush, barked violently. At this moment the bushes moved, and the stupendous father stalked in; he looked around him quietly, and even sorrowfully, and after viewing the party for a second, he walked on, and was soon hid behind some trees. The situation they had placed themselves in, had now become extremely critical; the bush was continuous for miles in extent, and where to fly in case of an attack was very difficult to determine. They were all warned not to run against the wind; and the direction of the house was pointed out, as well as circumstances would allow; but while they were debating the matter, the dogs ran in among the young elephants; they set up a deafening yell, and made directly towards the party, some of whom lay down by the path, with the hope of seizing the smallest calf, but they were very glad to make their escape, as they discovered it to be larger than they expected. The bull elephant, called back by the cry of his young, again appeared, but totally different in aspect, and even in form. His walk was quicker, his eye fierce, his trunk elevated, and his head appeared three times the size. My friend called to the Hottentot to look; and he immediately replied in broken English, "Yes, Mynheer, dat is de elephant will make mens dead." The alarm was extreme; but while the animal stood hesitating, the cry of the young sounded from a distant quarter, and the enraged father took the shortest cut towards them, crushing the branches as he stalked along; and the party thus most providentially escaped. It was ascertained that the elephant had made off towards the sea.

They went up to the dead elephant, merely to examine it; for the Hottentots leave the tusks till the flesh becomes softened, as it would take up too much time to separate them. One of these men took out his knife, and cut a circular piece off the head, about an inch deep; he then pointed out a dark spot, similar to what is called the kernal in beef; this he probed with his knife, and brought out a small part of a twig; but it was broken. He distributed a little piece as a great favour, then carefully wrapt the remainder up, as they have an idea, that whoever wears it, can never be killed by an elephant; and this valuable charm was transferred by my friend to me. It is remarkable that no naturalist has ever noticed this circumstance. There is no outward appearance, and it is impossible to imagine how it becomes enclosed, or of what use it is to the animal.

They set off, a party of fourteen in number, and found upwards of three score elephants encamped on the banks of the Kounap river. It was late when the party arrived, therefore an attempt would have been useless and dangerous. Large fires were lighted to keep off lions as well as elephants, and the party being much fatigued, they lay down and slept.

The elephants awoke them early with breaking and pulling up trees by the roots, and rolling themselves in the water, &c. The party immediately pressed for the attack, and now commenced the sport. The elephants, upon receiving the first shot, as if by mutual consent, gave chase, though not for above six or seven hundred yards. This answered the desired effect. One of the party galloped between the elephants and the bush, which they had just left, commencing, at the same time, a very heavy fire, which harassed them to such a degree, that they fled to the plains, leaving behind them a thick cover, in which they might have been perfectly secure from the shots. On these plains great numbers of small bushes are found at no great distance from each other, so that if one party consents to drive the elephant out of one bush, the other will conceal themselves, and by this means may get some good shots.

One large bull elephant stationed himself in the middle of one of these small bushes; and at least two hundred rounds were fired without being able to bring him down, or make him move from the place in which he had stationed himself. At every shot he

received he was observed to blow a quantity of water into the wound, and then tear up a large lump of earth to endeavour to stop the blood. The Caffers do the same thing when they have been shot—that is, tear up a handful of grass and thrust it into the wounded place; and it is thought they have learnt this from seeing the elephants do it. At length the great bull dropped. The party then entered the bush, and, to their great surprise, found that the reason he would not leave this spot, was, that he had there found a pool of water, with which he had been washing his wounds. His height measured seventeen feet and three-quarters, and his teeth weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. Before the day's sport was over, they had killed thirteen.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

SANTA SCALA.—Near this church is Santa Scala; a portico and five staircases lead to small chapels; the staircase in the centre is Santa Scala; it is said to have been sent from Pilate's house, in Jerusalem, to the Empress Helena, and that Christ walked down it as he was led out to be crucified; people are permitted to ascend it only on their knees; the steps are wide and handsome, and are of white marble; they have been cased with wood (as they were wearing out from the friction of the knees of the penitents), but so that the marble beneath may be seen and touched. Persons of all ages and ranks ascend them in great numbers, every one remembering meanwhile—

“To number ave marias on his beads.”

Whenever I passed the place, I found them constantly covered with a continuous stream of contrite sinners, flowing slowly up hill. The ascent takes some minutes, and is probably fatiguing; they return by one of the four lateral staircases, which have no extraordinary sanctity, and may be used in the ordinary manner. Man is an imitative animal; I felt a wish to judge practically of the amount of labour and difficulty in this act of penance; but as I apprehended that there might be some hitch in it, as there is in all things to an inexperienced person, besides the great hitch, or want of faith, I did not indulge my curiosity.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—Bees may be immersed in water for a long time, without loss of life. Reaumur saw them recover after nine hours immersion. Dr. Evans accidentally left some eighteen hours in water; when laded out with a spoon and placed in the sunshine, the majority of them recovered. Other animals, of analogous species, exhibit still more wonderful resurrections. De Geer has observed one species of mite to live for some time in spirits of wine; and Mr. Kirby states, that being desirous of preserving a very pretty lady-bird, and not knowing how to accomplish it, he immersed it in geneva. “After leaving it,” says he, “in this situation a day and a night, and seeing it without motion, I concluded it was dead, and laid it in the sun to dry. It no sooner, however, felt the warmth than it began to move, and afterwards flew away.” This circumstance laid the foundation of Mr. K.'s study of entomology.—*Bevan's Honey-bee.*

THE VIRTUE OF SCANDAL.—[We believe that the following is quite a new view of the vice of society of which it speaks.]

And all, in short, agreed, that observation of each other's characters and behaviour was the only legitimate source and topic of conversation.

“And a very interesting and fertile topic it is.”

“Nothing but the necessity of exaggeration to the dramatist's trade, could have made him, and after him the world, attribute malignity to the very staple material of all discourse.”

“Agreed, agreed; nothing else.”

“For my part, the best-natured and most truly generous and sympathetic creatures I ever knew in my life, were kind old ladies, who lived on what moralists would call scandal.”—*Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life.*

RICH LEGS.—Approaching Tora, the costume of the peasantry varies. Upon asking some women, as we entered a village, why they all wore red stockings, while at Zamora they wore blue; the answer was, “Es el stilo, señor” (it is the fashion). There is something inexpressibly lively and prompt in the speech of Spanish women. Upon praising the legs of one of these village nymphs, she put her heels together, and drawing her garments tight around her, said, with a laughing air, mingled with pride, “Si Señor, es verdade; son muy ricas;” which, literally translated for your benefit, is “Yes, truly; they are rich legs.”—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.—The façade is full of faults and of beauties; the warm and agreeable temperature, as you enter, is remarkable; and the elaborate and costly beauty of the interior pleases. I wished for it, which is the best proof that I liked it; I wished that it were in London, open at all times, to be visited and admired; a place to walk in and to talk in; a place for the meeting of friends, and, if love would have it so, of lovers! and that we had no hypocrites, or at least no hypocrites with the power to lock it up; and through the affectation of reverence, and under false pretences, to turn it into a lucrative show and a source of base profit. Foolish people have said innumerable foolish things about this building; one of the most foolish is the assertion, that the being really great but appearing small is a merit, and a proof of the excellence of its proportions; but the end of art and of proportion is not to make the great appear small, but on the contrary, to make the small seem great; it is therefore in truth a vice in the construction. That it is indeed great is to be discovered, not by comparing it with man, but it is collected by means of a middle term; the canopy of bronze, which covers the high altar in the likeness of a four-post bed, is a convenient middle term; by comparing a man with the canopy, and the canopy with the building, we are enabled to form some idea of its immense magnitude. The painted cupola and roof, the mosaics, and the inlaid pavement, the gigantic statues of marble, and the marble columns, all harmonize into one beautiful whole, one majestic tomb to cover the body of

“The pilot of the Galilean lake,”

who, it is said, reposes in a chapel under the cupola, where one hundred and twelve lamps of massive silver are continually burning; and whither persons flock from all parts of the Christian world to offer up their prayers, in the hope of a more favourable hearing near the remains of one whom many have thought worthy of no common honours, and of such a marvellous sepulchre. I am not quite sure that I am content with the gilding of the roof, or that I would ever admit of gilding; the metallic lustre does not harmonize with every thing else, and it soon tarnishes unequally. The boxes for confession are numerous; they are decidedly an eye-sore, being exactly like a cobbler's stall, in which the cobbler of souls sits with a white wand in his hand, such as is borne in our courts of justice by a bound bailiff, when exercising the functions of door-keeper.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

INTELLIGENCE IN A WASP.—Dr. Darwin in his *Zoonomia*, relates an anecdote of apparent ratiocination in a wasp, which had caught a fly nearly as large as itself. Kneeling down, the doctor saw the wasp dis sever the head and tail from the trunk of the fly, and attempt to soar with the latter; but finding, when about two feet from the ground, that the wings of the fly carried too much sail, and caused its prize and itself to be whirled about, by a little breeze that had arisen, it dropped upon the ground with its prey, and deliberately sawed off with its manibles, first one wing and then the other: having thus removed these impediments to its progress, the wasp flew away with its booty, and experienced no further molestation from the wind.—*Bevan's Honey-bee.*

NEW MEASURE OF SIN.—After breakfast we paid a visit to the administrator at Las Hermitas. Upon entering the hall, our attention was drawn towards an old-fashioned kind of arm-chair suspended from the end of a pair of steel-yards; and we were soon given to understand, that the offerings to the Virgin were regulated by the weight of the penitents. A lively girl informed us, that her penitence had cost her $4\frac{1}{2}$ arrobas of wheat; that is, she weighed about 144 lbs. avoirdupoise.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

SINGULAR DISEASE OF LAPLAND REIN-DEER.—The rein-deer are liable to many disorders, notwithstanding the hardy life they lead, and no animal is more subject to the persecution of its enemies, both in summer and winter. In the former season they are dreadfully exposed to the attacks of the gad-fly (*astrus tarandi*), which not only perforates the hide, but lays its eggs in the wound it has made, where they are afterwards hatched. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the effects of their sting; and I have still in my possession a rein-deer skin, in which they are very visible, every wound causing a small black spot in the hide, which, from the holes thus made, loses much of its value. Another species likewise adds greatly to the torments of the rein-deer, namely, the *astrus nasutus*, which makes small punctures within the nostrils of the poor animal, and deposits its eggs in them.—*Capell Brooks's Travels in Lapland and Finmark.*

MAY, 1827.

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AFRICAN SPORTING.—When it was time to depart, the two sons proposed that they should accompany us in our sporting excursion, and that we should all agree to outspan at Assagai Bush, a proposal we very readily acceded to. They eagerly examined our guns; the bore is the first thing they look at, and if they can put in no more than three fingers, scarcely deem them worth further notice. His gun, or *roer*, as the Dutchman calls it, is his never failing accompaniment, and it furnishes them with bucks in some places in great abundance; he never shoots at small game, seldom even at partridges or pheasants.

We promised ourselves a very considerable share of sport, in this addition to our party, and were not without hopes of destroying some of the animals that had disturbed our night's rest. Our first victim was a *huis-hond*,* a destructive little animal of the weasel species, and very numerous; also an exceedingly curious bird, for which we could not discover a name; it is rather less than a sparrow, and we were told lives on flies; the eye, beak, and legs, are of a very beautiful cerulean blue, which fades soon after the bird dies.

While resting for a short time near a rivulet, (a blessing rarely to be met with in this country, and when found, the water is not always free from a brackish taste,) one of the boors espied a guana, and immediately chased and killed it. This animal is esteemed very good eating, but its hideous form renders it very uninviting; it feeds upon crabs and snails, and its long tongue seems formed for drawing its prey out of the holes. Geese, but particularly ducks, dread it, and carefully survey a pond before they venture to swim.

We killed a few brace of partridges, and a peewit, or as it is called here, a *keewit*; in moonlight nights they are constantly crying on the wing, and they are the harbingers of sunrise.

We were now approaching our destination, and with a considerable feeling of disappointment at not having encountered any of the wild game, which our companions as well as ourselves, had eagerly anticipated; but just as we were passing a gloomy and intricate part of the thicket, one of the dogs made a steady point, we prepared, and moved forward, when up rose an immense leopard. The person in advance fired, but his musket was only loaded with slug shot, and the monster made off, and climbed with difficulty a tree. A second shot missed; he then crouched, shook his tail, and was in the act of springing, when we immediately retired; he then jumped down, and the boor instantly fired, but only wounded him. He growled tremendously; the dogs attacked him, and forced him up another tree—the boor took a favourable position, fired, and the animal fell, mortally wounded.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Cuffer Land.*

LIFE OF FRENCH MILITARY OFFICERS.—I know not, from my soul, how the officers of a French regiment contrive to kill time. They are no Martinets, and discipline hangs as loose on them as do their uniforms. Drink they do not, and few of them know half as well as our subalterns the difference between plain Medoc and first-rate Lafitte. They have neither race-horses, game-cocks, nor bull-dogs, on which to stake a month's pay; and save dominos, or in superlative quarters, billiards, they have games neither of skill nor chance. They are either such good *canaille*, or else taken for granted to be so, that chateaus and society around, empty as are the first, and scant as is the latter, are quite preserved against their admittance. And how, in short, they do contrive to live, would be quite beyond the conception of many of our military dandies. They are, however, a grown and good-natured race of schoolboys, brethren, and comrades, in every sense of the word, without any of the cat-o'-nine-tails austerity of our field officers, when addressing an inferior in rank. Then have they no vying in coxcombry or expence, in nought, in fact, save address at their weapon, and forwardness in the field.—*Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life.*

HARDINESS OF LAPLAND WOMEN.—The Lapland women are scarcely acquainted with the assistance of a midwife, and from their hardy manner of life, do not require it; left to themselves, nature performs her office frequently without any help whatever; and in the course of two or three days they are well enough to go out, and with their new-born infants will expose themselves to the weather, and the fatigue of following the herd. If, during the time of their labour, any assistance should be necessary, it is afforded by some of the family, sometimes by the husband himself; and I have been assured, that, to ease the women in child-birth, the singular expedient is sometimes put in practice of shaking her, which they suppose will facilitate the delivery.—*Copell Brookes's Travels in Lapland and Finmark.*

* Mouse-hound.

DYING CONSOLATION.—[Addressed to the Rev. Stephen Morell.]

"My beloved Friend,—I really know not in what manner to address you. From the intelligence of the last two days, I am distressed to gather that your illness threatens the most fatal result, and I am compelled to fear that the scenes of this world are fast closing upon you. You will know how to pardon the selfishness of your friends, who cannot but grieve deeply at the apprehension for their own loss; although they are well assured that this, their loss, ought not to be weighed against your eternal gain.

"But it is the thought of your nearness to the invisible world, which embarrasses me in writing. I feel an awe upon my mind, while I write to one who is now almost a spirit of light. It seems to me, that this is an hour of converse with heaven. And as to my attempting to address to you those consolations which are so often needed in the prospect of dissolution, it would be presumption. O my Friend, how richly will you drink those consolations which we must be content to take sparingly in a cup of bitterness! How fully will you know that unseen world, of which we can form so rude conceptions! And how will you see and adore that incarnate Saviour, whom we seeing not, love but so unworthily! This it is, I know, which cheers and animates your mind in your long affliction; and this it is which gives an attraction and a loveliness even to the dark shadow of death. 'I will fear no evil, because Thou art with me.' For ever blessed be his glorious name, I see in your happy mind the fruit of His redemption, the faithfulness of his promises. He has been your hope, and now your hope does not disappoint you.

"I feel deeply on account of your dear family, and the church over which God has placed you, in such peace and promised happiness. But I hope that those who see your heaven, having its present commencement, will be enabled to give up their own wills, with submission, and say, 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' I trust that He who is a very present help in trouble, will comfort their minds, and strengthen them to believe and confess that 'He doth all things well.' And the Church of God shall be fed by the great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls. Your case has been constantly and anxiously remembered in prayer by your affectionate people.

"And now, my beloved friend, the time now draws near when we must part. I have to thank you for much of sweet society and friendship. And whatsoever be the troubled destiny of my life, I shall look back with pleasure on the short course of our earthly intercourse, and shall look forward with joy to the time when we may hope to renew our intercourse in that world of light whose frontier you are now gaining before me. Meanwhile, my friend, farewell—farewell—but not for ever! May the great God himself be with you, when you pass through the waters. May his Spirit give you joy in death; and if in the Sabbath of the blessed, you should think of a friend who once loved you as his own soul, think on him as one who does hope to be favoured again to worship God in company with you, and with a beloved Parent, now in heaven."

[Mr. Morell was dead before the letter was received.]—*From the Memoirs and Remains of John Brown Jefferson, Minister of Attercliffe.*

CHARACTER OF HINDOOS.—I have found a race, of gentle and temperate habits; with a natural talent and acuteness beyond the ordinary level of mankind, and with a thirst for general knowledge which even the renowned and inquisitive Athenians can hardly have surpassed or equalled. Prejudiced, indeed, they are, in favour of their ancient superstitions; nor should I think, to say the truth, more favourably of the character, or augur more happily of the eventual conversion and perseverance of any man or set of men, whom a light consideration could stir from their paternal creed, or who received the word of truth without cautious and patient inquiry. But I am yet to learn, that the idolatry which surrounds us is more entralling in its influence on the human mind than those beautiful phantoms and honied sorceries which lurked beneath the laurels of Delos and Daphne, and floated on the clouds of Olympus. I am not yet convinced, that the miserable bondage of castes, and the consequences of breaking that bondage, are more grievous to be endured by the modern Indian than those ghastly and countless shapes of death which beset the path of the Roman convert. And who shall make me believe, that the same word of the Most High, which consigned to the moles and the bats the idols of Chaldee and Babylon, and dragged down the lying father of Gods and men from his own Capitol, and the battlements of his "Eternal City," must yet arrest its victorious wheels on the banks of the Indus or Ganges, and admit the trident of Siva to share, with the Cross, a divided empire?—[This testimony is peculiarly valuable.]—*Bishop Heber's Charge to the Clergy of Calcutta.*

AFRICAN TRAVELLING.—As we drew near the spot where we expected to find water, my guides, who usually kept a little a-head of me, requested me to ride in close file with them, because lions usually lay in ambush in such places, and were more apt to spring upon men when riding singly, than in a clump together. We had scarcely adopted this precaution when we passed within thirty paces of one of these formidable animals. He gazed at us for a moment, and then lay down, couchant, while we passed on as fast as possible, not without looking frequently behind, with feelings of awe and apprehension. We soon after reached the bed of the Jamka (or Lion's) river, but found it at this place, to our sorrow, entirely dry. We were all ready to sink under the exertions we had this day made, and the thirst we had endured. Jacob, in particular, who was unwell, and suffered much from the hard riding, repeatedly told us that he could hold out no longer, but wished to lie down and die. The dread, however, of being devoured by the lions now acted on him as a spur to exertion; and Witteboy and myself, knowing that our fate depended on our getting water, continued on our horses along the course of the river, most anxiously looking out for the pool the Bushman had told us of. In this way we proceeded till two o'clock in the morning, and we were almost despairing of success, when we at length discovered the promised pool; which, though thick with mud, and defiled by the dung and urine of the wild beasts, was, nevertheless, a most grateful relief to us and our horses. We had been up since two o'clock on the preceding morning, had been on horseback above sixteen hours, and had travelled in that time a distance of nearly eighty miles, the last stage, of about fifty, entirely without stopping. Our condition, and that of our horses, may therefore be readily imagined to have been one of great exhaustion. Extreme fatigue had, indeed, quite destroyed all appetite, which, as we had not a morsel to eat, was no great disadvantage. Having fastened our horses to a bush, we stretched ourselves on the earth near them, being too wearied to take the trouble of kindling a fire for the short space of the night that remained, trusting, that if the lions discovered us, they would prefer the horses to ourselves. We were awakened about daybreak by the roar of a lion at a little distance, but were not otherwise molested. The other difficulties of our situation now engrossed all my thoughts. All our horses were excessively fagged, by the severe thirst and great exertions of the two preceding days. The old horse, indeed, exhibited strong symptoms of giving up altogether. Jacob seemed to be in a plight equally precarious. We had not a morsel of provisions left, nor did we know when we should get any. We had calculated on finding game in plenty, but the great drought that had long prevailed in these regions had driven almost the whole of the wild animals to other quarters. We however remained here till about mid-day to refresh our horses; we ourselves lying panting with empty stomachs under the scorching sun. The Hottentots named this spot, significantly enough, "*Korte-pens—empty paunch*" station.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

BABY-MAKING.—I was foolish enough to walk at one in the morning to the church S. Maria Maggiore, in the belief that some fine ceremonies were to be performed at that early hour. I found a few pilgrims lying on the steps, huddled together like sheep, the church being shut, and four or five carriages filled with gullible English. The night was cold; the sky threatened rain: after waiting some time, I enquired of a woman what was doing; she said that they were making a baby Jesus, *Gesù Bambino*, in the church, and that it would not be open till three. This kind of baby-making seemed cheerless and ungenial; from the small number of persons assembled, and the absence of all preparation, I judged that the ceremonies would not be in every sense imposing, my zeal waxing cool, I thought it advisable to go home and warm it in bed. The church was open all night until lately; but, as it was imperfectly lighted, certain Christians could not be content with types and figures; and their souls seeking after sensible objects, they attempted to make babies there in a manner, perhaps, nearly as mysterious, but much less mystical: genuine piety being, on the whole, no gainer by this arrangement, the church is now shut until the religious operations actually commence.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

A LUNAR GUIDE-POST.—We fell in with a Bushman and his wife. On questioning them about the probability of finding water in our route, the hunter, pointing to a certain part of the heavens, told us, that if we rode hard, we should find water by the time the moon stood there. This indicated a distance of not less than fifty miles. Yet it was a consolation to know that we should find water even within that distance. Rewarding our informant with a bit of tobacco, we pushed on with redoubled speed.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

CONTROVERSIAL DIALOGUE BETWEEN DR. JUDSON AND A BURMESE, Oo OUNGMEENG.
 —September 30th.—Had the following conversation with my teacher. This man has been with me about three months, and is the most sensible, learned, and candid man, that I have ever found among the Burmans. He is forty-seven years of age, and his name is Oo Oungmeng. I began by saying, Mr. J—— is dead. Oo.—I have heard so. J.—His soul is lost, I think. Oo.—Why so? J.—He was not a disciple of Christ. Oo.—How do you know that? You could not see his soul. J.—How do you know whether the root of the mango tree is good? You cannot see it; but you can judge by the fruit on its branches. Thus I know that Mr. J—— was not a disciple of Christ, because his words and actions were not such as indicate the disciple. Oo.—And so all who are not disciples of Christ are lost! J.—Yes, all, whether Birman or foreigners. Oo.—This is hard. J.—Yes, it is hard, indeed; otherwise I should not have come all this way, and left parents and all, to tell you of Christ. [He seemed to feel the force of this, and after stopping a little, he said.] How is it that the disciples of Christ are so fortunate above all men? J.—Are not all men sinners, and deserving of punishment in a future state? Oo.—Yes; all must suffer, in some future state, for the sins they commit. The punishment follows the crime, as surely as the wheel of a cart follows the footsteps of the ox. J.—Now, according to the Burman system, there is no escape. According to the Christian system there is. Jesus Christ has died in the place of sinners: has borne their sins, and now those who believe on him, and become his disciples, are released from the punishment they deserve. At death they are received into heaven, and are happy for ever. Oo.—That I will never believe. My mind is very stiff on this one point, namely, that all existence involves in itself principles of misery and destruction. J.—Teacher, there are two evil futurities, and one good. A miserable future existence is evil, and annihilation or nigan is an evil, a fearful evil. A happy future existence is alone good. Oo.—I admit that it is best, if it could be perpetual; but it cannot be. Whatever is, is liable to change, and misery, and destruction. Nigan is the only permanent good, and that good has been attained by Gaudama, the last deity. J.—If there be an eternal Being, you cannot account for any thing.—Whence this world, and all that we see? Oo.—Fate. J.—Fate! the cause must always be equal to the effect. See, I raise this table; see, also, that ant under it: suppose I were invisible; would a wise man say the ant raised it? Now fate is not even an ant. Fate is a word, that is all. It is not an agent, not a thing. What is fate? Oo.—The fate of creatures, is the influence which their good or bad deeds have on their future existence. J.—If influence be exerted, there must be an exorter. If there be a determination, there must be a determiner. Oo.—No: there is no determiner. There cannot be an eternal Being. J.—Consider this point. It is a main point of true wisdom. Whenever there is an execution of a purpose, there must be an agent. Oo.—[After a little thought] I must say that my mind is very decided and hard, and unless you tell me something more to the purpose, I shall never believe. J.—Well, teacher, I wish you to believe, not for my profit, but for yours. I daily pray the true God to give you light, that you may believe. Whether you will ever believe in this world I don't know, but when you die I know you will believe what I now say. You will then appear before the God you now deny. Oo.—I don't know that.—*Judson's Baptist Mission.*

COWARDICE OF THE LION.—My friend, Diederik Muller, one of the most intrepid and successful lion-hunters in South Africa, mentioned to me the following incident:—He had been out alone hunting in the wilds, when he came suddenly upon a lion, which, instead of giving way, seemed disposed, from the angry attitude he assumed, to dispute with him the dominion of the desert. Diederik instantly alighted, and, confident of his unerring aim, levelled his mighty roer at the forehead of the lion, who was couched in the act to spring, within fifteen paces of him; but at the moment the hunter fired, his horse, whose bridle was round his arm, started back, and caused him to miss. The lion bounded forward, but stopped within a few paces, confronting Diederik, who stood defenceless, his gun discharged, and his horse running off. The man and the beast stood looking each other in the face, for a short space. At length the lion moved backward, as if to go away. Diederik began to load his gun. The lion looked over his shoulder, growled, and returned. Diederik stood still. The lion again moved cautiously off; and the boor proceeded to load, and ram down his bullet. The lion again looked back, and growled angrily; and this occurred repeatedly, until the animal got off to some distance, when he took fairly to his heels, and bounded away.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

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A Life of *Morris Birkbeck*, written by his Daughter, will appear in a few days.

Mr. William Thoms announces a series of Reprints, accompanied by Illustrative and Bibliographical Notices, of the most curious old Prose Romances. The work will appear in Monthly Parts; and the first, containing the prose Lyfe of Robert the Deuyle, from the edition by Wynkyn de Worde, will be ready on the 1st of May.

Mr. Peter Nicholson, author of *The Carpenter's New Guide*, and other Architectural Works, has in the Press a New Treatise, entitled *The School of Architecture and Engineering*, the first number of which will be ready for publication early in May.

Early in May, in one vol. 12mo. price 5s., *The Every Night Book, or Life after Dark*; by the Author of the *Cigar*.

On the 1st of June, Part I. a Natural History of the Bible; or a descriptive Account of the Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy of the Holy Scriptures: illustrated with numerous engravings. By William Carpenter.

Shortly, Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren. A Tale.

The Hon. T. De Roos, R.N., is preparing for publication, a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States; with some important Remarks on the State of the American Maritime Resources.

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Mr. Horace Smith has a new Novel in the press, to be entitled Reuben Apsley.

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